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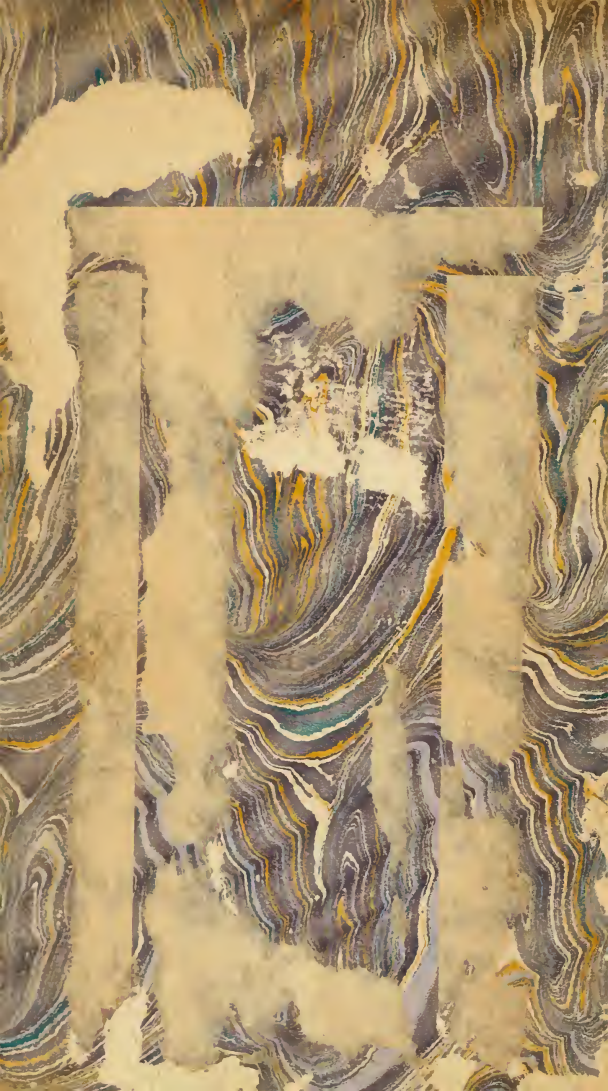

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SEVENTY-SECOND.

LONDON:

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THE

SEVENTY-SECOND VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

JOHNSON,

AND

PART OF W. WHITEHEAD.

THE

POEMS

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

DR. JOHNSON'S

POEMS.

LONDON: A POEM.

IN IMITATION OF THE

THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL. 1738.

" ——Quis ineptæ
" Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?"
JUV.

[a] THO' grief and fondneſs in my breaſt rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewel,
Yet ſtill my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praiſe the hermit, but regret the friend,
Reſolv'd at length, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in diſtant fields a purer air,

JUV. SAT. III.

[a] Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod ſedem figere Cumis
Deſtinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

 And,

And, fix'd on Cambria's ſolitary ſhore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

[b] For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are ſwept by ſudden fate away,
But all whom hunger ſpares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conſpire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambuſh here relentleſs ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houſes thunder on your head,
And here a female atheiſt talks you dead.

[c] While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of diſſipated wealth the ſmall remains,
On Thames's banks, in ſilent thought we ſtood,
Where Greenwich ſmiles upon the ſilver flood;
Struck with the ſeat that gave Eliza * birth,
We kneel, and kiſs the conſecrated earth;
In pleaſing dreams the bliſsful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her croſs triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,

[b] ——Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam qui tam miſerum, tam ſolum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapſus
Tectorum animuos, et mille pericula ſævæ
Urbis, & Auguſto recitantes menſe poetas?

[c] Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Subſtitit ad veteres arcus.——

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

Ere

Ere maſquerades debauch'd, exciſe oppreſs'd,
Or Engliſh honour grew a ſtanding jeſt.
A tranſient calm the happy ſcenes beſtow,
And for a moment lull the ſenſe of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.
[d] Since worth, he cries, in theſe degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praiſe;
In thoſe curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded ſcience toils in vain;
Since hope but ſooths to double my diſtreſs,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little leſs;
While yet my ſteady ſteps no [e] ſtaff ſuſtains,
And life ſtill vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind heaven, to find ſome happier place,
Where honeſty and ſenſe are no diſgrace;
Some pleaſing bank where verdant oſiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay;
Where once the haraſs'd Briton found repoſe,
And ſafe in poverty defy'd his foes;
Some ſecret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give,
[f] Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.

[d] Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honeſtis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor eſt, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities ——

[e] —— et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo.

[f] Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius iſtic
Et Catulus: maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt,

Here let thoſe reign, whom penſions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for * pirates in the face of day;
With ſlaviſh tenets taint our poiſon'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

[g] Let ſuch raiſe palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill our † ſilenc'd ſtage,
And lull to ſervitude a thoughtleſs age.

Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride ſhall hold?
What check reſtrain your thirſt of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

To ſuch, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When publick crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:
[h] But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who ſtart at theft, and bluſh at perjury?
Who ſcarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's court he ſing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;

[g] Queis facile eſt ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad buſta cadaver.—
Munera nunc edunt.

[h] Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri neſcio: librum,
Si malus eſt, nequeo laudare & poſcere.—

* The invaſions of the Spaniards were defended in the houſes of purliament.

† The licenſing act was then lately made.

A ſatet-

A ſtateſman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to ſlumber o'er the * Gazetteer;
Deſpiſe a fool in half his penſion dreſs'd,
And ſtrive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jeſt.
[i] Others with ſofter ſmiles, and ſubtler art,
Can ſap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more addreſs a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they riſe, while I, whoſe ruſtick tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varniſh wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a ſpy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
[k] For what but ſocial guilt the friend endears?
Who ſhares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune ſhares.
[l] But thou, ſhould tempting villany preſent
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers ſpent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy ſcornful eye,
Nor ſell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful ſlumber, ſelf-approving day,
Unſullied fame, and conſcience ever gay.

[i] —— Ferre ad nuptas quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat norint alii; me nemo miniſtro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

[k] Quis nunc diligitur niſi conſcius? ——
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accuſare poteſt. ———

[l] ——Tanti tibi non ſit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut ſomno careas. ———

* The paper which at that time contained apologies for the court.

[m] The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-sewer of Paris, and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
[n] I cannot bear a French metropolis.
[o] Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustick grandeur, or the surly grace,
But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politicks import;
[p] Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.

[m] Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

[n] ——Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem.——

[o] Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

[p] Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus,——

No

No gainful trade their induſtry can 'ſcape,
[q] They ſing, they dance, clean ſhoes, or cure a clap:
All ſciences a faſting Monſieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
[r] Ah! what avails it, that, from ſlav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in Engliſh air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And liſp the tale of HENRY's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?
[s] Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple Gaul was born a paraſite:
Still to his int'reſt true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his laviſh tongue beſtows;
In ev'ry face a thouſand graces ſhine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
[t] Theſe arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
And get a kick for aukward flattery.
Beſides, with juſtice, this diſcerning age
Admires their won'drous talents for the ſtage:

[q] Augur, ſchœnobates, medicus, magus: omnia novit,
Græculus eſuriens, in cœlum, juſſeris, ibit.

[r] Uſque adeo nihil eſt, quod noſtra infantia cœlum
Hauſit Aventini? ———

[s] Quid? quod adulandi gens prudentiſſima, laudat
Sermonem indoctum, faciem deformis amici?

[t] Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: ſed illis
Creditur. ———

Well

[u] Well may they venture on the mimick's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
[w] How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
[x] Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;

[u] Natio comœda est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.

[w] Non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper & omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum,
A facie jactare manus: laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus.———

[x] Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

Then

Then ſoon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
[y] By numbers here from ſhame or cenſure free,
All crimes are ſafe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law purſues,
This, only this, provokes the ſnarling muſe.
The ſober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With briſker air the ſilken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thouſand ways.
[z] Of all the griefs that haraſs the diſtreſs'd;
Sure the moſt bitter is a ſcornful jeſt;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's inſult points the dart.
[a] Has heaven reſerv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathleſs waſte, or undiſcover'd ſhore?
No ſecret iſland in the boundleſs main?
No peaceful deſert yet unclaim'd * by SPAIN?
Quick let us riſe, the happy ſeats explore,
And bear oppreſſion's inſolence no more.

[y] ——Materiem præbet cauſaſque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? ſi fœda & ſciſſa lacerna, &c.

[z] Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

[a] —— Agmine facto,
Debuerant olim tenues migraſſe Quirites.

* The Spaniards at this time were ſaid to make claim to ſome of our American provinces.

This

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confeſs'd,
[b] SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more ſlow, where all are ſlaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandiſe, and ſmiles are ſold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the ſtreets, and thunder to the ſkies:
Rais'd from ſome pleaſing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or ſome bliſsful bow'r,
Aghaſt you ſtart, and ſcarce with aching ſight
Suſtain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from purſuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
[c] Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can ſtarving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative diſcloſe,
While all neglect, and moſt inſult your woes.
[d] Should heaven's juſt bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And ſpread his flaming palace on the ground,

[b] Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi, ſed Romæ durior illis
Conatus.———
———Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio.———
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia ſervis.

[c] ———Ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & fruſtra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hoſpitio, tectoque juvabit.

[d] Si magna Aſturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres.———

Swift

Swift o'er the land the diſmal rumour flies,
And publick mournings pacify the ſkies;
The laureat tribe in venal verſe relate,
How virtue wars with perſecuting fate;
[e] With well-feign'd gratitude the penſion'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vaſſals come,
And crowd with ſudden wealth the riſing dome;
The price of boroughs and of ſouls reſtore;
And raiſe his treaſures higher than before:
Now bleſs'd with all the baubles of the great,
The poliſh'd marble, and the ſhining plate,
[f] Orgilio ſees the golden pile aſpire,
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.
[g] Could'ſt thou reſign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'ſt thou find ſome elegant retreat,
Some hireling ſenator's deſerted ſeat;
And ſtretch thy proſpects o'er the ſmiling land,
For leſs than rent the dungeons of the Strand;

[e] ——Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impenſas: hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti.——

[f] —— Meliora, ac plura reponit
Perſicus orborum lautiſſimus.——

[g] Si potes avelli Circenſibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabretariæ domus, aut Fuſinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic.——
Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum poſſis centum dare Pythagoreis.

There

There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry bush with nature's musick rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
[h] Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
[i] Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
[k] Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

[h] ——— Possis ignavus haberi,
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
Intestatus eas.———

[i] Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelcidæ.———

[k] ——— Sed, quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo,
Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea lampas.

In

[l] In vain theſe dangers paſt, your doors you cloſe,
And hope the balmy bleſſings of repoſe:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with deſpair,
The midnight murd'rer burſts the faithleſs bar;
Invades the ſacred hour of ſilent reſt,
And leaves, unſeen, a dagger in your breaſt.

[m] Scarce can our fields, ſuch crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet ſupply.
Propoſe your ſchemes, ye ſenatorian band,
Whoſe * ways and means ſupport the ſinking land;
Leſt ropes be wanting in the tempting ſpring,
To rig another convoy for the king †.

[n] A ſingle gaol, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Juſtice then, without conſtraint ador'd,
Held high the ſteady ſcale, but ſheath'd the ſword;
No ſpies were paid, no ſpecial juries known,
Bleſt age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

[l] Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui ſpoliet te
Non deerit: clauſis domibus, &c.

[m] Maximus in vinclis ferri modus; ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et ſarcula deſint.

[n] Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam ſub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

* A cant term in the houſe of commons for methods of raiſing money.

† The nation was diſcontented at the viſits made by the king to Hanover.

Much

[o] Much could I add,—but ſee the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
[p] Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune ſpent,
Thou fly'ſt for refuſe to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'ſt ſucceeding times;
Then ſhall thy friend, nor thou refuſe his aid,
Still foe to vice, forſake his Cambrian ſhade;
In virtue's cauſe once more exert his rage,
Thy ſatire point, and animate thy page.

[o] His alias poteram, & pluries ſubnectere cauſas:
Sed jumenta vocant. ———

[p] ——— Ergo vale noſtri memor: & quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Eleuſinam Cererem, veſtramque Dianam
Convelle à Cumis: ſatirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

THE

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET * obſervation with extenſive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager ſtrife,
And watch the buſy ſcenes of crowded life;
Then ſay how hope and fear, deſire and hate,
O'erſpread with ſnares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the miſt delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chaſes airy good.
How rarely reaſon guides the ſtubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the ſuppliant voice,
How nations ſink, by darling ſchemes oppreſs'd,
When vengeance liſtens to the fool's requeſt.
Fate wings with ev'ry wiſh th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal ſweetneſs elocution flows,

* Ver. 1—11.

Impeachment ſtops the ſpeaker's pow'rful breath,
And reſtleſs fire precipitates on death.

* But ſcarce obſerv'd, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral maſſacre of gold;
Wide-waſting peſt! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his ſword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge diſtorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor ſafety buys,
The dangers gather as the treaſures riſe.

Let hiſt'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title ſhakes the madded land,
When ſtatutes glean the refuſe of the ſword,
How much more ſafe the vaſſal than the lord;
Low ſculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his ſlumbers ſound,
Tho' confiſcation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, ſerene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and ſings his toil away.
Does envy ſeize thee? cruſh th' upbraiding joy,
Increaſe his riches and his peace deſtroy,
Now fears in dire viciſſitude invade,
The ruſtling brake alarms, and quiv'ring ſhade,
Nor light nor darkneſs bring his pain relief,
One ſhews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet † ſtill one gen'ral cry the ſkies aſſails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;

* Ver. 12—22. † Ver. 23—27.

Fe

Few know the toiling ſtateſman's fear or care,
Th' infidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once * more, Democritus, ariſe on earth,
With cheerful wiſdom and inſtructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dreſs'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jeſt:
Thou who couldſt laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil cruſh'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And ſcarce a ſycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or ſeen a new-made mayor's unwieldy ſtate;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And ſenates heard before they judg'd a cauſe;
How wouldſt thou ſhake at Britain's modiſh tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to deſcry,
And pierce each ſcene with philoſophick eye.
To thee were ſolemn toys or empty ſhow,
The robes of pleaſure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whoſe joys are cauſeleſs, or whoſe griefs are vain.
Such was the ſcorn that fill'd the ſage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How juſt that ſcorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every ſtate, and canvaſs ev'ry pray'r.
† Unnumber'd ſuppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
A thirſt for wealth, and burning to be great;

* Ver. 28—55. † Ver. 56—107.

Deluſive Fortune hears th' inceſſant call,
They mount, they ſhine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry ſtage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and inſult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the ſinking ſtateſman's door
Pours in the morning worſhipper no more;
For growing names the weekly ſcribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room deſcends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And ſmoak'd in kitchens, or in auctions ſold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroick worth, benevolence divine:
The form diſtorted juſtifies the fall,
And deteſtation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the laſt appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
Thro' Freedom's ſons no more remonſtrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our ſupple tribes repreſs their patriot throats,
And aſk no queſtions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and ſeptennial ale,
Their wiſh is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, ſee Wolſey ſtand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs conſign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty ſhine,
Turn'd by his nod the ſtream of honour flows,
His ſmile alone ſecurity beſtows:

Still

Still to new heights his reſtleſs wiſhes tow'r;
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conqueſt unreſiſted ceas'd to pleaſe,
And rights ſubmitted, left him none to ſeize.
At length his ſov'reign frowns—the train of ſtate
Mark the keen glance, and watch the ſign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns he meets a ſtranger's eye,
His ſuppliants ſcorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful ſtate,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppreſs'd,
He ſeeks the refuge of monaſtick reſt.
Grief aids diſeaſe, remember'd folly ſtings,
And his laſt ſighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whoſe thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolſey's wealth, with Wolſey's end be thine?
Or liv'ſt thou now, with ſafer pride content,
The wiſeſt juſtice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolſey near the ſteeps of fate,
On weak foundations raiſe th' enormous weight?
Why but to ſink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What * gave great Villiers to th' aſſaſſin's knife,
And fix'd diſeaſe on Harley's cloſing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?

* Ver. 108—113.

What but their wiſh indulg'd in courts to ſhine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to reſign?
When * firſt the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthuſiaſt quits his eaſe for fame;
Reſiſtleſs burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the ſtrong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours ſpread,
And † Bacon's manſion trembles o'er his head.
Are theſe thy views? proceed, illuſtrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet ſhould thy ſoul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her laſt retreat;
Should Reaſon guide thee with her brighteſt ray,
And pour on miſty Doubt reſiſtleſs day;
Should no falſe kindneſs lure to looſe delight,
Nor praiſe relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuſe her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no Diſeaſe thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy ſhade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the paſſing world to turn thine eyes,
And pauſe a while from learning, to be wiſe;

* Ver. 114—132.

* There is a tradition, that the ſtudy of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon ſhall paſs under it.

There

There mark what ills the ſcholar's life aſſail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations ſlowly wiſe, and meanly juſt,
To buried merit raiſe the tardy buſt.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life *, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her laſt prize beſtows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See when the vulgar 'ſcapes, deſpis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons ſeize on Laud.
From meaner minds, tho' ſmaller fines content
The plunder'd palace or ſequeſter'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the ſhock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and ſleep.

* A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College Oxford, and rector of Okerton near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin Treatiſe De Natura Cœli, &c. in which he attacked the ſentiments of Scaliger and Ariſtotle; not bearing to hear it urged that ſome things are true in philoſophy and falſe in divinity. He made above ſix hundred ſermons on the harmony of the Evangeliſts. Being unſucceſsful in publiſhing his works, he lay in the priſon of Bocardo at Oxford, and the king's-bench; till biſhop Uſher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boſwell, and Dr. Pink, releaſed him by paying his debts. He petitioned King Charles I, to be ſent into Ethiopia, &c. to procure MSS. Having ſpoke in favour of monarchy and biſhops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away priſoner from his rectory; and afterwards had not a ſhirt to ſhift him in three months, without he borrowed it, and died very poor in 1646.

The * feſtal blazes, the triumphal ſhow,
The raviſh'd ſtandard, and the captive foe,
The ſenate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force reſiſtleſs o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Aſia whirl'd,
For ſuch the ſteady Romans ſhook the world;
For ſuch in diſtant lands the Britons ſhine,
And ſtain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praiſe, that virtue ſcarce can warm,
Till fame ſupplies the univerſal charm.
Yet Reaſon frowns on War's unequal game,
Where waſted nations raiſe a ſingle name,
And mortgag'd ſtates their grandſires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlaſting debt;
Wreaths which at laſt the dear-bought right convey
To ruſt on medals, or on ſtones decay.

On † what foundation ſtands the warrior's pride,
How juſt his hopes let Swediſh Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a ſoul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleaſure and of pain;
No joys to him pacifick ſcepters yield,
War ſounds the trump, he ruſhes to the field;
Behold ſurrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one reſign;
Peace courts his hand, but ſpreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, till nought remain,

* Ver. 133—146. † Ver. 147—167.

"On

" On Moſcow's walls till Gothick ſtandards fly,
" And all be mine beneath the polar ſky."
The march begins in military ſtate,
And nations on his eye ſuſpended wait;
Stern Famine guards the ſolitary coaſt,
And Winter barricades the realms of Froſt;
He comes, nor want nor cold his courſe delay;—
Hide, bluſhing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquiſh'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And ſhews his miſeries in diſtant lands;
Condemn'd a needy ſupplicant to wait,
While ladies interpoſe, and ſlaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no ſubverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hoſtile millions preſs him to the ground?
His fall was deſtin'd to a barren ſtrand,
A petty fortreſs, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All * times their ſcenes of pompous woes afford,
From Perſia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hoſtility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his ſide,
Great Xerxes comes to ſeize the certain prey,
And ſtarves exhauſted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads ſooth his pride no more;

* Ver. 168—187.

Freſh

Freſh praiſe is try'd till madneſs fires his mind,
The waves he laſhes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are ſtill beſtow'd,
Till rude reſiſtance lops the ſpreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial ſhow,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' inſulted ſea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A ſingle ſkiff to ſpeed his flight remains;
Th' incumber'd oar ſcarce leaves the dreaded coaſt
Through purple billows and a floating hoſt.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckleſs hour,
Tries the dread ſummits of Cæſarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions burſts away,
And ſees defenceleſs realms receive his ſway;
Short ſway! fair Auſtria ſpreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, ſets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacons rouſing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praiſe;
The fierce Croation, and the wild Huſſar,
With all the ſons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of haſty greatneſs finds the fatal doom,
His foes deriſion, and his ſubjects blame,
And ſteals to death from anguiſh and from ſhame.

Enlarge * my life with multitude of days,
In health, in ſickneſs, thus the ſuppliant prays;
Hides from himſelf his ſtate, and ſhuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe.

* Ver. 188—288.

Time

Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the paſſages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous ſeaſons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With liſtleſs eyes the dotard views the ſtore,
He views, and wonders that they pleaſe no more;
Now pall the taſteleſs meats, and joyleſs wines,
And Luxury with ſighs her ſlave reſigns.
Approach, ye minſtrels, try the ſoothing ſtrain,
Diffuſe the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No ſounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witneſs'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor ſweeter muſick of a virtuous friend,
But everlaſting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perverſely grave, or poſitively wrong.
The ſtill returning tale, and ling'ring jeſt,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd gueſt,
While growing hopes ſcarce awe the gath'ring ſneer,
And ſcarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful gueſts ſtill hint the laſt offence,
The daughter's petulance, the ſon's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous ſkill,
And mould his paſſions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay ſiege to life, and preſs the dire blockade;
But unextinguiſh'd Av'rice ſtill remains,
And dreaded loſſes aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;

Or

Or views his coffers with ſuſpicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bleſs with an age exempt from ſcorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modeſt innocence away;
Whoſe peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whoſe night congratulating Conſcience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who ſhall wiſh its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary minutes flagging wings;
New ſorrow riſes as the day returns,
A ſiſter ſickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the ſable bier,
Now lacerated Friendſhip claims a tear.
Year chaſes year, decay purſues decay,
Still drops ſome joy from with'ring life away;
New forms ariſe, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the ſtage,
Till pitying Nature ſigns the laſt releaſe,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch ſhould the ſearch deſcend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's laſt ſcene what prodigies ſurpriſe,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wiſe?
From Marlb'rough's eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a ſhow.

The

The * teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty ſpring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of roſy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe,
Whom joys with ſoft varieties invite,
By day the frolick, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who ſmile with art,
And aſk the lateſt faſhion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedleſs charms ſhall ſave,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your ſlave?
Againſt your fame with fondneſs hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With diſtant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint remonſtrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, ſhe quits the ſlipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her ſeat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the paſs defend,
The harmleſs freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force ſuperior ply'd;
To Int'reſt, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſs'd,
And hiſſing Infamy proclaims the reſt.
Where † then ſhall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Muſt dull Suſpenſe corrupt the ſtagnant mind?
Muſt helpleſs man, in ignorance ſedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

* Ver. 289—345. † Ver. 346—366.

Muſt

Muſt no diſlike alarm, no wiſhes riſe,
No cries invoke the mercies of the ſkies?
Enquirer, ceaſe, petitions yet remain,
Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raiſe for good the ſupplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the meaſure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whoſe eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret ambuſh of a ſpecious pray'r.
Implore his aid, in his deciſions reſt,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.
Yet when the ſenſe of ſacred preſence fires,
And ſtrong devotion to the ſkies aſpires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient paſſions, and a will reſign'd;
For love, which ſcarce collective man can fill;
For patience, ſov'reign o'er tranſmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier ſeat,
Counts death kind Nature's ſignal of retreat:
Theſe goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
Theſe goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With theſe celeſtial Wiſdom calms the mind,
And makes the happineſs ſhe does not find.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Garrick,

At the Opening of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane,

1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the ſtage, immortal Shakeſpeare roſe;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful ſtrokes preſiding truth impreſs'd,
And unreſiſted paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt.

Then Jonſon came, inſtructed from the ſchool,
To pleaſe in method, and invent by rule;
His ſtudious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach eſſay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For thoſe who durſt not cenſure, ſcarce could praiſe.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a laſting tomb.

The wits of Charles found eaſier ways to fame,
Nor wiſh'd for Jonſon's art, or Shakeſpeare's flame.
Themſelves they ſtudied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obſcenity was wit.

Vice

Vice always found a ſympathetick friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like theſe aſpir'd to laſting praiſe,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cauſe was gen'ral, their ſupports were ſtrong;
Their ſlaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till ſhame regain'd the poſt that ſenſe betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then cruſh'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilſt paſſion ſlept;
Yet ſtill did virtue deign the ſtage to tread,
Philoſophy remain'd tho' nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She ſaw great Fauſtus lay the ghoſt of wit;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and ſong confirm'd her ſway.

But who the coming changes can preſage,
And mark the future periods of the ſtage?
Perhaps if ſkill could diſtant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in ſtore;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new ſorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can gueſs th' effects of chance)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet * may dance.

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the ſtage; Mahomet, a rope-dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre the winter before, ſaid to be a Turk.

Hard

Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
Muſt watch the wild viciſſitudes of taſte;
With every meteor of caprice muſt play,
And chaſe the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not cenſure term our fate our choice,
The ſtage but echoes back the publick voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of reſcu'd nature, and reviving ſenſe;
To chaſe the charms of ſound, the pomp of ſhow,
For uſeful mirth and ſalutary woe;
Bid ſcenick virtue form the riſing age,
And truth diffuſe her radiance from the ſtage.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN by Mr. GARRICK, April 5, 1750,

Before the MASQUE of COMUS,

Acted at DRURY-LANE THEATRE, for the Benefit of MILTON's Grand-daughter.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs whoſe boſoms beat at Milton's name,
Whoſe generous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean penſions of Auguſtan times;

Immortal patrons of ſucceeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praiſe;
Let wit condemn'd the feeble war to wage,
With cloſe malevolence, or publick rage;
Let ſtudy, worn with virtue's fruitleſs lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, diſtinguiſh'd by your ſmiles, ſhall tell
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The ſlighted arts futurity ſhall truſt,
And riſing ages haſten to be juſt.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of univerſal praiſe;
And baffled ſpite, with hopeleſs anguiſh dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haſte each candidate of fame,
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He ſees, and pitying ſees, vain wealth beſtow
Thoſe pageant honours which he ſcorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat buſt behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown—unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her ſlow decay.
What tho' ſhe ſhine with no Miltonian fire,
No favouring muſe her morning dreams inſpire?
Yet ſofter claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameleſs age;
Hers the mild merits of domeſtick life,
The patient ſufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandſire leaves her in Britannia's arms;

Secure

Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wife, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown defert—beyond the grave.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN. 1769.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind,
With cool fubmiffion joins the lab'ring train,
And focial forrow lofes half its pain;
Our anxious bard without complaint may fhare
This buftling feafon's epidemick care;
Like Cæfar's pilot dignify'd by fate,
Toft in one common ftorm with all the great;
Diftreft alike the ftatefman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The bufy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wifhes juft the fame;
Difabled both to combat, or to fly,
Muft hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgefs hoards his angry tale,
For that bleft year when all that vote may rail;

Their ſchemes of ſpite the poet's foes diſmiſs,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiſs.
" This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says ſwelling Criſpin, " begg'd a cobler's vote ;"
" This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
" Lies at my feet; I hiſs him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe,
The bard may ſupplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by thoſe whoſe voices ne'er were ſold,
He feels no want of ill-perſuading gold ;
But confident of praiſe, if praiſe be due,
Truſts without fear to merit and to you.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

A WORD TO THE WISE*,

SPOKEN by Mr. HULL.

THIS night preſents a play which publick rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the ſtage†.
From zeal, or malice, now no more we dread,
For Engliſh vengeance wars not with the dead.

* Performed at Covent-Garden theatre in 1777, for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, Eſq. (the author of the play) and her children.

† Upon the firſt repreſentation of this play, 1770, a party aſſembled to damn it, and ſucceeded.

A gene-

A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid, where all muſt lie.
To wit reviving from its author's duſt,
Be kind ye judges, or at leaſt be juſt.
For no renew'd hoſtilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable ſhade.
Let one great payment every claim appeaſe,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to pleaſe;
To pleaſe by ſcenes unconſcious of offence,
By harmleſs merriment, or uſeful ſenſe.
Where aught of bright, or fair the piece diſplays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praiſe.
If want of ſkill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiſs—the poet cannot hear.
By all like him muſt praiſe and blame be found,
At beſt a fleeting gleam, or empty ſound.
Yet then ſhall calm reflection bleſs the night,
When liberal pity dignified delight;
When pleaſure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

SPRING,

AN ODE.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repreſs'd,
Forbears the long continued ſtrife;
And Nature, on her naked breaſt,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleaſure with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritick * tyranny conſigns;
Whom ſmiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture ſings and beauty ſhines.

Yet tho' my limbs diſeaſe invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful ſhades
Where ——'s humble turrets riſe.

Here ſtop, my ſoul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleaſing groves depart,
Where firſt great nature charm'd my ſight,
Where wiſdom firſt inform'd my heart.

* The author being ill of the gout.

Here

Here let me thro' the vales purſue
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great nature's works renew,
Once more on wiſdom's voice attend.

From falſe careſſes, cauſeleſs ſtrife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the uſe of life,
When beſt enjoy'd—when moſt improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet ſeat,
The generous ſcorn of venal power,
The ſilent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatneſs climbs,
Or raging factions ruſh to war,
Here let me learn to ſhun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not ſhare.

But leſt I fall by ſubtler foes,
Bright wiſdom teach me Curio's art,
The ſwelling paſſions to compoſe,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

MIDSUMMER,

AN ODE.

O PHOEBUS! down the weſtern ſky,
Far hence diffuſe thy burning ray,
Thy light to diſtant worlds ſupply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come gentle eve, the friend of care,
Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refreſh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature ſpreads;
Where the green bower with roſes crown'd,
In ſhowers its fragrant foliage ſheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let muſick die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every ſtrain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vaſt deſires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inſpires.

While all my wiſh and thine complete,
By turns we languiſh and we burn,
Let ſighing gales our ſighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me when nature calls to reſt,
And bluſhing ſkies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breaſt,
And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN,

AN ODE.

ALAS! with ſwift and ſilent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The ſeaſons change, and nature's face
Now ſweetly ſmiles, now frowns ſevere.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are ſwept away,
And Summer fruits deſert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the weſtern breeze,
Now trod in duſt neglected lie,
As Boreas ſtrips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As ruſſet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moiſt with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleaſure wanders there.

No more while thro' the midnight ſhade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I ſtray,
Soft pleaſing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime ſhe ſoars,
O! would ſome god but wings ſupply!
To where each morn the Spring reſtores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain

Vain wiſh! me fate compels to bear
The downward ſeaſons iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And ſhiver on a blaſted plain.

What bliſs to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and ſhowers, and ſtorms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Haſte—preſs the cluſters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! ſhoot thy parting ray:
This gives the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
This god of health, and verſe, and day.

Still—ſtill the jocund ſtrain ſhall flow,
The pulſe with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms ſhall glow,
And every bliſs in wine ſhall meet.

WINTER,
AN ODE.

NO more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon ſpreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve diſtills the dew.

The

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Uſurping darkneſs ſhares the day;
Her miſts reſtrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful ſway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With ſighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafleſs wood, the naked field,
The ſnow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No muſick warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious ſteps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now ſought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempeſt roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous ſhowers deſcend;
Haſte, cloſe the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art ſupply
With light and heat my little ſphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a conſtellation here.

Let muſick ſound the voice of joy!
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the ſeaſon wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale ſhall pleaſe no more;
Nor muſick charm—tho' Stella ſings;
Nor love, nor wine, the Spring reſtore.

Catch then, O! catch the tranſient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a ſhort Summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas! how ſoon he dies!

THE WINTER's WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary proſpects round us riſe;
The naked hill, the leafleſs grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning ſkies!

Not only thought the waſted plain,
Stern Winter in thy force confeſs'd;
Still wider ſpreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power uſurp my breaſt.

Enlivening hope, and fond deſire,
Reſign the heart to ſpleen and care;
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture ſaddens to deſpair.

In groundleſs hope, and cauſeleſs fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The ſlave of ſunſhine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and falſe alarms,
With mental and corporeal ſtrife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And ſcreen me from the ills of life.

To

To Miss *****

On her giving the Author a Gold and Silk Net-work Purſe of her own weaving *.

THOUGH gold and ſilk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would ſhine,
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand that knows the ſubtler art,
To weave thoſe nets that catch the heart.
Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy ſilken chain
The glittering vagrants ſhall reſtrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught ſhould ne'er be freed?

To Miss *****

On her playing upon the Harpſichord in a Room hung with Flower-pieces of her own Painting *.

WHEN Stella ſtrikes the tuneful ſtring
In ſcenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty laviſhes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleaſure propagates around
Each charm of modulated ſound;

* Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies.

Ah!

Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flower,
But ſhun, raſh youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the ſnares of wily love.
When charms thus preſs on every ſenſe,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful hope, and vain deſire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.
But on thoſe regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight,
Could Stella, ſprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral ſong,
Inſtruction with her flowers might ſpring,
And wiſdom warble from her ſtring.
Mark when from thouſand mingled dyes
Thou ſeeſt one pleaſing form ariſe,
How active light, and thoughtful ſhade,
In greater ſcenes each other aid.
Mark when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How paſſions well accorded ſtrife,
Gives all the harmony of life;
Thy pictures ſhall thy conduct frame,
Conſiſtent ſtill, though not the ſame;
Thy muſick teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

EVENING:

AN ODE,

To STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts ſhe brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes ſhake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the ſtream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy ſecrets, love.
Stella, thither let us ſtray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his ſtead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that ſeems but juſt to ſhow
Breaſts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
Let us now, in whiſper'd joy,
Evening's ſilent hours employ,
Silence beſt, and conſcious ſhades,
Pleaſe the hearts that love invades,
Other pleaſures give them pain,
Lovers all but love diſdain.

TO

TO THE SAME.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found,
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
If her face with pleaſure glow,
If ſhe ſigh at others woe,
If her eaſy air expreſs
Conſcious worth, or ſoft diſtreſs,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminiſh'd grace.
If on her we ſee diſplay'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
If her chintz with leſs expence
Flows in eaſy negligence;
Still ſhe lights the conſcious flame,
Still her charms appear the ſame;
If ſhe ſtrikes the vocal ſtrings,
If ſhe's ſilent, ſpeaks, or ſings,
If ſhe ſit, or if ſhe move,
Still we love, and ſtill approve.
Vain the caſual, tranſient glance,
Which alone can pleaſe by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.

I thoſe charms alone can prize,
Which from conſtant nature riſe,
Which nor circumſtance, nor dreſs,
E'er can make, or more, or leſs.

To a FRIEND.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the preſent ſtore,
Still endleſs ſighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the ſhadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treaſure buys!
To purchaſe heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendſhip's pleaſures to be ſold?
No—all that's worth a wiſh—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Ceaſe then on traſh thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With ſcience tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the Muſes' moral lay;
In ſocial hours indulge thy ſoul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love reſign thy breaſt,
And be, by bleſſing beauty—bleſt.

Thus taſte the feaſt by nature ſpread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taſte with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and ſtrife.
I boaſt whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And ſcorn! Oh! let that ſcorn be thine!
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

WHEN lately Stella's form diſplay'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not ſo fair as fine.
"Fate! ſnatch away the bright diſguiſe,
"And let the goddeſs truſt her eyes."
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,
And fate malicious heard the pray'r;
But brighten'd by the ſable dreſs,
As virtue riſes in diſtreſs,
Since Stella ſtill extends her reign,
Ah! how ſhall envy ſooth her pain?
Th' adoring youth and envious fair,
Henceforth ſhall form one common prayer;
And love and hate alike implore
The ſkies—"That Stella mourn no more."

To STELLA.

NOT the ſoft ſighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the cryſtal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, tho' all unite,
Can touch my boſom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's ſhore,
Not all Peru's unbounded ſtore,
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
To form one wiſh my ſoul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor ſeek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

VERSES,

Written at the Requeſt of a Gentleman to whom a Lady had given a Sprig of Myrtle *.

WHAT hopes—what terrors does this gift create?
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.
The myrtle (enſign of ſupreme command,
Conſign'd to Venus by Meliſſa's hand)
Not leſs capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle ſhades oft ſings the happy ſwain,
In myrtle ſhades deſpairing ghoſts complain.
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
The unhappy lovers graves the myrtle ſpreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And eaſe the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon muſt this ſprig, as you ſhall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

* Theſe verſes were firſt printed in a Magazine for 1768, but were written between forty and fifty years ago. Elegant as they are, they were compoſed in the ſhort ſpace of five minutes.

To Lady FIREBRACE*, At BURY ASSIZES.

AT length muſt Suffolk beauties ſhine in vain,
So long renown'd in B —— n's deathleſs ſtrain?
Thy charms at leaſt, fair Firebrace, might inſpire
Some zealous bard to wake the ſleeping lyre;
For ſuch thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
Thou ſeem'ſt at once, bright nymph, a *Muſe* and *Grace*.

To LYCE, an elderly Lady.

YE nymphs whom ſtarry rays inveſt,
By flattering poets given,
Who ſhine by laviſh lovers dreſt,
In all the pomp of heaven;

Engroſs not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But as your ſiſter of the ſky,
Let Lyce ſhare the praiſe.

* This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Eſq. of Ipſwich, and relict of Philip Evers, Eſq. of that town; ſhe became the ſecond wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the laſt Baronet of that name (to whom ſhe brought a fortune of 25,000l.), July 26, 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, ſhe was a third time married, April 7, 1762, to William Campbell, Eſq. uncle to the preſent Duke of Argyle, and died July 3, 1782.

Her ſilver locks diſplay the moon,
  Her brows a cloudy ſhow,
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are ſeen,
  And ſhowers from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkneſs dyes,
  She's ſtarr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
  And can with thunder roar.

But ſome Zelinda, while I ſing,
  Denies my Lyce ſhines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
  Attack my gentle lines.

Yet ſpite of fair Zelinda's eye,
  And all her bards expreſs,
My Lyce makes as good a ſky,
  And I but flatter leſs.

On the Death of

Mr. ROBERT LEVET,

A Practiſer in Phyſic.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's deluſive mine,
  As on we toil from day to day,
By ſudden blaſts, or ſlow decline,
  Our ſocial comforts drop away.

Well

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave deſcend,
Officious, innocent, ſincere,
Of every friendleſs name the friend.

Yet ſtill he fills affection's eye,
Obſcurely wiſe and coarſely kind;
Nor letter'd arrogance deny
Thy praiſe to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy diſplay'd
The power of art without the ſhow.

In miſery's darkeſt cavern known,
His uſeful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeleſs anguiſh pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No ſummons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain diſdain'd by pride;
The modeſt wants of every day
The toil of every day ſupply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pauſe, nor left a void;
And ſure th' Eternal Maſter found
The ſingle talent well employ'd.

The buſy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Tho' now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his ſoul the neareſt way.

EPITAPH

ON

CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

An Itinerant Muſician *.

PHILLIPS! whoſe touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapleſs love,
Reſt here, diſtreſt by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'ſt ſo oft before;
Sleep undiſturb'd within this peaceful ſhrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

* Theſe lines are among Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies; they are nevertheleſs recognized as Johnſon's, in a memorandum of his handwriting, and were probably written at her requeſt. Phillips was a travelling Fidler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.

EPI-

EPITAPHIUM

IN

THOMAM HANMER, Baronettum.

Honorabilis admodum Thomas Hanmer,
Baronettus,
Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri è Peregrina Henrici
North
De Mildenhal in Com: Suffolciæ Baronetti sorore
et hærede.
Filius
Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti
Hæres patruelis
Antiquo gentis suæ et titulo, et patrimonio succeſſit
Duas uxores sortitus est;
Alteram Isabellam, honore à patre derivato de
Arlington comitissam
Deindè celcissimi principis ducis de Grafton viduam
dotariam
Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Folks de Barton in
Com. Suff. armigeri.
Filiam et hæredem
Inter humanitates studia felicitèr enutritus
Omnes liberalium artium disciplinas avidè arripuit,
Quas morum suavitate haud leviter ornavit.

Post-

Postquam excessit et ephebis
Continuo inter populares suos fama eminens
Et comitatus sui legatus ad Parliamentum missus
Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta
Si accinxit
Cumq; apud illos amplissimorum virorum ordines
Solent nihil temerè effutire
Sed *probe* perpensa differtè expromere
Orator gravis et pressus
Non minus integritatis quam eloquentiæ laude
commendatus
Æquè omnium utcunq; inter se alioqui dissidentium
Aures atque animos attraxit
Annoque demum M.DCC.XIII. regnante Annâ
Felicissima, florentissimæque memoriæ regina
Ad prolocutoris cathedram
Communi senatûs universi voce designatus est:
Quod munus
Cum nullo tempore non difficile
Tum illo certè negotiis
Et varus et lubricis et implicatis difficillimum
Cum dignitate sustinuit.
Honores alios, et omnia, quæ sibi in lucrum cederent,
munera
Sedulò detrectavit
Ut rei totus inserviret publicæ,
Justi rectique tenax
Et fide in patriam incorrupta notus.
Ubi omnibus, quæ virum civimque bonum decent
officiis satis feciset,

Pau-

Paulatim ſe à publicis conſiliis in otium recipiens
Inter literarum amœnitates,
Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud inſuaves recordationes,
Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus
Honorificè conſenuit,
Et bonis omnibus, quibus chariſſimus vixit,
Deſideratiſſimus obiit.

PARAPHRASE of the above EPITAPH.

By Dr. JOHNSON*,

THOU who ſurvey'ſt theſe walls with curious eye,
Pauſe at this tomb where HANMER's aſhes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'ſt his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirſt of knowledge, and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

Thus early wiſe, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the ſtudious ſhade;
In life's firſt bloom his publick toils began,
At once commenc'd the ſenator and man.

In buſineſs dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the ſtate;

* This Paraphraſe is inſerted in Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies. The Latin is there ſaid to be written by Dr. Friend. Of the perſon whoſe memory it celebrates, a copious account may be ſeen in the Appendix to the Supplement to the Biographia Britannica.

In

In every ſpeech perſuaſive wiſdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd:
Suſpended faction ceas'd from rage and ſtrife,
To hear his eloquence, and praiſe his life.

Reſiſtleſs merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illuſtrious age! how bright thy glories ſhone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair—and ANNE the throne!

Then when dark arts obſcur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of ſtate,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.

This taſk perform'd—he ſought no gainful poſt,
Nor wiſh'd to glitter at his country's coſt;
Strict on the right he fix'd his ſtedfaſt eye,
With temperate zeal and wiſe anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aſide,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleaſure, or of pride.
Her gifts deſpis'd, Corruption bluſh'd and fled,
And fame purſued him where Conviction led.

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to reſt,
With honour ſated, and with cares oppreſt;
To letter'd eaſe retir'd and honeſt mirth,
To rural grandeur and domeſtick worth:
Delighted ſtill to pleaſe mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet ſparkled in the friend.

Calm Conſcience then, his former life ſurvey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the ſhade,
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And Virtue's ſorrow dignified his tomb.

To Miss HICKMAN*,

Playing on the Spinnet.

BRIGHT Stella, form'd for univerſal reign,
Too well you know to keep the ſlaves you gain;
When in your eyes reſiſtleſs lightnings play,
Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
And yield reluctant to deſpotick ſway:
But when your muſick ſooths the raging pain,
We bid propitious heav'n prolong your reign,
We bleſs the tyrant, and we hug the chain.

When old Timotheus ſtruck the vocal ſtring,
Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king:
Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
He pants for room in one poor world confin'd.
Thus wak'd to rage, by muſick's dreadful pow'r
He bids the ſword deſtroy, the flame devour.
Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire:
No more delighted with deſtructive war,
Ambitious only now to pleaſe the fair;
Reſign'd his thirſt of empire to her charms,
And found a thouſand worlds in Stella's arms,

* Theſe Lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turton, ſon to Mrs. Turton, the Lady to whom they are addreſſed by her maiden name of Hickman, muſt have been written at leaſt as early as the year 1754, as that was the year of her marriage: at how much earlier a period of Dr. Johnſon's life they may have been written, is not known.

PARA-

PARAPHRASE of PROVERBS, Chap. VI. Verses 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

"Go to the Ant thou Sluggard."*

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedleſs eyes,
Obſerve her labours, ſluggard, and be wiſe:
No ſtern command, no monitory voice
Preſcribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, ſhe haſtes away,
To ſnatch the bleſſings of the plenteous day;
When fruitful ſummer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harveſt, and ſhe ſtores the grain.
How long ſhall ſloth uſurp thy uſeleſs hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs?
While artful ſhades thy downy couch incloſe,
And ſoft ſolicitation courts repoſe.
Amidſt the drowſy charms of dull delight,
Year chaſes year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and ſlow,
Shall ſpring to ſeize thee like an ambuſh'd foe.

HORACE, Lib. IV. Ode VII. TRANSLATED.

THE ſnow diſſolv'd, no more is ſeen,
The fields and woods, behold! are green.
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again,

* In Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies, but now printed from the original in Dr. Johnſon's own hand-writing.

The

The ſprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace.
The changing year's ſucceſſive plan
Proclaims mortality to man.
Rough winter's blaſts to ſpring give way,
Spring yields to ſummer's ſovereign ray;
Then ſummer ſinks in autumn's reign,
And winter chills the world again:
Her loſſes ſoon the moon ſupplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his ſons are laid,
Is nought but aſhes and a ſhade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our ſcore,
Will toſs us in a morning more?
What with your friend you nobly ſhare
At leaſt you reſcue from your heir.
Not you Torquatus, boaſt of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or ſplendid birth,
Or virtue, ſhall reſtore to earth.
Hippolytus, unjuſtly ſlain,
Diana calls to life in vain;
Nor can the might of Theſeus rend
The chains of hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784.

On

On seeing a BUST of Mrs. MONTAGUE.

HAD this fair figure which this frame displays,
Adorn'd in Roman time the brightest days,
In every dome, in every sacred place,
Her statue would have breath'd an added grace,
And on its basis would have been enroll'd,
" This is Minerva, cast in Virtue's mould."

☞ *The following* TRANSLATIONS, PARODIES, *and* BURLESQUE VERSES, *most of them extempore, are taken from* ANECDOTES *of Dr.* JOHNSON, *lately published by Mrs.* PIOZZI.

ANACREON, ODE IX.

LOVELY courier of the sky,
Whence and whither dost thou fly?
Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way:
Is it business? is it love?
Tell, me, tell me, gentle dove.

Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair;

Grac'd

Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Bluſhing nature, ſmiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the bard her dove beſtow'd:
Veſted with a maſter's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight;
His the letters that you ſee,
Weighty charge, conſign'd to me:
Think not yet my ſervice hard,
Joyleſs taſk without reward;
Smiling at my maſter's gates,
Freedom my return awaits;
But the liberal grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Bliſsful bondage ſuch as mine?
Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's gueſt without a home;
Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly ſhelter'd, coarſely fed:
Now my better lot beſtows
Sweet repaſt, and ſoft repoſe;
Now the generous bowl I ſip
As it leaves Anacreon's lip:
Void of care, and free from dread,
From his fingers ſnatch his bread;
Then with luſcious plenty gay,
Round his chamber dance and play;
Or from wine as courage ſprings,
O'er his face extend my wings;

And when feaſt and frolick tire,
Drop aſleep upon his lyre.
This is all, be quick and go,
More than all thou canſt not know;
Let me now my pinions ply,
I have chatter'd like a pye.

LINES written in ridicule of certain POEMS publiſhed in 1777.

WHERESOE'ER I turn my view,
All is ſtrange, yet nothing new;
Endleſs labour all along,
Endleſs labour to be wrong;
Phraſe that time has flung away,
Uncouth words in diſarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and ſonnet.

PARODY of a TRANSLATION from the MEDEA of EURIPIDES.

ERR ſhall they not, who reſolute explore
Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;
And ſcanning right the practices of yore,
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwiſe.

They

They to the dome where ſmoke with curling play
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summon'd the ſinger blythe, and harper gay,
And aided wine with dulcet-ſtreaming ſound.

The better uſe of notes, or ſweet or ſhrill,
By quiv'ring ſtring or modulated wind;
Trumpet or lyre—to their harſh boſoms chill,
Admiſſion ne'er had ſought, or could not find.

Oh! ſend them to the ſullen manſions dun,
Her baleful eyes where ſorrow rolls around;
Where gloom-enamour'd miſchief loves to dwell,
And murder, all blood-bolter'd, ſchemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the ſpacious diſh,
And purple nectar glads the feſtive hour;
The gueſt, without a want, without a wiſh,
Can yield no room to muſick's ſoothing pow'r.

BURLESQUE of the modern Verſifications of ancient LEGENDARY TALES.

AN IMPROMPTU.

THE tender infant meek and mild,
Fell down upon the ſtone;
The nurſe took up the ſqualing child,
But ſtill the child ſqual'd on.

TRANSLATION of the Two Firſt Stanzas of the Song "*Rio verde, Rio verde,*" printed in Biſhop PERCY's Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry.

AN IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glaſſy water,
Down whoſe current clear and ſtrong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual ſlaughter,
Moor and Chriſtian roll along.

IMITATION of the Style of ****

HERMIT hoar, in ſolemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey;
Strike thy boſom ſage, and tell
What is bliſs, and which the way.

This I ſpoke, and ſpeaking ſigh'd,
Scarce repreſs'd the ſtarting tear,
When the hoary ſage reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink ſome beer.

BURLESQUE of the following Lines of LOPEZ DE VEGA.

AN IMPROMPTU.

SE acquien los leones vence
Vence una muger hermosa
O el de flaco averguençe
O ella di ser mas furiosa.

IF the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION of the following Lines at the End of BARETTI'S EASY PHRASEOLOGY.

AN IMPROMPTU.

VIVA viva la padrona,
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona;
Viva! viva la padrona!

LONG may live my lovely Hetty!
Always young and always pretty,
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long!
Always young and always pretty,
Long may live my lovely Hetty!

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION of the following Diſtich on the Duke of MODENA's running away from the Comet in 1742 or 1743.

SE al venir voſtro i principi ſe n' vanno
Deh venga ogni dì——durate un anno.

IF at your coming princes diſappear,
Comets! come every day—and ſtay a year.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION of the following Lines of Monſ. BENSERADE à ſon lit.

THEATRE des ris, et des pleurs,
Lit! ou je nais, et ou je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voiſins,
Sont nos plaiſirs, et nos chagrins.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may ſhew
Of human bliſs to human woe.

EPITAPH for Mr. HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' eſſential form of grace;
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
That ſaw the manners in the face.

TRAN-

TRANSLATION of the following Lines written under a Print repreſenting Perſons ſkaiting.

SUR un mince chryſtal l'hyver conduit leurs pas
Le precipice eſt ſous la glace;
Telle eſt de nos plaiſirs la legere ſurface,
Gliſſez mortels; n' appuyez pas.

O'ER ice the rapid ſkaiter flies,
With ſport above and death below;
Where miſchief lurks in gay diſguiſe,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION of the ſame.

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the ſkaiters play;
O'er treacherous pleaſure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly ſkim, and haſte away.

To Mrs. THRALE,

On her completing her Thirty-fifth Year.

AN IMPROMPTU.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.

Could philoſophers contrive
Life to ſtop at thirty-five,
Time his hours ſhould never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to ſoar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, ſtock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boaſt and ſtrive,
Life declines from thirty-five:
He that ever hopes to thrive
Muſt begin by thirty-five;
And all who wiſely wiſh to wive
Muſt look on Thrale at thirty-five.

IMPROMPTU on hearing Miſs THRALE conſulting with a Friend about a Gown and Hat ſhe was inclined to wear.

WEAR the gown, and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleaſures while they laſt;
Hadſt thou nine lives, like a cat,
Soon thoſe nine lives would be paſt.

IM-

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION of an AIR in the CLEMENZA DE TITO of METASTASIO, beginning, "*Deh ſe piacermi vuoi.*"

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teizing doubts depart;
He who blindly truſts, will find
Faith from every generous mind:
He who ſtill expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

TRANSLATION of a SPEECH of AQUILEIO, in the ADRIANO of METASTASIO, beginning, "*Tu che in Corte invechiaſti.*"

GROWN old in courts, thou art not ſurely one
Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;
Well ſkill'd to ſoothe a foe with looks of kindneſs,
To ſink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with ſeeming friendſhip:
Open to all, true only to thyſelf,
Thou know'ſt thoſe arts which blaſt with envious praiſe,
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuſes,
And drive diſcountenanc'd virtue from the throne:
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift uſurp the merit;
That hide in ſeeming zeal a wicked purpoſe,
And only build upon another's ruin.

POEMATA.

[Jan. 20, 21, 1773.]

VITÆ qui varias vices
Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,
Læto cedere lumini
Noctis triſtitiam qui gelidæ jubet,
Acri ſanguine turgidos,
Obductoſque oculos nubibus humidis
Sanari voluit meos.
Et me, cuncta beans cui nocuit dies,
Luci reddidit et mihi.
Qua te laude, Deus qua prece proſequar?
Sacri diſcipulus libri
Te ſemper ſtudiis utilibus colam:
Grates, ſumme Pater, tuis
Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

[Dec. 25, 1779.]

NUNC dies Chriſto memoranda nato
Fulſit, in pectus mihi fonte purum
Gaudium ſacro fluat, et benigni
Gratia Cœli!

Chriſte

Chriſte da tutam trepido quietem,
Chriſte, ſpem præſta ſtabilem timenti;
Da fidem certam, precibuſque fidis
Annue, Chriſte.

[In Lecto, die Paſſionis. Apr. 13, 1781.]

SUMME Deus, qui ſemper amas quodcunque creâſti;
Judice quo, ſcelerum eſt pœnituiſſe ſalus:
Da veteres noxas animo ſic flere novato,
Per Chriſtum ut veniam ſit reperire mihi.

[In Lecto. Dec. 25, 1782.]

SPE non inani confugis,
Peccator, ad latus meum;
Quod poſcis, haud unquam tibi
Negabitur ſolatium.

[Nocte,

[Nocte, inter 16 et 17 Junii, 1783 *.]

SUMME Pater, quodcunque tuum † de corpore ‡ Numen
Hoc || ſtatuat, § precibus Chriſtus adeſſe velit:
Ingenio parcas, nec ſit mihi culpa ¶ rogâſſe,
Qua ſolum potero parte, ** placere tibi.

[Cal. Jan. in lecto, ante lucem. 1784.]

SUMME dator vitæ, naturæ æterne magiſter,
Cauſarum ſeries quo moderante fluit,
Reſpice quem ſubigit ſenium, morbique ſeniles,
Quem terret vitæ meta propinqua ſuæ,
Reſpice inutiliter lapſi quem pœnitet ævi;
Recte ut pœniteat, reſpice, magne parens.

* The night above referred to by Dr. Johnſon was that in which a paralytick ſtroke had deprived him of his voice, and, in the anxiety he felt leſt it ſhould likewiſe have impaired his underſtanding, he compoſed the above Lines, and ſaid concerning them, that he knew at the time that they were not good, but then he deemed his diſcerning this, to be ſufficient for the quieting the anxiety before mentioned, as it ſhewed him that his power of judging was not diminiſhed.

† Al. tuæ. ‡ Al. leges. || Al. ſtatuant.
§ Al. votis. ¶ Al. precari. ** Al. litare.

PA-

PATER benigne, ſumma ſemper lenitas,
Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva :
Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,
Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.
Sacri vagantes luminis greſſus face
Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul ;
Veniam petenti, ſumme da veniam, pater ;
Veniæque ſancta pacis adde gaudia :
Sceleris ut expers omni, et vacuus metu,
Te, mente purâ, mente tranquillâ colam :
Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Chriſtus ſuâ.

[Jan. 18, 1784.]

SUMME Pater, puro colluſtra lumine pectus,
Anxietas noceat ne tenebroſa mihi.
In me ſparſa manu virtutum ſemina larga
Sic ale, proveniat meſſis ut ampla boni.
Noctes atque dies animo ſpes læta recurſet,
Certa mihi ſancto fiagret amore fides.
Certa vetet dubitare fides, ſpes læta timere,
Velle vetet cuiquam non bene ſanctus amor.
Da, ne ſint permiſſa, pater, mihi præmia fruſtra,
Et colere, et leges ſemper amare tuas.
Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo ſecula, Chriſte, piâſti,
Sanguine, precanti promereare tuo !

[Feb.

[Feb. 27, 1784.]

MENS mea quid quereris? veniet tibi mollior hora,
In ſummo ut videas numine læta patrem;
Divinam in ſontes iram placavit Jeſus;
Nunc eſt pro pœna pœnituiſſe reis.

CHRISTIANUS PERFECTUS.

QUI cupit in ſanctos Chriſto cogente referri,
Abſtergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis
Captans, nec faſtu tumidus, ſemperque futuro
Inſtet, et evellens terroris ſpicula corde,
Suſpiciat tandem clementem in numine patrem.
Huic quoque, nec genti nec fectæ noxius ulli,
Sit ſacer orbis amor, miſeris qui ſemper adeſſe
Geſtiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clauſus,
Cunctorum ignoſcat vitiis, pietate fruatur.
Ardeat huic toto ſacer ignis pectore, poſſit
Ut vitam, poſcat ſi res, impendere vero.
Cura placere Deo ſit prima, ſit ultima, ſanctæ
Irruptum vitæ cupiat ſervare tenorem;
Et ſibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas
Diſpliceat, ſervet tutum ſub pectore rectum:
Nec natet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,

Nec

Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, ſed, totus in uno,
Se fidum addicat Chriſto, mortalia temnens.
Sed timeat ſemper, caveatque ante omnia, turbæ
Ne ſtolidæ ſimilis, leges, ſibi ſegreget audax
Quas ſervare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,
Plenum opus effugiens, aptans juga mollia collo
Sponte ſua demens; nihilum decedere ſummæ
Vult Deus, at, qui cuncta dedit tibi, cuncta repoſcit.
Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua niſu,
Auxilioque Dei fretus, jam mente ſerena
Pergit, et imperiis ſentit ſe dulcibus actum.
Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit,
Effigiemque Dei, quantum ſervare licebit,
Induit, et, terris major, cœleſtia ſpirat.

ÆTERNE rerum conditor,
Salutis æternæ dator;
Felicitatis ſedibus
Qui nec ſceleſtos exigis,
Quoſcumque ſcelerum pœnitet;
Da, Chriſte, pœnitentiam,
Veniamque, Chriſte, da mihi;
Ægrum trahenti ſpiritum
Succurre præſens corpori,
Multo gravatam crimine
Mentem benignus alleva.

LUCI

LUCE colluſtret mihi pectus alma,
Pellat et triſtes animi tenebras,
Nec ſinat ſemper tremere ac dolore,
Gratia Chriſti:

Me pater tandem reducem benigno
Summus amplexu foveat, beato
Me gregi ſanctus ſocium beatum
Spiritus addat.

JEJUNIUM ET CIBUS.

SERVIAT ut menti corpus jejunia ſerva,
Ut mens utatur corpore, ſume cibos.

URBANE, nullis feſſe laboribus,
Urbane, nullis victe calumniis,
Cui fronte ſertum in erudita
Perpetuo viret, et virebit;

Quid moliatur gens imitantium,
Quid et minetur, ſollicitus parum,
Vacare ſolis perge Muſis,
Juxta animo ſtudiiſque fælix.

Linguæ procacis plumbea ſpicula,
Videns, ſuperbo frange ſilentio;
Victrix per obſtantes catervas
Sedulitas animoſa tendet.

Intende nervos fortis, inanibus
Risurus olim nisibus emuli;
Intende jam nervos, habebis
Participes opera camœnas.

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

Texente nymphis serta Lycoride,
Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
Immista, sic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata sucis.

IN RIVUM A MOLA STOANA LICHFELDIÆ DIFFLUENTEM.

ERRAT adhuc vitreus per prata virentia rivus,
Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer;
Hic delusa rudi frustrabar brachia motu,
Dum docuit blanda voce natare pater.
Fecerunt rami latebras, tenebrisque diurnis
Pendula secretas abdidit arbor aquas.
Nunc veteres duris perière securibus umbræ,
Longinquisque oculis nuda lavacra patent.
Lympha tamen cursus agit indefessa perennis,
Tectaque qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit.
Quid ferat externi velox, quid deterat ætas,
Tu quoque securus res age, Nise, tuas.

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

[Poſt Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum.]

LEXICON ad finem longo luctamine tandem
Scaliger ut duxit, tenuis pertæſus opellæ,
Vile indignatus ſtudium, nugaſque moleſtas,
Ingemit exoſus, ſcribendaque lexica mandat
Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.
Ille quidem recte, ſublimis, doctus et acer,
Quem decuit majora ſequi, majoribus aptum,
Qui veterum modo facta ducum, modo carmina vatum,
Geſſerat et quicquid virtus, ſapientia quicquid,
Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,
Ingentemque animo ſeclorum volveret orbem.
Fallimur exemplis; temere ſibi turba ſcholarum
Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras.
Quiſque ſuum nôrit modulum; tibi, prime virorum
Ut ſtudiis ſperem, aut auſim par eſſe querelis,
Non mihi ſorte datum; lenti ſeu ſanguinis obſint
Frigora, ſeu nimium longo jacuiſſe veterno,
Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem.
Te ſterili functum cura, vocumque ſalebris
Tuto eluctatum ſpatiis ſapientia dia
Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,
Linguarumque omni terra diſcordia concors
Multiplici reducem circum ſonatore magiſtrum.
Me, penſi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis
Deſidiæ ſors dura manet, graviorque labore

Triſtis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
Naſcuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala ſomnia mentis.
Nunc clamoſa juvant nocturnæ gaudia menſæ,
Nunc loca ſola placent; fruſtra te, Somne, recumbens
Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuenſque diei.
Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia luſtro,
Si qua uſquam pateat melioris ſemita vitæ,
Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogor
Notior ipſe mihi fieri, incultumque fateri
Pectus, et ingenium vano ſe robore jactans.
Ingenium niſi materiem doctrina miniſtrat,
Ceſſat inops rerum, ut torpet, ſi marmoris abſit
Copia, Phidiaci fæcunda potentia cœli.
Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.
Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recenſens
Conſpicit aggeſtas, et ſe miratur in illis,
Nec ſibi de gaza præſens quod poſtulat uſus
Summus adeſſe jubet celſa dominator ab arce;
Non, operum ſerie ſeriem dum computat ævi,
Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut ſumit honores
Ipſe ſui judex, actæ bene munera vitæ;
Sed ſua regna videns, loca nocte ſilentia late
Horret, ubi vanæ ſpecies, umbræque fugaces,
Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.
Quid faciam? tenebriſne pigram damnare ſenectam
Reſtat? an accingar ſtudiis gravioribus audax?
Aut, hoc ſi nimium eſt, tandem nova lexica poſcam?

AD

AD THOMAM LAURENCE,

Medicum doctissimum

Cum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi prosequeretur.

FATERIS ergo, quod populus solet
Crepare væcors, nil sapientiam
Prodesse vitæ, literasque;
In dubiis dare terga rebus

Tu, queis laborat fors hominum, mala,
Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius,
Te mille succorum potentem
Destituit medicina mentis.

Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,
Pigræ per horas lucis inutiles,
Torpesque, languescisque, curis
Solicitus nimis heu! paternis.

Tandem dolori plus satis est datum;
Exurge fortis, nunc animis opus,
Te, docta, Laurenti; vetustas,
Te medici revocant labores.

Permitte summo quicquid habes patri,
Permitte fidens, et muliebribus,
Amice, majorem querelis
Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.

IN THEATRO, March 8, 1773.

TERTII verſo quater orbe luſtri,
Quid theatrales tibi, Criſpe, pompæ?
Quam decet canos male literatos
Sera voluptas!

Tene mulceri fidibus canoris?
Tene cantorum modulis ſtupere?
Tene per pictas oculo elegante
Currere formas?

Inter æquales, ſine felle liber,
Codices, veri ſtudioſus, inter
Rectius vives. Sua quiſque carpat
Gaudia gratus.

Luſibus gaudet puer otioſis,
Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,
At ſeni fluxo ſapienter uti
Tempore reſtat.

INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

PARVA quidem regio, ſed relligione priorum
Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas.
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuiſſe feroces
Dicitur, et vanos dedocuiſſe deos.

Huc

Huc ego delatus placido per cærula curſu,
Scire locus volui quid daret iſte novi.
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
Leniades, magnis nobilitatus avis.
Una duas cepit caſa cum genitore puellas,
Quas Amor undarum crederet eſſe deas.
Nec tamen inculti gelidis latuere ſub antris,
Accola Danubii qualia fævus habet.
Mollia non deſunt vacuæ ſolatia vitæ
Sive libros poſcant otia, ſive lyram.
Fulſerat illa dies, legis qua docta ſupernæ
Spes hominum et curas gens procul eſſe jubet.
Ut precibus juſtas avertat numinis iras
Et ſummi accendat pectus amore boni.
Ponti inter ſtrepitus non ſacri munera cultus
Ceſſarunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.
Nil opus eſt æris ſacra de turre ſonantis
Admonitu, ipſa ſuas nunciat hora vices.
Quid, quod ſacrifici verſavit fœmina libros?
Sint pro legitimis pura labella ſacris.
Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic eſt,
Hic ſecura quies, hic et honeſtus amor.

SKIA.

PONTI profundis clauſa receſſibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obſita,
Quam grata defeſſo virentem,
Skia, ſinum nebuloſa pandis!

His, cura, credo, ſedibus exulat;
His blanda certe pax habitat locis;
Non ira, non mœror quietis
Inſidias meditatur horis.

At non cavatâ rupe lateſcere,
Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
Prodeſt vagari, nec frementes
In ſpecula numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non ſibi ſufficit;
Datur nec æquum cuique animum ſibi
Parare poſſe, utcunque jactet
Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.

Exæſtuantis pectoris impetum
Rex ſumme, ſolus tu regis, arbiter;
Mentiſque, te tollente, fluctus;
Te, reſident, moderante fluctus.

ODE, DE SKIA INSULA.

PERMEO terras ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miſcet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident ſteriles coloni
Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tigurîque fumis
Fœda lateſcit.

Inter

Inter erroris ſalebroſa longi,
Inter ignotæ ſtrepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis, mecum, quid agat, requiro,
Thralia dulcis?

Seu viri curas, pia nupta mulcet,
Seu fovet mater ſobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate paſcit
Sedula mentem.

Sit memor noſtri, fideique ſolvat
Fida mercedem, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ diſcant reſonare nomen
Littora Skiæ.

SPES.

Apr. 16, 1783.

HORA ſic peragit citata curſum;
Sic diem ſequitur dies fugacem!
Spes novas nova lux parit, ſecunda
Spondens omnia credulis homullis;
Spes ludit ſtolidas, metuque cæco
Lux angit, miſeros ludens homullos,

VERSUS, COLLARI CAPRÆ DOMINI BANKS, INSCRIBENDI.

PERPETUI, ambitâ bis terrâ premia lactis
Hæc habet, altrici capra fecunda Jovis.

Ad Fœminam quandam Generosam quæ Libertatis Causæ in Sermone patrocinata fuerat.

LIBER ut esse velim, suasisti, pulchra Maria:
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

JACTURA TEMPORIS.

HORA perit furtim lætis, mens temporis ægra
Pigritiam incusat, nec minus hora perit.

QUAS navis recipit, quantum sit pondus aquarum,
Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

QUOT vox missa pedes abit horæ parte secunda?
Undecies centum denos quater adde duosque.

Εις ΒΙΡΧΙΟΝ*.

Εἶδεν Ἀληθείη πρώην χαίρουσα γράφοντα
Ἡρώων τε βίους Βίρχιον, ἠδὲ σοφῶν,
Καὶ Σίον, ἔιπεν, ὅταν ῥίψης θανάτοιο Σέλεσσε,
Σὲ ποτε γραψόμενον Βιρχιον ἄλλον ἔχοις.

Εἰς τὸ τῆς Ε'ΛΙΣΣΗΣ † περὶ τῶν Ὀνείρων Αἴνιγμα.

Τῇ κάλλος δυνάμει τὶ τέλος; Ζευς πάντα δέδωκεν
Κύπριδι, μηδ' αὐτῇ σκῆπτρα μέμηλε Θεῇ·
Ἐκ' Διὸς ἐστὶν Ὄναρ, θεῖός ποτ ἔγραψεν Ὅμηρος,
Ἀλλὰ τόδ' εἰς θνητὲς Κύπρις ἔπεμψεν Ὄναρ·
Ζεὺς μοῦνος φλοίσεντι πόλεις ἔκπερσε κεραυνῷ,
Ὄμμασι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κύπρις οἴσ' ἀ φέρει.

In ELIZÆ Enigma.

QUIS formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
Omuia, nec curæ ſunt ſua ſceptra Jovi.
Ab Jove Mæonides deſcendere ſomnia narrat;
Hæc veniunt Cypriæ ſomnia miſſa Deæ.
Jupiter unus erat, qui ſtravit fulmine gentes;
Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

* The Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch, author of the Hiſtory of the Royal Society, and other works of note.

† The Lady on whom theſe verſes, and the Latin ones which immediately follow, were written, is the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who tranſlated the works of Epictetus from the Greek.

MES-

MESSIA.

Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex ſuo tantum verſificator.
SCALIG. Poet.

TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ tollite nymphæ!
Nil mortale loquor; cœlum mihi carminis alta
Materies; poſcunt gravius cœleſtia plectrum.
Muſcoſi fontes, ſylveſtria tecta valete,
Aonideſque Deæ, et mendacis ſomnia Pindi:
Tu, mihi, qui flammâ moviſti pectora ſancti
Sidereâ Iſaiæ, dignos accende furores!
Immatura calens rapitur per ſecula vates
Sic orſus—Qualis rerum mihi naſcitur ordo!
Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor
Jeſſæis ſurgit, mulcenteſque æthera flores
Cœleſtes lambunt animæ, ramiſque columba,
Nuncia ſacra Dei, plaudentibus inſidet alis.
Nectareos rores, alimentaque mitia cœlum
Præbeat, et tacite fœcundos irriget imbres.
Huc, fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeſte,
Dia ſalutares ſpirant medicamina rami;
Hic requies feſſis; non ſacra ſævit in umbra
Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia ſolis.
Irrita vaneſcent priſca veſtigia fraudis
Juſtitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
Attollet reducis; bellis prætendet olivas

Com-

Compositis pax alma suas, terrasque revisens
Sedatas niveo virtus lucebit amictu:
Volvantur celeres anni! lux purpuret ortum
Expectata diu! naturæ claustra refringens,
Nascere, magne puer! tibi primas, ecce, corollas
Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondescit Eois.
Altius, en! Lebanon gaudentia culmina tollit,
En! summo exultant nutantes vertice sylvæ.
Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,
En! juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlum.
Deserti lætâ mollescunt aspera voce
Auditur Deus! ecce Deus! reboantia circum
Saxa sonant, Deus; ecce Deus! deflectitur æther,
Demissumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,
Gloria sylvarum, dominum inclinata salutet.
Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes!
Sternite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus:
En! quem turba diu eccinerunt enthea, vates
En! salvator adest; vultus agnoscite cæci
Divinos, surdos sacra vox permulceat aures.
Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit,
Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen;
Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet
Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
Accrescunt teneris tactu nova robora nervis:
Consuetus sulcro innixus reptare bacilli
Nunc saltu capreas, nunc cursu provocat euros.
Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria; pectus

Sin-

Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes tergit ocellos.
Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
Æternoque Orci dominator vulnere languens
Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
Ut qua dulce strepent scatebræ, qua lata viresçunt
Pascua, qua blandum spirat puriſſimus aer,
Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suscipit agnos
Et gremio fotis selectas porrigit herbas,
Amissas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva.
Postera sic pastor divinus secla beabit,
Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.
Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
Hostiles oculis flammas jaculantia torvis;
Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
Triste coruscabit radiis; dabit hasta recusa
Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.
Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
Natus ad optatum perducet cæpta parentis.
Qui duxit sulcos, illi teret arca messem,
St seræ texent vites umbracula proli.
Attoniti dumeta vident inculta coloni
Suave rubere rosis, sitientesque inter arenas
Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.
Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis,
Canna viret, juncique tremit variabilis umbra.
Horruit implexo qua vallis sente, figuræ
Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces
Artificis frondent dextræ; palmisque rubeta

Aspera,

Aſpera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
Per valles ſociata lupo laſciviet agna,
Cumpue leone petet tutus præſepe juvencus.
Florea manſuetæ petulantes vincula tigri
Per ludum pueri injicient, et feſſa colubri
Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale micantes
Tractabit palmis infans, motuſque triſulcæ
Ridebit linguæ innocuos, ſquamaſque virentes
Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura criſtæ.
Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores
Tolle Salema ſacros, quam circum gloria pennas
Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ!
En! formoſa tibi ſpatioſa per atria, proles
Ordinibus ſurgit denſis, vitamque requirit
Impatiens, lenteque fluentes increpat annos.
Ecce peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis;
Barbarus en! clarum divino lumine templum
Ingreditur, cultuque tuo manſueſcere gaudet.
Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,
Ecce cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ!
Solis Ophyræis crudum tibi montibus aurum
Maturant radii; tibi balſama ſudat Idume.
Ætheris en portas ſacro fulgore micantes
Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentis aurea lucis
Flumina prorumpunt; non poſthac ſole rubeſcet
India naſcenti, placidæve argentea noctis
Luna vices revehet; radios pater ipſe diei
Proferet archetypos; cœleſtis gaudia lucis
Ipſo fonte bibes, quæ circumfuſa beatam

Regiam

Regiam inundabit, nullis ceſſura tenebris.
Littora deficiens arentia deſeret æquor;
Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
Saxa cadent, ſolidique liqueſcent robora montis:
Tu ſecura tamen confuſa elementa videbis,
Lætaque Meſſia ſemper dominabere rege,
Pollicitis firmata Dei, ſtabilita ruinis.

---

* O QUI benignus crimina ignoſcis, pater
Faciliſque ſemper confitenti ades reo,
Aurem faventem precibus O præbe meis;
Scelerum catenâ me laborantem gravè
Æterna tandem liberet clementia,
Ut ſumma laus ſit, ſumma Chriſto gloria.

PER vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem
Numine præſenti me tueare pater!
Me ducat lux ſancta, Deus, lux ſancta ſequatur;
Uſque regat greſſus, gratia fida meos.
Sic peragam tua juſſa libens, accinctus ad omne
Mandatum, vivam ſic moriarque tibi.

* This and the three following articles are metrical verſions of collects in the Liturgy: the 1ſt, of that, beginning, "O God whoſe nature and property;" the 2d and 3d, of the collects for the 17th and 21ſt Sundays after Trinity; and the 4th, of the 1ſt collect in the communion ſervice.

ME,

ME, pater omnipotens, de puro reſpice cœlo,
Quem mœſtum et timidum crimina gravant;
Da veniam pacemque mihi, da, mente ſerena,
Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.
Solvi, quo Chriſtus cunctis delicta redemit,
Et pro me pretium, tu patiare, pater.

[Dec. 5, 1784 *.]

SUMME Deus, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis;
Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit;
Quem nil vafrities peccantum ſubdola celat;
Omnia qui ſpectans, omnia ubique regis;
Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice ſordes
Divino, ſanctus regnet ut intus amor:
Eloquiumque potens linguis torpentibus affer,
Ut tibi laus omni ſemper ab ore ſonet:
Sanguine quo gentes, quo ſecula cuncta piavit,
Hæc nobis Chriſtus promeruiſſe velit!

* The day on which he received the ſacrament for the laſt time; and eight days before his deceaſe.

PSALMUS CXVII.

ANNI qua volucris ducitur orbita,
Patrem cœlicolûm perpetuo colunt
Quovis sanguine cretæ
Gentes undique carmine.
Patrem, cujus amor blandior in dies
Mortales miseros servat, alit, fovet,
Omnes undique gentes,
Sancto dicite carmine.

---

* SEU te sæva sitis, levitas sive improba fecit,
Musca, meæ comitem, participemque dapis,
Pone metum, rostrum fidens immitte cululło,
Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.
Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulserit annus,
Carpe diem, fugit, heu, non revocanda dies!
Quæ nos blanda comes, quæ nos perducat eodem,
Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi!
Una quidem, sic fata volunt, tibi vivitur ætas,
Eheu, quid decies plus mihi sexta dedit!
Olim, præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ,
Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

* The above is a version of the song, "Busy, curious, thirsty fly."

HABEO,

* HABEO, dedi quod alteri;
Habuique, quod dedi mihi;
Sed quod reliqui, perdidi.

---

† E WALTONI PISCATORE PERFECTO EXCERPTUM.

NUNC, per gramina fusi,
Densâ fronde salicti,
Dum defenditur imber,
Molles ducimus horas.

Hic,

* These Lines are a version of three sentences that are said in the manuscript to be "On the monument of John of Doncaster;" and which are as follow:

What I gave that I have;
What I spent that I had;
What I left that I lost.

† These Lines are a Translation of part of a Song in the Complete Angler of Isaac Walton, written by John Chalkhill, a friend of Spenser, and a good poet in his time. They are but part of the last stanza, which, that the Reader may have it entire, is here given at length.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter;

Hic, dum debita morti
Paulum vita moratur,
Nunc reſcire priora,
Nunc inſtare futuris,
Nunc ſummi prece ſanctâ
Patris numen adire eſt.
Quicquid quæritur ultra,
Cæco ducit amore,
Vel ſpe ludit inani,
Luctus mox pariturum.

Where in a dike,
Pearch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chaſe,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging,
We are ſtill contented.

Or we ſometimes paſs an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a ſhower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath:
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

QUIS-

* QUISQUIS iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus undas
Speluncæ latè Thameſis prætendit opacæ;
Marmoreâ trepidant quæ lentæ in fornice guttæ,
Cryſtalliſque latex fractus ſcintillat acutis;
Gemmaque, luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti
Splendet, et incoquitur tectum ſine fraude metallum;
Ingredere O! rerum purâ cole mente parentem;
Auriferaſque auri metuens ſcrutare cavernas.
Ingredere! Egeriæ ſacrum en tibi panditur antrum!
Hic, in ſe totum, longe per opaca futuri
Temporis, Henricum rapuit vis vivida mentis:
Hic pia Vindamius traxit ſuſpiria, in ipsâ
Morte memor patriæ; hic, Marmontî pectore prima
Cœleſtis fido caluerunt ſemina flammæ.
Temnere opes, pretium ſceleris, patriamque tueri
Fortis, ades; tibi ſponte patet venerabile limen.

* The above Lines are a verſion of Pope's verſes on his own grotto, which begin, "Thou who ſhalt ſtop where Thames tranſlucent wave."

GRÆCORUM EPIGRAMMATUM VERSIONES METRICÆ.

Pag. 2. Brodæi edit. Baſ. Ann. 1549.

NON Argos pugilem, non me Meſſana creavit;
Patria Sparta mihi eſti, patria clara virûm.
Arte valent iſti, mihi robo revivere ſolo eſt,
Convenit ut natis, inclyta Sparta, tuis.

Br. 2.

QUANDOQUIDEM paſſim nulla ratione feruntur,
Cuncta cinis, cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

Br. 5.

PECTORE qui duro, crudos de vite racemos
Venturi exſecuit, vaſcula prima meri,
Labraque conſtrictus, ſemeſos, jamque terendos
Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacit.
Supplicium huic, quoniam creſcentia gaudia læſit,
Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge, tibi.
Hæ poterant uvæ læto convivia cantu,
Mulcere, aut pectus triſte levare malis.

Br. 8.

FERT humeris claudum validis per compita cæcus,
Hic oculos ſocio commodat, ille pedes.

Br. 10.

QUI, mutare vias auſus terræque mariſque,
Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,
Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obſtitit acris
Militibus; terris ſit pelagoque pudor!

Br. 11.

SIT tibi, Calliope, Parnaſſum, cura, tenenti,
Alter ut adſit Homerus, adeſt etenim alter Achilles.

Br. 18.

AD Muſas Venus hæc; Veneri parete puellæ,
In vos ne miſſus ſpicula tendat amor.
Hæc Muſæ ad Venerem; ſic Marti, diva, mineris,
Huc nunquam volitat debilis iſte puer.

Br. 19.

PROSPERA ſors nec te ſtrepitoſo turbine tollat,
Nec menti injiciat ſordida cura jugum;
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
Omneſque in partes tracta, retracta fluit;
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus
Per fluctus vitæ ſic tibi curſus erit.

Br. 24.

HORA bonis quaſi nunc inſtet ſuprema fruaris,
Plura ut victurus ſecula, parce bonis:
Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit,
Tempore divitiis utitur, ille ſapit.

Br. 24.

NUNQUAM jugera meſſibus onuſta, aut
Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri;
Quod vitæ ſatis eſt, peto, Macrine,
Mi, nequid nimis, eſt nimis probatum.

Br. 24.

NON opto aut precibus poſco diteſcere, paucis
Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Br. 24.

RECTA ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi eſt
Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Br. 24.

TU neque dulce putes alienæ accumbere menſæ,
Nec probroſa avidæ grata ſit offa gulæ;
Nec ficto fletu, fictis ſolvare cachinnis,
Arridens domino, collacrymanſque tuo.
Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque triſtior unquam,
Sed Miliæ ridens, atque dolens Miliæ.

Br. 26.

NIL non mortale eſt mortalibus; omne quod eſt hi
Prætereunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

Br. 26.

DEMOCRITE, inviſas homines majore cachinno,
Plus tibi ridendum ſecula noſtra dabunt.
Heraclite, fluat lacrymarum crebrior imber;
Vita hominum nunc plus quod miſereris habet.
Interea dubito; tecum me cauſa nec ulla
Ridere, aut tecum me lacrimare jubet.

Br. 26.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut poſſis; rixiſque doliſque
Perſtrepit omne forum; cura moleſta domi eſt.
Rura labor laſſat; mare mille pericula terrent;
Verte ſolum, fient cauſa timoris opes;

Pau-

Paupertas miſera eſt; multæ cum conjuge lites
Tecta ineunt; cælebs omnia ſolus ages.
Proles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ eſt
Virtus, canities cauta vigore caret.
Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis oras
Veniſſe, aut visâ luce repente mori.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut mavis, prudentia lauſque
Permeat omne forum; vita quieta domi eſt.
Rus ornat natura; levat maris aſpera Lucrum,
Verte ſolum, donet plena crumena decus;
Pauperies latitat, cum conjuge gaudia multa
Tecta ineunt, cælebs impediere minus;
Mulcet amor prolis, ſopor eſt ſine prole profundus;
Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate ſenex.
Nemo optet nunquam veniſſe in luminis oras,
Aut periiſſe; ſcatet vita benigna bonis.

Br. 27.

VITA omnis ſcena eſt luduſque, aut ludere diſce
Seria ſeponens, aut mala dura pati.

Br. 27.

QUÆ ſine morte fuga eſt vitæ, quam turba malorum
Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?

Dulcia

Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, ſidera, terras,
Lunaque quas et ſol itque reditque vias.
Terror ineſt aliis, mœrorque, et ſiquid habebis
Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Br. 27.

TERRAM adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo
Quid labor efficiet? non niſi nudus ero.

Br. 27.

NATUS eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo;
Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
Tale hominum genus eſt, infirmum, triſte, miſellum,
Quod mors in cineres ſolvit, et abdit humo.

Br. 29.

QUISQUIS adit lectos elatâ uxore ſecundos,
Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Br. 30.

FÆLIX ante alios nullius debitor æris;
Hunc ſequitur cælebs; tertius, orbe, venis.

Nec

Nec male res ceſſit, ſubito ſi funere ſponſam
Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.
His ſapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere fruſtra
Quales ſint monades, quà ſit inane, ſinas.

Br. 31.

OPTARIT quicunque ſenex ſibi longius ævum,
Dignus qui multa in luſtra ſeneſcat, erit.
Cum procul eſt, optat, cum venit, quiſque ſenectam,
Incuſat, ſemper ſpe meliora videt.

Br. 46.

OMNIS vita nimis brevis eſt felicibus, una
Nox miſeris longi temporis inſtar habet.

Br. 55.

GRATIA ter grata eſt velox, ſin forte moretur,
Gratia vix reſtat nomine digna ſuo.

Br. 56.

SEU prece poſcatur, ſeu non, da Jupiter omne,
Magne, bonum, omne malum, et poſcentibus abnue nobis.

Br. 60.

ME, cane vitato, canis excipit alter; eodem
In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,
Nec mirum; reſtat lepori conſcendere cœlum,
Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce, canis!

Br. 70.

TELLURI, arboribus ver frondens, ſidera cœlo
Græciæ et urbs, urbi eſt iſta propago, decus.

Br. 75.

IMPIA facta patrans, homines fortaſſe latebis,
Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Br. 75.

ANTIOPE ſatyrum, Danaë aurum, Europa juvencum,
Et cycnum fecit, Leda petita Jovem.

Br. 92.

ÆVI ſat novi quam ſim brevis; aſtra tuenti,
Per certas ſtabili lege voluta vices,

Tan-

Tangitur haud pedibus tellus : conviva Deorum
Expleor ambrosiis exhilarorque cibis.

Br. 96.

QUOD nimium est fit ineptum, hinc, ut dixere priores,
Et melli nimio fellis amaror inest.

Br. 103.

PUPPE gubernatrix sedisti, audacia, prima
Divitiis acuens aspera corda virum ;
Sola rates struis infidas, et dulcis amorem
Lucri ulciscendum mox nece sola doces.
Aurea secla hominum, quorum spectandus ocellis
E longinquo itidem pontus et orcus erat.

Br. 126.

DITESCIS, credo, quid restat ? quicquid habebis
In tumulum tecum, morte jubente, trahes ?
Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,
Incrementa ævi non cumulare potes.

Br. 126.

MATER adulantum, proleſque pecunia curæ,
Teque frui timor eſt, teque carere dolor.

Br. 126.

ME miſerum ſors omnis habet; florentibus annis
Pauper eram, nummis diffluit arca ſenis;
Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,
Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Br. 127.

MNEMOSYNE, ut Sappho mellita voce canentem,
Audiit, irata eſt ne nova Muſa foret.

Br. 152.

CUM tacet indoctus, ſapientior eſſe videtur,
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Br. 155.

NUNC huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus
Credit, Achæmenidæ nuper agellus eram.
Quod nulli proprium verſat Fortuna, putabat
Ille ſuum ſtolidus, nunc putat ille ſuum.

Br. 156.

NON Fortuna ſibi te gratum tollit in altum ;
At docet, exemplo, vis ſibi quanta, tuo.

Br. 162.

HIC, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut aurum
Non reperit, nectit quem reperit, laqueum.

Br. 167.

VIVE tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur
De te plebs audax, bene, et ille male.

Br. 168.

VITÆ roſa brevis eſt, properans ſi carpere nolis.
Quærenti obveniet mox ſine flore rubus.

Br. 170.

PULICIBUS morſus, reſtinctâ lampade, ſtultus
Exclamat ; nunc me cernere deſinitis.

Br. 202.

MENODOTUM pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,
Præter Menodotum, nullius abſimilis.

Br. 205.

HAUD lavit Phido, haud tetigit, mihi febre calenti
In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.

Br. 210.

NYCTICORAX cantat lethale, ſed ipſa canenti
Demophilo auſcultans Nycticorax moritur.

Br. 212.

HERMEM Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,
Hujus paleſtræ qui vigil cuſtos ſtetit,
Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait;
Præſtat magiſtro ſæpe diſcipulus ſuo.

Br. 223.

QUI jacet hic, ſervus vixit, nunc, lumine caſſus.
Dario magno non minus ille poteſt.

Br. 227.

FUNUS Alexandri mentitur fama; fidesque
Si Phœbo, victor nescit obire diem.

Br. 241.

NAUTA, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere sepulchro,
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi!

Br. 256.

CUR opulentus eges? tua cuncta in fœnore ponis.
Sic aliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

Br. 262.

QUI pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitido te tua barba facit.

Br. 266.

CLARUS Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto
Sanguine Anastasii; cuncta sepulta jacent:
Et pius, et recti cultor: non illa jacere
Dicam; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Br. 267.

CUNCTIPARENS tellus salve, levis esto pusillo
Lysigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Br. 285.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; contra, jacet ecce colonus!
Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Br. 301.

QUID salvere jubes me, pessime? Corripe gressus;
Est mihi quod non te rideo, plena salus.
ET ferus est Timon sub terris; janitor orci,
Cerbere, te morsu ne, petat ille, cave.

Br. 307.

VITAM a terdecimo sextus mihi finiet annus,
Astra mathematicos si modo vera docent.
Sufficit hoc votis; flos hic pulcherimus ævi est,
Et senium triplex Nestoris urna capit.

Br. 322.

ZOSIMA, qua solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

Br. 326.

EXIGUUM en! Priami monumentum; haud ille meretur
Quale, sed hostiles, quale dedere manus.

Br. 326.

HECTOR dat gladium Ajaci, dat Balteum et Ajax,
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Br. 344.

UT vis, ponte minax; modo tres discesseris ulnas,
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.

Br. 344.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis,
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

Br. 398.

HERACLITUS ego; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ
Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei,
Unus homo mihi pro sexcentis, turba popelli
Pro nullo, clamo nunc tumulatus idem.

Br. 399.

AMBRACIOTA, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus iniit,
Et saltu e muro ditis opaca petit:
Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis
Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

Br. 399.

SERVUS. Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, curaque summa Deûm.

Br. 445.

UNDE hic Praxiteles? nudam vidistis, Adoni,
Et Pari, et Anchisa, non alius, Venerem.

Br. 451.

SUFFLATO accendis quiſquis carbone lucernam,
Corde meo accendas; ardeo totus ego.

Br. 486.

JUPITER hoc templum, ut, ſiquando reliquit Olympum,
Atthide non alius deſit Olympus, habet.

Br. 487.

CIVIS et externus grati; domus hoſpita neſcit
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

POMPEII.

Br. 487.

CUM fugere haud poſſit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Br. 488.

LATRONES alibi locupletum quærite tecta,
Aſſidet huic cuſtos ſtrenua pauperies.

FORTUNÆ malim adverſæ tolerare procellas,
Quam domini ingentis ferre ſuperciliúm.

EN, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, ſilente,
Orator ſtatua eſt, ſtatuæque orator imago.

PULCHRA eſt virginitas intacta, at vita periret,
Omnes ſi vellent virginitate frui;
Nequitiam fugiens, ſervatà contrahe lege
Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

FERT humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereis heros
Per Trojæ flammas, denſaque tela, patrem.
Clamat et Argivis, vetuli, ne tangite, vita
Exiguum eſt Marti, ſed mihi grande lucrum.

FORMA animos hominum capit, at, ſi gratia deſit,
Non tenet; eſca natat pulchra, ſed hamus abeſt.

COGITAT aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor,
Felici thalamo non, puto, rixa ſtrepit.

BUCCINA disjecit Thebarum mœnia, ſtrnxit
Quæ lyra, quam ſibi non concinit harmonia!

MENTE ſenes olim juvenis, Fauſtine, premebas,
Nunc juvenum terres robore corda ſenex.
Lævum at utrumque decus, juveni quod præbuit olim
Turba ſenum, juvenes nunc tribuere ſeni.

EXCEPTÆ hoſpitio muſæ, tribuere libellos
Herodoto hoſpitii præmia, quæque ſuum.

STELLA mea, obſervans ſtellas, Dii me æthera faxint
Multis ut te oculis ſim potis aſpicere.

CLARA Cheroneæ ſoboles, Plutarche, dicavit
Hanc ſtatuam ingenio, Roma benigna, tuo.
Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,
Ad Divos paribus paſſibus ire duces;
Sed ſimilem, Plutarche, tuæ deſcribere vitam
Non poteras, regio non tulit ulla parem.

DAT tibi Pythagoram pictor; quod ni ipse tacere
Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuisset opus.

PROLEM Hippi et sua quâ meliorem secula nullum
Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus;
Quam, regum sobolem, nuptam, matrem, atque sororem
Fecerunt nulli fors titulique gravem.

CECROPIDIS gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,
Quo tua signantur gesta, Philippe, lapis,
Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salaminia laurus,
Omnia dum Macedûm gloria et arma premunt.
Sint Demosthenicâ ut jurata cadavera voce,
Stabo illis qui sunt, quique fuere, gravis.

FLORIBUS in pratis, legi quos ipse, coronam
Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi:
Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores
Cum violis; spirant lilia mista rosis.
His redimita comas, mores depone superbos,
Hæc peritura nitent; tu peritura nites!

MUREM Aſclepiades ſub tecto ut vidit avarus,
Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, amice, tibi.
Mus blandum ridens, reſpondit, pelle timorem;
Hic, bone vir, ſedem, non alimenta, peto.

SÆPE tuum in tumulum lacrymarum decidit imber
Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;
Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
Cuique eſſes natus, cuique ſodalis, eras.
Heu quam dura preces ſprevit, quam ſurda querelas
Parca, juventatem non miſerata tuam!

ARTI ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis
Nunc ope, ſupplicii vivit imago mei.
Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, iſta Promethei
Munera muneribus, ſi retulere fabri.

ILLA triumphatrix Graiûm conſueta procorum
Ante ſuas agmen Laïs habere fores,
Hoc Veneri ſpeculum; nolo me cernere qualis
Sum nunc, nec poſſum cernere qualis eram.

CRETHIDA fabellas dulces garrire peritam
Profequitur lacrymis filia mœfta Sami;
Blandam lanifici fociam fine fine loquacem,
Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

DICITE, Caufidici, gelido nunc marmore magni
Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphiloci.

SI forfan tumulum quo conditur Eumarus aufers
Nil lucri facies; offa habet et cinerem.

EPICTETI.

ME, rex deorum, tuque, duc, neceffitas,
Quo, lege veftrâ, vita me feret mea.
Sequar libenter, fin reluctari velim,
Fiam fceleftus, nec tamen minus fequar.

E THEOCRITO.

POETA, lector, hic quiefcit Hipponax,
Si fis fceleftus, præteri, procul, marmor:
At te bonum fi nôris, et bonis natum,
Tutum hic fedile, et fi placet, fopor tutus.

EUR. MED. 193—203.

NON immerito culpanda venit
Proavûm vœcors insipientia,
Qui convivia lautasque dapes
Hilarare suis juffere modis
Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen.
At nemo feras iras hominum,
Domibus claris exitiales,
Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit
Queis tamen aptam ferre medelam
Utile cunctis hoc opus esset;
Namque, ubi mensas onerant epulæ,
Quorsum dulcis luxuria soni?
Sat lætitiâ, sine subsidiis,
Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ
Copia cœnæ.

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* Τοῖος Ἄρης βροτολοιγὸς ἐὺ πολέμοισι μέμηνε
Καὶ τοῖος, Παφίην πλήξειν ἔρωτι θεάν.

* The above is a Version of a Latin Epigram on the famous John Duke of Marlborough by the Abbé Salvini, which is as follows:

Haud alio vultu, fremuit Mars acer in armis:
Haud alio, Cypriam perculit ore Deam.

The Duke was, it seems, remarkably handsome in his person, to which the second line has reference.

SEPTEM ÆTATES.

PRIMA parit terras ætas, ſiccatque ſecunda,
Evocat Abramum dein tertia; quarta relinquit
Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta ſuperſit;
Cyrum ſexta timet; lætatur ſeptima Chriſto.

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* HIS Tempelmanni numeris deſcripſeris orbem.
[a] Cum ſex centuriis Judæo millia ſeptem.
Myrias [b] Ægypto ceſſit bis ſeptima pingui.

* To the above Lines (which are unfiniſhed, and can therefore be only offered as a fragment), in the Doctor's manuſcript, are prefixed the words, "Geographia Metrica." As we are referred, in the firſt of the verſes, to Templeman, for having furniſhed the numerical computations that are the ſubject of them, his work has been accordingly conſulted, the title of which is, "A new Survey of the Globe," and which profeſſes to give an accurate menſuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other diviſions thereof, in the ſquare miles that they reſpectively contain. On compariſon of the ſeveral numbers in theſe verſes with thoſe ſet down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are preciſely the ſame; the reſt are not quite ſo exactly done.——For the convenience of the Reader it has been thought right to ſubjoin each number, as it ſtands in Templeman's work, to that in Dr. Johnſon's verſes which refers to it.

[a] In this firſt article that is verſified, there is an accurate conformity in Dr. Johnſon's number to Templeman's; who ſets down the ſquare miles of Paleſtine at 7,602.

[b] The ſquare miles of Ægypt are, in Templeman, 140,700.

Myrias

Myrias adſciſcit ſibi nonageſima ſeptem
Imperium qua Turca [c] ferox exercet iniquum.
Undecies binas decadas et millia ſeptem
Sortitur [d] Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.
Myriadas decies ſeptem numerare jubebit
Paſtor [d] Arabs: decies octo ſibi Perſa [d] requirit.
Myriades ſibi pulcra duas, duo millia poſcit
Parthenope [d]. [e] Novies vult tellus mille Sicana.
[f] Papa ſuo regit imperio ter millia quinque.
Cum ſex centuriis numerat ſex millia Tuſcus [g].
Centuriâ Ligures [h] augent duo millia quartâ.
Centuriæ octavam decadem addit Lucca [i] ſecundæ.
Ut dicas, ſpatiis quam latis imperet orbi

[c] The whole Turkiſh empire, in Templeman, is computed at 960,057 ſquare miles.

[d] In the four following articles, the numbers, in Templeman and in Johnſon's verſes, are alike.—We find, accordingly, the Morea, in Templeman, to be ſet down at 7,220 ſquare miles.—Arabia, at 700,000.—Perſia, at 800,000.—and Naples, at 22,000.

[e] Sicily, in Templeman, is put down at 9,400.

[f] The pope's dominions, at 14,868.

[g] Tuſcany, at 6,640.

[h] Genoa in Templeman, as in Johnſon likewiſe, is ſet down at 2,400.

[i] Lucca, at 286.

Ruſſia,

[k] Ruſſia, myriadas ter denas adde trecentis:
[l] Sardiniam cum ſexcentis ſex millia complent.
Cum ſexagenis, dum plura recluſerit ætas,
Myriadas ter mille homini dat terra [m] colendas.
Vult ſibi vicenas milleſima myrias addi,
Vicenis quinas, Aſiam [n] metata celebrem.
Se quinquagenis octingenteſima jungit
Myrias, ut menti pateat tota Africa [o] doctæ.
Myriadas ſeptem decies Europa [p] ducentis
Et quadragenis quoque ter tria millia jungit.
Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia, ſexque
Centurias, et tres decadas Europa Britannis [q].
Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartæ,
Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque [r] Anglia nectit
Millia myriadi ſeptem fœcunda ſecundæ
Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne [s],

[k] The Ruſſian empire, in the 29th plate of Templeman, is ſet down at 3,303,485 ſquare miles.

[l] Sardinia, in Templeman, as likewiſe in Johnſon, 6,600.

[m] The habitable world, in Templeman, is computed, in ſquare miles, at 30,666,806.

[n] Aſia, at 10,257,487.

[o] Africa, at 8,506,208.

[p] Europe, at 2,749 349.

[q] The Britiſh dominions, at 105,634.

[r] England, as likewiſe in Johnſon's expreſſion of the number, at 49,450.

[s] Ireland, at 27,457.

Quin-

Quingentis quadragenis ſocialis adauget
Millia Belga † novem.
Ter ſex centurias Hollandia † jactat opima
Undecimum Camber † vult ſeptem millibus addi.

* * * * * * * *

† In the three remaining inſtances, which make the whole that Dr. Johnſon appears to have rendered into Latin verſe, we find the numbers exactly agreeing with thoſe of Templeman; who makes the ſquare miles of the United Provinces, 9540—of the province of Holland, 1800—and of Wales, 7011.

EPI-

EPITAPHS.

1. AT LICHFIELD.

H. S. E.

MICHAEL JOHNSON,

VIR impavidus, conſtans, animoſus, periculorum immemor, laborum patientiſſimus; fiduciâ chriſtianâ fortis, ferviduſque, pater-familias apprimè ſtrenuus; bibliopola admodum peritus; mente et libris et negotiis exculta; animo ita firmo, ut, rebus adverſis diu conflictatus, nec ſibi nec ſuis defuerit: lingua ſic temperata, ut ei nihil quod aures, vel pias, vel caſtas læſiſſet, aut dolor, vel voluptas unquam expreſſerit.

Natus Cubleiæ, in agro Derbienſi, anno MDCLVI. obiit MDCCXXXI.

Appoſita eſt SARA, conjux,

Antiqua FORDORUM gente oriunda; quam domi ſedulam, foris paucis notam; nulli moleſtam, mentis acumine et judicii ſubtilitate præcellentem; aliis multum,

ſibi parum indulgentem: Æternitati ſemper attentam, omne fere virtutis nomen commendavit.

Nata Nortoniæ Regis, in agro Varvicenſi, anno MDCLXIX; obiit MDCCLIX.

Cum NATHANAELE illorum filio, qui natus MDCCXII, cum vires, et animi, et corporis multa pollicerentur, anno MDCCXXXVII, vitam brevem piâ morte finivit.

2. AT BROMLEY, IN KENT.

Hic conduntur reliquiæ
ELIZABETHÆ
Antiqua Jarviſiorum gente,
Peatlingæ, apud Leiceſtrienſes, ortæ;
Formoſæ, cultæ, ingenioſæ, piæ;
Uxoris, primis nuptiis, HENRICI PORTER,
Secundis, SAMUELIS JOHNSON;
Qui multum amatam, diuque defletam
Hoc lapide contexit.
Obiit Londini, menſe Mart.
A. D. MDCCLIII.

3. IN WATFORD CHURCH.

IN the vault below are depoſited the remains of
JANE BELL, wife of JOHN BELL, Eſq.
who, in the fifty-third year of her age,
ſurrounded with many worldly bleſſings,
heard, with fortitude and compoſure truly great,
the horrible malady, which had for ſome time begun to afflict her,
pronounced incurable;
and for more than three years,
endured with patience and concealed with decency,
the daily tortures of gradual death;
continued to divide the hours not allotted to devotion,
between the cares of her family, and the converſe of her friends;
rewarded the attendance of duty,
and acknowledged the offices of affection;
and while ſhe endeavoured to alleviate by chearfulneſs,
her huſband's ſufferings and ſorrows,
increaſed them by her gratitude for his care,
and her ſolicitude for his quiet.

To the memory of theſe virtues,
more highly honoured as more familiarly known,
this monument is erected by
JOHN BELL *.

* She died in the month of October, 1771.

4. IN STREATHAM CHURCH.

Juxta ſepulta eſt

HESTER MARIA SALISBURY,

THOMÆ COTTON de Combei mere,
Baronetti, Ceſtrienſis, Filia;
JOHANNIS SALISBURY Armigeri,
Flintienſis, uxor;
Forma felix, felix ingenio,
Omnibus jucunda, ſuorum amantiſſima.
Linguis, Artibuſque ita exculta
Ut loquenti nunquam deeſſent
Sermonis nitor, ſententiarum floſculi,
Sapientiæ gravitas, leporum gratia.
Modum ſervandi adeo perita
Ut domeſtica inter negotia literis
Oblectaretur,
Et literarum inter delicias rem
Familiarem ſedulo curaret,
Multis illi multos annos precantibus
Diri carcinomatis * veneno contabuit,
Viribuſque vitæ paulatim reſolutis
E terris meliora ſperans emigravit.
Nata 1707, Nupta 1739, Obiit 1773.

* Cancer.

5. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH
Poetæ. Phyſici. Hiſtorici.
Qui nullum ferè ſcribendi genus
Non tetigit.
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit
Sive Riſus eſſent movendi
Sive Lacrymæ.
Affectuum potens at lenis Dominator
Ingenio ſublimis—Vividus Verſatilis
Oratione grandis nitidus Venuſtus
Hoc Monumentum Memoriam coluit
Sodalium Amor
Amicorum Fides
Lectorum Veneratio
Natus Hibernia Forniæ Lonfordienſis
In Loco cui Nomen Pallas
Nov. xxix. MDCCXXXI.
Eblanæ Literis inſtitutus
Obiit Londini
April iv. MDCCLXXIV.

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THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

WHITEHEAD's POEMS.

THE DANGER OF WRITING VERSE.

AN EPISTLE. 1741.

" Quæ poterant unquam ſatis expurgare Cicutæ,
" Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere verſus?"
HOR.

YOU aſk me, ſir, why thus by phantoms aw'd,
No kind occaſion tempts the Muſe abroad?
Why, when retirement ſooths this idle art,
To fame regardleſs ſleeps the youthful heart?
'Twould wrong your judgment, ſhould I fairly ſay
Diſtruſt or weakneſs caus'd the cold delay:
Hint the ſmall diff'rence, 'till we touch the lyre,
'Twixt real genius and too ſtrong deſire;
The human ſlips, or ſeeming ſlips pretend,
Which rouſe the critick, but eſcape the friend;
Nay which, though dreadful when the foe purſues,
You paſs, and ſmile, and ſtill provoke the Muſe.

Yet,

Yet, ſpite of all you think, or kindly feign,
My hand will tremble while it graſps the pen.
For not in this, like other arts, we try
Our light excurſions in a ſummer ſky,
No caſual flights the dangerous trade admits;
But wits once authors, are for ever wits.
The fool in proſe, like earth's unwieldy ſon,
May oft riſe vig'rous, though he's oft o'erthrown:
One dangerous criſis marks our riſe or fall;
By all we're courted, or we're ſhun'd by all.
Will it avail, that, unmatur'd by years,
My eaſy numbers pleas'd your partial ears,
If now condem'd, ev'n where he's valu'd moſt,
The man muſt ſuffer if the poet's loſt;
For wanting wit, be totally undone,
And barr'd all arts for having fail'd in one.
When fears like theſe his ſerious thoughts engage,
No bugbear phantom curbs the poet's rage.
'Tis powerful reaſon holds the ſtreighten'd rein,
While flutt'ring fancy to the diſtant plain
Sends a long look, and ſpreads her wings in vain.
But grant for once, th' officious Muſe has ſhed
Her gentleſt influence on his infant head,
Let fears lie vanquiſh'd, and reſounding Fame
Give to the bellowing blaſt the poet's name.
And ſee! diſtinguiſh'd from the crowd he moves,
Each finger marks him, and each eye approves!
Secure, as halcyons brooding o'er the deep,
The waves roll gently, and the thunders ſleep,

Obſe-

Obſequious Nature binds the tempeſt's wings,
And pleas'd Attention liſtens while he ſings!
O bliſsful ſtate, O more than human joy!
What ſhafts can reach him, or what cares annoy?
What cares, my friend? why all that man can know,
Oppreſs'd with real or with fancy'd woe.
Rude to the world, like earth's firſt lord expell'd,
To climes unknown, from Eden's ſafer field;
No more eternal ſprings around him breathe,
Black air ſcowls o'er him, deadly damps beneath;
Now muſt he learn, miſguided youth, to bear
Each varying ſeaſon of the poet's year:
Flatt'ry's full beam, Detraction's wintry ſtore,
The frowns of Fortune, or the pride of Pow'r.
His acts, his words, his thoughts no more his own,
Each folly blazon'd, and each frailty known.
Is he reſerv'd?—his ſenſe is ſo refin'd,
It ne'er deſcends to trifle with mankind.
Open and free?—they find the ſecret cauſe
Is vanity; He courts the world's applauſe.
Nay, though he ſpeak not, ſomething ſtill is ſeen,
Each change of face betrays a fault within.
If grave, 'tis ſpleen; he ſmiles but to deride;
And downright awkwardneſs in him is pride.
Thus muſt he ſteer through fame's uncertain ſeas,
Now ſunk by cenſure, and now puff'd by praiſe;
Contempt with envy ſtrangely mix'd endure,
Fear'd where careſs'd, and jealous though ſecure.
One fatal rock on which good authors ſplit
Is thinking all mankind muſt like their wit;

And the grand buſineſs of the world ſtand ſtill
To liſten to the dictates of their quill.
Hurt if they fail, and yet how few ſucceed!
What's born in leiſure men of leiſure read;
And half of thoſe have ſome peculiar whim
Their teſt of ſenſe, and read but to condemn.

Beſides, on parties now our fame depends,
And frowns or ſmiles, as theſe are foes or friends.
Wit, judgment, nature join; you ſtrive in vain;
'Tis keen invective ſtamps the current ſtrain.
Fix'd to one ſide like Homer's gods, we fight,
Theſe always wrong, and thoſe for ever right.
And would you chuſe to ſee your friend, reſign'd
Each conſcious tie which guides the virtuous mind,
Embroil'd in factions, hurl with dreaded ſkill
The random vengeance of his deſp'rate quill?
'Gainſt pride in man with equal pride declaim,
And hide ill-nature under virtue's name?
Or, deeply vers'd in flattery's wily ways,
Flow in full reams of undiſtinguiſh'd praiſe?
To Vice's grave, or Folly's buſt bequeath
The bluſhing trophy, and indignant wreath?
* Like Ægypt's prieſts, bid endleſs temples riſe,
And people with earth's peſts th' offended ſkies?

The Muſe of old her native freedom knew,
And wild in air the ſportive wand'rer flew;

* ——— Qui neſcit qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorat—
Juv. Sat. xv.

On

On worth alone her bays eternal ſtrow'd,
And found the hero, ere ſhe hymn'd the god.
Nor leſs the chief his kind ſupport return'd,
No drooping Muſe her ſlighted labours mourn'd;
But ſtretch'd at eaſe ſhe prun'd her growing wings,
By ſages honour'd, and rever'd by kings.
Ev'n knowing Greece confeſs'd her early claim,
And warlike Latium caught the gen'rous flame.
Not ſo our age regards the tuneful tongue,
'Tis ſenſeleſs rapture all, and empty ſong:
No Pollio ſheds his genial influence round,
No Varus liſtens while the groves reſound.
Ev'n thoſe, the knowing and the virtuous few,
Who nobleſt ends by nobleſt means purſue,
Forget the poet's uſe; the powerful ſpell
Of magic verſe, which * Sidney paints ſo well.
Forget that Homer wak'd the Grecian flame,
That Pindar rous'd inglorious Thebes to fame,
That every age has great examples given
Of virtue taught in verſe, and verſe inſpir'd by heaven.
But I forbear—theſe dreams no longer laſt,
The times of fable and of flights are paſt.
To glory now no laurel'd ſuppliants bend,
No coins are ſtruck, no ſacred domes aſcend.
Yet ye, who ſtill the Muſe's charms admire,
And beſt deſerve the verſe your deeds inſpire,
Ev'n in theſe gainful unambitious days,
Feel for yourſelves at leaſt, ye fond of praiſe,

* Defence of Poeſie. By Sir Philip Sidney.

And learn one leſſon taught in myſtic rhyme,
" 'Tis verſe alone arreſts the wings of Time."
* Faſt to the thread of life, annex'd by Fame,
A ſculptur'd medal bears each human name,
O'er Lethe's ſtreams the fatal threads depend,
The glitt'ring medal trembles as they bend;
Cloſe but the ſhears, when chance or nature calls,
The birds of rumour catch it as it falls;
Awhile from bill to bill the trifle's toſt,
The waves receive it, and 'tis ever loſt!
But ſhould the meaneſt ſwan that cuts the ſtream
Conſign'd to Phoebus, catch the favour'd name,
Safe in her mouth ſhe bears the ſacred prize
To where bright Fame's eternal altars riſe.
'Tis there the Muſe's friends true laurels wear,
There great Auguſtus reigns, and triumphs there.
Patrons of arts muſt live 'till arts decay.
Sacred to verſe in every poet's lay.
Thus grateful France does Richlieu's worth proclaim,
Thus grateful Britain doats on Sommer's name.
And, ſpite of party rage and human flaws,
And Britiſh liberty and Britiſh laws,
Times yet to come ſhall ſing of Anna's reign,
And bards, who blame the meaſures, love the men.
But why round patrons climb th' ambitious bays?
Is intereſt then the ſordid ſpur to praiſe?
† Shall the ſame cauſe, which prompts the chatt'ring jay
To aim at words, inſpire the poet's lay?

* Bacon de Augment. Scientiarum.

† Perſius.

And

And is there nothing in the boasted claim
Of living labours and a deathless name?
The pictur'd front, with sacred fillets bound?
The sculptur'd bust with laurels wreath'd around?
The annual roses scatter'd o'er his urn,
And tears to flow from poets yet unborn?
Illustrious all! but sure to merit these,
Demands at least the poet's learned ease.
Say, can the bard attempt what's truly great,
Who pants in secret for his future fate?
Him serious toils, and humbler arts engage,
To make youth easy, and provide for age;
While lost in silence hangs his useless lyre,
And, though from heav'n it came, fast dies the sacred fire.
Or grant true genius with superior force
Bursts every bond, resistless in its course;
Yet lives the man, how wild soe'er his aim,
Would madly barter fortune's smiles for fame!
Or distant hopes of future ease forego,
For all the wreaths that all the Nine bestow?
Well pleas'd to shine, through each recording page,
The hapless Dryden of a shameless age?
Ill-fated bard! where-e'er thy name appears,
The weeping verse a sad memento bears.
Ah! what avail'd th' enormous blaze between
Thy dawn of glory, and thy closing scene!
When sinking nature asks our kind repairs,
Unstrung the nerves, and silver'd o'er the hairs;
When stay'd reflection comes uncall'd at last,
And grey experience counts each folly past,

Untun'd and harſh the ſweeteſt ſtrains appear,
And loudeſt Pæans but fatigue the ear.

'Tis true the man of verſe, though born to ills,
Too oft deſerves the very fate he feels.
When, vainly frequent at the great man's board,
He ſhares in every vice with every lord:
Makes to their taſte his ſober ſenſe ſubmit,
And 'gainſt his reaſon madly arms his wit;
Heav'n but in juſtice turns their ſerious heart
To ſcorn the wretch, whoſe life belies his art.

He, only he, ſhould haunt the Muſe's grove,
Whom youth might rev'rence and grey hairs approve;
Whoſe heav'n-taught numbers, now, in thunder roll'd,
Might rouſe the virtuous and appal the bold.
Now, to truth's dictates lend the grace of eaſe,
And teach inſtruction happier arts to pleaſe.
For him would Plato change their gen'ral fate,
And own one poet might improve his ſtate.

Curs'd be their verſe, and blaſted all their bays,
Whoſe ſenſual lure th' unconſcious ear betrays;
Wounds the young breaſt, ere virtue ſpreads her ſhield
And takes, not wins, the ſcarce diſputed field.
Though ſpecious rhet'ric each looſe thought refine,
Though muſic charm in every labour'd line,
The dangerous verſe, to full perfection grown,
Bavius might bluſh, and Quarles diſdain to own.

Should ſome Machaon, whoſe ſagacious ſoul
Trac'd bluſhing nature to her inmoſt goal,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth emboſoms, and all ocean hides,

Nor cooling herb, nor healing balm ſupply,
Eaſe the ſwoln breaſt, or cloſe the languid eye;
But, exquiſitely ill, awake diſeaſe,
And arm with poiſons every baleful breeze:
What racks, what tortures muſt his crimes demand,
The more than Borgia of a bleeding land!
And is leſs guilty he, whoſe ſhameleſs page
Not to the preſent bounds its ſubtile rage,
But ſpreads contagion wide, and ſtains a future age?

Forgive me, Sir, that thus the moral ſtrain,
With indignation warm'd, rejects the rein;
Nor think I rove regardleſs of my theme,
'Tis hence new dangers clog the paths to fame.
Not to themſelves alone ſuch bards confine
Fame's juſt reproach for virtue's injur'd ſhrine;
Profan'd by them, the Muſe's laurels fade,
Her voice neglected, and her flame decay'd.
And the ſon's ſon muſt feel the father's crime,
A curſe entail'd on all the race that rhyme.

New cares appear, new terrors ſwell the train,
And muſt we paint them ere we cloſe the ſcene?
Say, muſt the Muſe th' unwilling taſk purſue,
And, to complete her dangers, mention you?
Yes you, my friend, ev'n you whoſe kind regard
With partial fondneſs views this humble bard:
Ev'n you he dreads.—Ah! kindly ceaſe to raiſe
Unwilling cenſure, by exacting praiſe.
Juſt to itſelf the jealous world will claim
A right to judge; to give, or cancel fame.
And, if th' officious zeal unbounded flows,
The friend too partial is the worſt of foes.

* Behold th' Athenian ſage, whoſe piercing mind
Had trac'd the wily lab'rinths of mankind,
When now condemn'd, he leaves his infant care
To all thoſe evils man is born to bear.
Not to his friends alone the charge he yields,
But nobler hopes on juſter motives builds;
Bids ev'n his foes their future ſteps attend,
And dare to cenſure, if they dar'd offend.
Would thus the poet truſt his offspring forth,
Or bloom'd our Britain with Athenian worth:
Would the brave foe the imperfect work engage
With honeſt freedom, not with partial rage,
What juſt productions might the world ſurpriſe!
What other Popes, what other Maros riſe!
But ſince by foes or friends alike deceiv'd,
Too little thoſe, and theſe too much believ'd;
Since the ſame fate purſues by diff'rent ways,
Undone by cenſure, or undone by praiſe;
Since bards themſelves ſubmit to vice's rule,
And party-feuds grow high, and patrons cool:
Since, ſtill unnam'd, unnumber'd ills behind
Riſe black in air, and only wait the wind:
Let me, O let me, ere the tempeſt roar,
Catch the firſt gale, and make the neareſt ſhore;
In ſacred ſilence join th' inglorious train,
Where humble peace and ſweet contentment reign;
If not thy precepts, thy example own,
And ſteal through life not uſeleſs, though unknown.

* Platonis Apologia.

ATYS

ATYS AND ADRASTUS.

A TALE. 1743.

" Infelix ! Nati funus crudele videbis.
" Hi noſtri reditus, expectatique triumphi !
" Hæc mea magna fides !— VIRG.

*** This ſtory is related in the firſt book of Herodotus's Hiſtory. For the additions made to it, and the manner of telling it, the Author of the following Poem is to anſwer.

IN ancient times, o'er Lydia's fertile land
The warrior Croeſus held ſupreme command.
Vaſt was his wealth, for conqueſt ſwell'd his ſtore;
Nor what enrich'd the prince, had left the people poor.

Two ſons he had, alike in outward mien,
The tender pledges of a dying queen.
But ſpeechleſs one ne'er taught his ſire to melt
With liſping eloquence by parents felt;
And mimic art in vain expedients ſought
To form the tongue, and free th' impriſon'd thought.
Yet blooming Atys well that loſs ſupply'd,
Atys the people's hope, and monarch's pride.

His beauteous ſoul thro' every feature glow'd;
And from his lips ſuch ſoft perſuaſion flow'd,
As nature had withheld the brother's ſhare,
Only to pour a double portion there.

But vain thoſe graces, ſince conceal'd from view
They droop in ſhades, and wither where they grew.
For one dread night, when o'er the weary king
The drowſy god had ſtretch'd his leaden wing,
He ſeem'd, he knew not where, in wars engag'd,
And, while around the doubtful battle rag'd,
Saw from ſome hoſtile hand unerring part
A fatal ſpear, which pierc'd his Atys' heart.
He ſtarts, he wakes—'tis night and ſilence all!
Yet, ſcarce confirm'd, he ſtill beholds him fall;
Still bleeds in fancy's eye the gaping wound,
On fancy's ear the dying groans reſound.
Again he ſleeps; the ſame ſad ſcenes return—
Reſtleſs he rolls, and waits the ling'ring morn.

What can he do, or how prevent a doom,
Which heav'n foretels, and fate has ſaid ſhall come?
"And yet perhaps the gods theſe dreams inſpire,
"To ſave the guiltleſs ſon, and warn the ſire.
"Too fond of arms I wander'd far aſtray,
"While youth and blind ambition led the way.
"And ravag'd countries may at length demand
"This bleeding ſacrifice at Croeſus hand.
"Then hear me, gods, propitious, while I ſwear,
"Peace, only peace, ſhall be my future care.

"O would

" O would your powers but ſave my darling boy,
" No more this breaſt ſhall glow, this arm deſtroy!
" Nor ere ſhall Atys the dire ſport purſue,
" Still in my court, and ſeldom from my view,
" In eaſe inglorious ſhall he paſs his days,
" Untaught to feel th' inſatiate luſt of praiſe."

He ſpake, and cautious far away remov'd
From Atys, what next Atys moſt he lov'd,
The pomp of war: no falchions guard the gate,
And chiefs unarm'd around his palace wait.
Nay farther ſtill extends a parent's fear,
Ev'n arms themſelves he dreads, and moſt the ſpear;
Nor leaves of ancient war the weak remains,
But ſtrips the trophies from the mould'ring fanes,
Leſt, fixt too looſely, from the faithleſs ſtone
The caſual ſteel ſhould drop, and pierce his ſon.
Thus ſome ſweet warbler of the feather'd throng
Deep in the thorny brake ſecures her young;
Yet, vainly anxious, feels a fancied woe,
And ſtarts at every breeze that ſtirs the bough;
With ſilent horror hears the whiſp'ring groves,
And diſtant murmurs of the ſpring ſhe loves.

Unhappy ſire! but vainly we oppoſe
Weak human caution, when the gods are foes;
The ſtory's ſequel muſt too ſurely prove,
That dreams, prophetic dreams, deſcend from Jove.

Nor yet ſhall Atys thwart thy fond deſigns;
He moves implicit as his ſire inclines.

On

On every look his eager duty hung,
And read his wiſhes, ere they reach'd his tongue.
With ſmiles he ſtrips his helmet's plumy pride,
With ſmiles he lays his uſeleſs ſpear aſide;
Nor lets one ſigh confeſs a latent care,
Reſerving all his griefs for his Adraſtus' ear.

Adraſtus early did his ſoul approve,
Brave, virtuous, learn'd, and form'd for Atys' love,
A Phrygian youth, whom Fate condemn'd to roam,
An exil'd wand'rer from a cruel home.
For, yet a boy, his inadvertent lance
An infant brother ſlew, the crime of chance.
In vain he wept; the rigid ſire demands
His inſtant abſence from his native lands,
Or threatens inſtant death; from death he flew,
And loaded with a father's curſe withdrew.
Yet not in vain the gods ſuch ills diſpenſe,
If ſoft-ey'd Pity takes her riſe from hence,
If hence we learn to feel another's pain,
And from our own misfortunes grow humane.
This young Adraſtus found; and hence confeſs'd
That mild benevolence, which warm'd his breaſt.
Hence too his fortune ſtretch'd a bolder wing,
And plac'd her wand'rer near the Lydian king.
There long the favour'd youth exalted ſhone,
Dear to the ſire, but dearer to the ſon:
For pow'rful ſympathy their hearts had join'd
In ſtronger ties than gratitude can bind.

With

With him did Atys every ſport purſue,
Which health demands, and earlier ages knew.
At morn, at eve, at ſultry noon, with him
He rov'd the ſunny lawn, he ſwam the ſtream;
Beſide the brook, which dimpling glides away,
Caught the cool breeze, or lur'd the finny prey;
Urg'd the light car along th' indented mead,
Or hung impetuous o'er th' exulting ſteed,
Beneath whoſe hoof unhurt the flow'rets riſe,
And the light graſs ſcarce trembles as he flies.
But chief he lov'd to range the woods among,
And hear the muſic of Adraſtus' tongue
With graceful eaſe unlock the letter'd ſtore,
And that he learn'd from him endear'd the knowledge more.

Of Thales' wiſdom oft the converſe ran,
How varying Nature's beauteous frame began,
And erſt to different forms the waters flow'd,
As o'er the Chaos mov'd the breathing God.

Of Solon too he ſpake, and laws deſign'd
To guard fair freedom, not enſlave mankind—
And hinted oft what mutual duties ſpring
'Twixt willing ſubjects and their father king:
How cloſe connected greatneſs was with pain,
What earthly bliſs, and who the happy man.

Nor leſs the while his youthful breaſt he warms
With pictur'd fights, the theory of arms;

Leſt

Leſt inbred ſloth ſhould taint his future reign,
And virtue wake, and glory tempt in vain.
Thee, Homer, thee with rapture they peruſe,
Expand the ſoul, and take in all the Muſe;
Mix with thy gods, with war's whole ardour burn,
Or melt in ſilent tears o'er Hector's urn.
How oft tranſported would young Atys cry,
" Thus might I fight, 'twere glorious thus to die!
" But why to me are uſeleſs precepts giv'n,
" Tied down and pinion'd by the will of heav'n?
" No early wreaths my coward youth muſt claim,
" No juſt ambition warm me into fame;
" Hid from the world to ruſt in ſloth, and buy
" A poor precarious life with infamy.
" Happy, thrice happy, on each hoſtile ſtrand
" The youths who periſh'd by my father's hand!
" Their honour ſtill ſurvives, and o'er their tomb
" Their country's tears deſcend, and laurels bloom.
" To life alone the conquering ſword's confin'd—
" Would you indeed diſtreſs, employ a love too kind."

As oft Adraſtus, ſtudious to controul
With reaſon's voice the tumult of the ſoul,
Wou'd hint, to what exceſs ſoever wrought,
Paternal fondneſs was a venial fault.
Perhaps, as lenient time ſtole gently on,
The ſtorm which threaten'd might be quite o'erblown,
And ſun-bright honour only be delay'd
Awhile, to burſt more glorious from the ſhade.

" Yet

" Yet think," he cried, " whatever they appear,
" Few are the cauſes can excuſe a war.
" To raiſe th' oppreſt, to curb th' inſulting proud,
" Or ſhould your injur'd country call aloud,
" Ruſh, ruſh to arms, 'tis glorious then to dare,
" Delay is cowardice, and doubt deſpair.
" But let not idler views your breaſt enflame
" Of boundleſs kingdoms, and a dreaded name.
" 'Tis yours at home to ſtem oppreſſion's waves,
" To guard your ſubjects, not encreaſe your ſlaves;
" On this juſt baſis Fame's firm column raiſe,
" And be deſert in arms your ſecond praiſe."

'Twas thus in converſe, day ſucceeding day,
They wore unfelt the tedious hours away,
And years on years in downy circles ran
Till the boy roſe inſenſibly to man.
What now ſhall Croeſus find, what Syren voice,
To make retirement the reſult of choice?
No father's ſtern command theſe years allow,
A chain more pleaſing muſt detain him now.
In roſy fetters ſhall the youth be tied,
And Myſia's captive fair the choſen bride.

Haſte, gentle god, whoſe chains unite the globe,
Known by the blazing torch, and ſaffron robe,
To Lydia haſte, for Atys blames your ſtay,
Nor fair Idalia's bluſhes brook delay;
O'er glory's blaze your ſoft enchantments breathe,
And hide the laurel with the myrtle wreath.

And

And now the king with ſecret tranſport found
His hopes ſucceed, nor fears a martial wound,
While loſt in love the happier Atys lies,
The willing victim of Idalia's eyes.
O thoughtleſs man! from hence thy ſorrows flow,
The ſcheme projected to avert the blow
But makes it ſure—for ſee, from Myſia's land
Round liſt'ning Atys crouds a ſuppliant band.
Their tears, their cries, his eaſy breaſt aſſail,
Fond to redreſs them ere he hears their tale.
" A mighty boar, the curſe of angry heav'n,
" Had from their homes the wretched ſuff'rers driv'n.
" Waſte were their viny groves, their riſing grain,
" Their herds, their flocks, th' attendant ſhepherds ſlain,
" And ſcarce themſelves ſurvive.
" O would but Atys lead the hunter train,
" Again their viny groves, their waving grain
" Might riſe ſecure, their herds, their flocks encreaſe,
" And fair Idalia's country reſt in peace."

The youth aſſents, th' exulting crouds retire;
When thus impatient ſpeaks the trembling ſire:
" What means my ſon? preſerv'd, alas, in vain,
" From hoſtile ſquadrons, and the tented plain;
" You ruſh on death—recal your raſh deſign,
" Mine be the blame, and be the danger mine;
" Myſelf will lead the band." The youth return'd,
While his fluſh'd cheek with mild reſentment burn'd:
" Will Croeſus lead the band, a hunter now,
" Skill'd in the fight, and laurels on his brow?

" Alas,

" Alas, ſuch mockeries of war become
" The loit'rer Atys fearful of his doom.
" To him at leaſt theſe triumphs be reſign'd,
" That not entirely uſeleſs to mankind
" His days may paſs; theſe triumphs all his aim,
" Theſe humble triumphs ſcarce allied to fame.
" And yet, dread Sir, if you command his ſtay,
" (O force of duty!) Atys muſt obey.
" Alas, on you whatever blame ſhall fall,
" A father's fondneſs can excuſe it all,
" But me, of me, if ſtill your power withſtands,
" What muſt the Lydian, what the Myſian bands,
" What muſt Idalia think?" Adraſtus here
Soft interpos'd. " Great King, diſmiſs your fear,
" Nor longer Atys' firſt requeſt oppoſe;
" War was your dream, no war this region knows:
" For humbler prey the hunters range the wood,
" Their ſpears fly innocent of human blood.
" Had in the ſportive chaſe ſome phantom boar
" Dug deep the wound, and drank the vital gore,
" That dreadful viſion had excus'd your care,
" Nor Atys offer'd an unheeded prayer.
" I love the prince, and, but I think his life
" Safe as my own, would urge him from the ſtrife.
" Permit him, Sire—this arm ſhall guard him there;
" And ſafely may you truſt Adraſtus' care,
" For, ſhould he fall, this arm would ſurely prove
" My boſom feels a more than father's love."

As, when impetuous thro' th' autumnal ſky
Urg'd by the winds the clouds diſparting fly,

O'er

O'er the broad wave, or wide extended mead,
Shifts the quick beam, alternate light and ſhade;
So glanc'd the monarch's mind from thought to thought,
So in his varying face the paſſions wrought.
Oft on his ſon he turn'd a doubtful eye,
Afraid to grant, nor willing to deny.
Oft rais'd it, tearful, to the bleſt abodes,
And ſought in vain the unregarding gods.
Then look'd conſent. But added, with a groan,
"From thee, Adraſtus, I expect my ſon."

Why ſhould I tell, impatient for the fight,
How Atys chid the ling'ring hours of night?
Or how the roſeate morn with early ray
Streak'd the glad eaſt, and gradual ſpread the day,
When forth he iſſued like the Lycian god?
Looſe to the breeze his hov'ring mantle flow'd,
Wav'd the light plume above, behind him hung
His rat'ling quiver, and his bow unſtrung.
He mounts his ſteed, the ſteed obey'd the rein,
Arch'd his high neck, and graceful paw'd the plain.
Ev'n Croeſus' ſelf forgot a while his fear
Of future ills, and gaz'd with tranſport there.

Or why relate, when now the train withdrew,
How fair Idalia ſigh'd a ſoft adieu;
How Croeſus follow'd with his voice and eyes,
Fond to behold, but fonder to adviſe,
And oft repeated, as they journey'd on,
"From thee, Adraſtus, I expect my ſon."

Suffice

Suffice it us, they leave the waves which flow
O'er beds of gold, and Tmolus' fragrant brow,
They pafs Magnefia's plains, Caïcus' ftream
The Myfian bound, which chang'd its ancient name,
And reach Olympus' verge :
There defolation fpread her ghaftly reign
O'er trampled vines, and diffipated grain.
And faw with joy revolving feafons fmile
To fwell her pomp, and mock the lab'rers toil.
Led by her baleful fteps, the youth explore
The dark retreats, and roufe the foaming boar.
Hard is the ftrife : his horny fides repel
Unting'd the plumy fhaft, and blunted fteel.
The dogs lie mangled o'er the bleeding plain,
And many a fteed, and many a youth was flain.
When now his well-aim'd bow Adraftus drew,
Twang'd the ftretch'd ftring, the feather'd vengeance flew,
And ras'd the monfter's neck : he roars, he flies,
The croud purfues, the hills refound their cries.
Full in the centre of a vale, embrown'd
With arching fhades, they clofe the favage round.
He wheels, he glares, he meditates his prey,
Refolv'd to ftrike, refolv'd to force his way ;
But Atys timely ftop'd his fierce career,
And thro' his eye-ball fent the whizzing fpear,
And joyful faw him reel ; with eager fpeed
He bares the fhining blade, he quits his fteed ;
" —Ah ftop, rafh youth, not conqueft you purfue,
" Death lies in ambufh there, the victim you ;

" You ruſh on fate"—in vain—he reach'd the beaſt,
He rais'd his arm, and now had pierc'd his breaſt,
When in that moment from the adverſe ſide
His too adventurous prince Adraſtus ſpied,
And launch'd with nervous haſte his eager ſpear,
Alarm'd, and trembling for a life ſo dear.
Glanc'd o'er the falling beaſt the fated wood,
And fix'd in Atys' breaſt drank deep the vital flood.
The ſtruggling prince impatient of the wound
Writh'd on the ſpear, the crouds encloſe him round,
Then ſunk in death unknowing whence it came,
Yet, ev'n in death, he call'd Adraſtus' name,
" Where flies Adraſtus from his dying friend?
" O bear me near." Poor prince! thy life muſt end
Not in thy murderer's arms, he hears thee not;
Like ſome ſad wretch fix'd to the fatal ſpot
Where fell the bolt of Jove, nor ear, nor eye,
Nor arm to help, nor language to reply,
Nor thought itſelf is his. Oblig'd to move
As they direct his ſteed, he leaves the grove,
As they direct to Sardis' towers again
In ſilence follows the returning train,

There too we turn, for there the penſive ſire
Now hopes, now fears, and pines with vain deſire.
In every duſt before the wind that flies,
In every diſtant cloud which ſtains the ſkies
He ſees his ſon return: till oft deceiv'd
No more his eye, the flattering ſcene believ'd,

Ye

Yet ſtill he wander'd, and with looks intent,
The fatal road his darling Atys went.
There to averted heav'n he tells his pain,
And ſlaughter'd hecatombs decrees in vain.
There to Idalia, frequent by his ſide,
Relates his fears, or ſooths the weeping bride
With tales of Atys' worth, and points the place
Where late he parted from their laſt embrace.
And now, perchance, in tears they linger'd there,
When ſlowly-moving real crouds appear.
" What means," he cried, and ſhot a trembling eye—
A youth deputed by the reſt drew nigh,
And in ſad accents told the dreadful tale.
Rage ſeiz'd the king: expiring, breathleſs, pale
Idalia ſinks; th' attendant fair convey
With tears, and ſhrieks, the lifeleſs frame away.
" Where is the wretch?—hear, hoſpitable Jove!—
" Is this, is this thy more than father's love?
" Give me my ſon—why ſtare thy haggard eyes
" As fix'd in grief? HERE only ſorrow lies"—
And ſmote his breaſt—" Thy life in blood began
" A fated wretch, a murd'rer ere a man.
" O fooliſh king! by my indulgence ſtole
" This ſerpent near me, that has ſtung my ſoul.
" This thy return for all a king could ſhower
" Of bounty o'er thee, life, and wealth, and power—
" But what are thoſe? How great ſoe'er they be,
" I gave thee more, I gave myſelf to thee:
" I gave thee Atys, link'd in friendſhip's chain—
" O fatal gift, if thus return'd again!

" Reach me a ſword—and yet, dear bleeding clay,
" Can his, can thouſand lives thy loſs repay?"
Then burſt in tears, " Heav'n's inſtrument I blame,
" Tho' by his hand, from heav'n the vengeance came.
" This ſtroke, O Solon, has convinc'd my pride;
" O had I never liv'd, or earlier died!

" Alas, poor wretch, why doſt thou bare thy breaſt,
" And court my ſword! tho' loſt himſelf to reſt,
" This curſt of heav'n, this Croeſus can forgive
" Th' unhappy cauſe, and bids the murd'rer live."

" Ah ſtop;" he cried, and write the milder fate
" Here with thy ſword, I only liv'd for that.
" Undone, I thought, beyond misfortune's power,
" O do not by forgiveneſs curſe me more."

While yet he pleaded, to the mourning croud
Forth ruſh'd Idalia by her maids purſu'd;
Eager ſhe ſeem'd, with light ſuſpicions fill'd,
And on her face heart-piercing madneſs ſmil'd.

" Where is my wand'ring love, ye Lydians ſay,
" Does he indeed along Meander ſtray,
" And rove the Aſian plain?—I'll ſeek him there.—
" Ye Lydian damſels, of your hearts beware:
" Fair is my love as to the ſunny beam
" The light-ſpread plumage on Cayſter's ſtream,
" His locks are Hermus' gold, his cheeks outſhine
" The ivory tinctur'd by your art divine.—

" I ſee

" I see him now, in Tmolus' shade he lies
" On saffron beds, soft sleep has seal'd his eyes.
" His breath adds sweetness to the gale that blows,
" Tread light, ye nymphs, I'll steal on his repose.
" Alas, he bleeds, O murder! Atys bleeds,
" And o'er his face a dying paleness spreads!
" Help, help, Adrastus—can you leave him now,
" In death neglect him? once it was not so.
" What, and not weep! a tear at least is due,
" Unkind Adrastus, he'd have wept for you.
" Come then, my maids, our tears shall wash the gore;
" We too will die, since Atys is no more.
" But first we'll strow with flowers the hallow'd ground
" Where lies my love, and plant the cypress round;
" Nor let Adrastus know, for should he come,
" New streams of blood would issue from the tomb;
" The flowers would wither at his baleful tread,
" And at his touch the sick'ning cypress fade.
" Come, come—nay do not tear me from his side,
" Cruel Adrastus, am I not his bride?
" I must,—I will—me would you murder too?"
At this, unable to sustain his woe,
" My soul can bear no more," Adrastus cries,
(His eyes on heav'n) " ye powers who rule the skies!
" If your august, unerring, wills decreed,
" That states, and kings, and families must bleed,
" Why was I singled to perform the part,
" Unsteel'd my soul, unpetrified my heart?

" What had I done, a child, an embryo man,
" Ere paſſions could unfold, or thought began?
" Yet then condemn'd an infant wretch I fled,
" Blood on my hands, and curſes on my head.
" O had I periſh'd ſo! but fortune ſmil'd,
" To make her frowns more dire.—This vagrant child
" Became the friend of kings, to curſe them all,
" And with new horrors dignify his fall."
Then eager ſnatch'd his ſword, " For murders paſt
" What have I not endur'd?—be this my laſt,"
And pierc'd his breaſt. " This fated arm ſhall pour
" Your ſtreams of wrath, and hurl your bolts no more.
" For pangs ſuſtain'd, oblivion's all I crave;
" O let my ſoul forget them in the grave!

" Alas, forgive the wretch your judgments doom:
" Dark are your ways, I wander in the gloom,
" Nor ſhould perhaps complain.—Be grief *my* ſhare;
" But, if your heav'n has mercy, pour it there,
" On yon heart-broken king, on yon diſtracted fair."
He ſpake, and drew the ſteel; the weeping train
Support him to the bier, he graſps the ſlain,
There feels the laſt ſad joy his ſoul deſires,
And on his Atys' much-lov'd breaſt expires.

* O happy both, if I, if I could ſhed
" Thoſe tears eternal which embalm the dead;"

* Fortunati ambo, ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt, &c. VIRG.

While

While round Britannia's coaſt old Ocean raves,
And to her ſtandard roll th' embattled waves,
Fair empreſs of the deep; ſo long your names
Should live lamented by her brighteſt dames;
Who oft, at evening, ſhould with tears relate
The murder'd friend, and poor Idalia's fate;
And oft, enquiring from their lovers, hear
How Croeſus mourn'd a twice revolving year,
Then rous'd at Cyrus' name, and glory's charms,
Shook off enervate grief, and ſhone again in arms.

ANN BOLEYN to HENRY the EIGHTH.

An HEROIC EPISTLE. 1743.

"Ne quid inexpertum fruſtra moritura relinquat."
VIRG.

*** The principal hints of the following Epiſtle are taken from the celebrated laſt Letter of Ann Boleyn to Henry the Eighth, publiſhed in the Spectator, No. 397. The Author hopes the additions he has made to it may appear natural in her unfortunate ſituation.

IF ſighs could ſoften, or diſtreſs cou'd move
Obdurate hearts, and boſoms dead to love,
Already ſure theſe tears had ceas'd to flow,
And Henry's ſmiles reliev'd his Anna's woe.
Yet ſtill I write, ſtill breathe a fruitleſs prayer,
The laſt fond effort of extreme deſpair.
As ſome poor ſhip-wreck'd wretch, for ever loſt,
In ſtrong deluſion graſps the leſs'ning coaſt,
Thinks it ſtill near, howe'er the billows drive,
And but with life reſigns the hopes to live.

You bid me live; but oh how dire the means!
Virtue ſtarts back, and conſcious pride diſdains.
Confeſs my crime?—what crime ſhall I confeſs?
In what ſtrange terms the hideous falſhood dreſs?

A vile

A vile adultreſs! Heav'n defend my fame!
Condemn'd for acting what I fear'd to name.
Blaſt the foul wretch, whoſe impious tongue could dare
With ſounds like thoſe to wound the royal ear.
To wound?—alas! they only pleas'd too well,
And cruel Henry ſmil'd when Anna fell.

Why was I rais'd, why bade to ſhine on high
A pageant queen, an earthly deity?
This flower of beauty, ſmall, and void of art,
Too weak to fix a mighty ſovereign's heart,
In life's low vale its humbler charms had ſpread,
While ſtorms roll'd harmleſs o'er its ſhelter'd head:
Had found, perhaps, a kinder gath'rer's hand,
Grown to his breaſt, and, by his care ſuſtain'd,
Had bloom'd a while, then, gradual in decay,
Grac'd with a tear had calmly paſs'd away.

Yet, when thus rais'd, I taught my chaſte deſires
To know their lord, and burn with equal fires.
Why then theſe bonds? is this that regal ſtate
The fair expects whom Henry bids be great?
Are theſe lone walls and never-varied ſcenes
The envied manſion of Britannia's queens?
Where diſtant ſounds in hollow murmurs die,
Where moſs-grown tow'rs obſtruct the trav'ling eye,
Where o'er dim ſuns eternal damps prevail,
And health ne'er enters wafted by the gale.
How curs'd the wretch, to ſuch ſad ſcenes confin'd,
If guilt's dread ſcorpions laſh his tortur'd mind,
When injur'd innocence is taught to fear,
And coward virtue weeps and trembles here!

Nay

Nay ev'n when ſleep ſhould ev'ry care allay,
And ſoftly ſteal th' impriſon'd ſoul away,
Quick to my thoughts excurſive fancy brings
Long viſionary trains of martyr'd kings.
There pious * Henry recent from the blow,
There ill-ſtarr'd * Edward lifts his infant brow.
Unhappy prince! thy weak defenſeleſs age
Might ſoften rocks, or ſooth the tiger's rage;
But not on theſe thy harder fates depend,
Man, man purſues, and murder is his end.
Such may my † child, ſuch dire protectors find,
Thro' av'rice cruel, thro' ambition blind.
No kind condolance in her utmoſt need,
Her friends all baniſh'd, and her parent dead!
O hear me, Henry, huſband, father, hear,
If e'er thoſe names were gracious in thy ear,
Since I muſt die (and ſo thy eaſe requires,
For love admits not of divided fires)
O to thy babe thy tend'reſt cares extend,
As parent cheriſh, and as king defend!
Transfer'd to her, with tranſport I reſign
Thy faithleſs heart—if e'er that heart was mine.
Nor may remoſe thy guilty cheek inflame,
When the fond prattler liſps her mother's name;
No tear ſtart conſcious when ſhe meets your eye,
No heart-felt pang extort th' unwilling ſigh,
Leſt ſhe ſhould find, and ſtrong is Nature's call,
I fell untimely, and lament my fall;

* Henry VI. and Edward V. both murdered in the Tower.
† Afterward Queen Elizabeth.

For-

Forget that duty which high Heav'n commands,
And meet ſtrict juſtice from a father's hands.
No, rather ſay what malice can invent,
My crimes enormous, ſmall my puniſhment.
Pleas'd will I view from yon ſecurer ſhore
Life, virtue, love too loſt, and weep no more,
If in your breaſts the bonds of union grow,
And undiſturb'd the ſtreams of duty flow.
—Yet can I tamely court the lifted ſteel,
Nor honour's wounds with ſtrong reſentment feel?
Ye Powers! that thought improves ev'n Terror's king,
Adds horrors to his brow, and torments to his ſting.
No, try me, Prince; each word, each action weigh,
My rage could dictate, or my fears betray;
Each ſigh, each ſmile, each diſtant hint that hung
On broken ſounds of an unmeaning tongue.
Recount each glance of theſe unguarded eyes,
The ſeats where paſſion void of reaſon lies;
In thoſe clear mirrors every thought appears;
Tell all their frailties—oh explain their tears.
Yes, try me, Prince; but ah! let truth prevail,
And juſtice only hold the equal ſcale.
Ah! let not thoſe the fatal ſentence give,
Whom brothels bluſh to own, yet courts receive;
Baſe, vulgar ſouls—and ſhall ſuch wretches raiſe
A Queen's concern? to fear them, were to praiſe.
Yet oh (dread thought!) oh muſt I, muſt I ſay,
Henry commands, and *theſe* conſtrain'd obey?
Too well I know his faithleſs boſom pants
For charms, alas! which hapleſs Anna wants.

Yet

Yet once thoſe charms this faded face could boaſt,
Too cheaply yielded, and too quickly loſt.
Will * ſhe, O think, whom now your ſnares purſue,
Will ſhe for ever pleaſe, be ever new?
Or muſt ſhe, meteor like, a while be great,
Then weeping fall, and ſhare thy Anna's fate?

Miſguided maid! who now perhaps has form'd,
In tranſport melting, with ambition warm'd,
Long future greatneſs in extatic ſchemes,
Looſe plans of wild delight, and golden dreams!
Alas! ſhe knows not with how ſwift decay
Thoſe viſionary glories fleet away.
Alas! ſhe knows not the ſad time will come,
When Henry's eyes to other nymphs ſhall roam:
When ſhe ſhall vainly ſigh, plead, tremble, rave,
And drop, perhaps, a tear on Anna's grave.
Elſe would ſhe ſooner truſt the wintry ſea,
Rocks, deſarts, monſters—any thing than thee:
Thee, whom deceit inſpires, whoſe every breath
Sooths to deſpair, and every ſmile is death.

Fool that I was! I ſaw my riſing fame
Gild the ſad ruins of a † nobler name.
For me the force of ſacred ties diſown'd,
A realm inſulted, and a Queen dethron'd.
Yet, fondly wild, by love, by fortune led,
Excus'd the crime, and ſhar'd the guilty bed.
With ſpecious reaſon lull'd each riſing care,
And hugg'd deſtruction in a form ſo fair.

* Lady Jane Seymour. † Catharine of Arragon.

'Tis

'Tis juſt, ye Powers; no longer I complain,
Vain be my tears, my boaſted virtues vain;
Let rage, let flames, this deſtin'd wretch purſue,
Who begs to die—but begs that death from you.
Ah! why muſt Henry the dread mandate ſeal?
Why muſt his hand uninjur'd point the ſteel?
Say, for you ſearch the images that roll
In deep receſſes of the inmoſt ſoul,
Say, did ye e'er amid thoſe numbers find
One wiſh diſloyal, or one thought unkind?
Then ſnatch me, blaſt me, let the light'ning's wing
Avert this ſtroke, and ſave the guilty king.
Let not my blood, by lawleſs paſſion ſhed,
Draw down heav'n's vengeance on his ſacred head,
But nature's power prevent the dire decree,
And my hard Lord without a crime be free.

Still, ſtill I live, heav'n hears not what I ſay,
Or turns, like Henry, from my pray'rs away.
Rejected, loſt, O whither ſhall I fly,
I fear not death, yet dread the means to die.
To thee, O GOD, to thee again I come,
The ſinner's refuge, and the wretch's home.
Since ſuch thy will, farewel my blaſted fame,
Let foul detraction ſeize my injur'd name:
No pang, no fear, no fond concern I'll know,
Nay ſmile in death, tho' Henry gives the blow.

And now, reſign'd, my boſom lighter grows,
And Hope, ſoft-beaming, brightens all my woes.
Releaſe me, earth; ye mortal bonds, unlie:
Why loiters Henry, when I pant to die?

For

For angels call, heav'n opens at the ſound,
And glories blaze, and mercy ſtreams around.
* Adieu, ye fanes, whoſe purer flames anew
Roſe with my riſe, and as I flouriſh'd grew.
Well may ye now my weak protection ſpare,
The power that fix'd you ſhall preſerve you there.
Small was my part, yet all I could employ,
And heav'n repays it with eternal joy.
Thus rapt, O king, thus lab'ring to be free,
My gentleſt paſsport ſtill depends on thee.
My hov'ring ſoul, tho' rais'd to Heaven by prayer,
Still bends to earth, and finds one ſorrow there;
Breathes for another's life its lateſt groan—
Reſign'd and happy, might I part alone!
Why frowns my Lord?—ere yet the ſtroke's decreed,
O hear a ſiſter for a † brother plead.
By heav'n he's wrong'd.—Alas! why that to you?
You know he's wrong'd—you know, and yet purſue.
Unhappy youth! what anguiſh he endures!—
Was it for this he preſs'd me to be yours,
When ling'ring, wav'ring, on the brink I ſtood,
And ey'd obliquely the too tempting flood?
Was it for this his laviſh tongue diſplay'd
A monarch's graces to a love-ſick maid?
With ſtudied art conſenting nature fir'd,
And forc'd my will to what it moſt deſir'd?

* Her marriage with King Henry was a means of introducing the Proteſtant religion, of which ſhe was a great patroneſs.

† George Boleyn, Viſcount Rochford.

Did

Did he, enchanted by the flatt'ring ſcene,
Delude the ſiſter, and exalt the queen,
To fall attendant on that ſiſter's ſhade,
And die a victim with the queen he made?
And, witneſs Heav'n, I'd bear to ſee him die,
Did not that thought bring back the dreadful *why:*
The blaſting foulneſs, that muſt ſtill defame
Our lifeleſs aſhes, and united name.
—Ah ſtop, my ſoul, nor let one thought purſue
That fatal track, to wake thy pangs anew.—
Perhaps ſome pitying bard ſhall ſave from death
Our mangled fame, and teach our woes to breathe;
Some kind hiſtorian's pious leaves diſplay
Our hapleſs loves, and waſh the ſtains away.
Fair Truth ſhall bleſs them, Virtue guard their cauſe,
And every chaſte-ey'd matron weep applauſe.
Yet, tho' no bard ſhould ſing, or ſage record,
I ſtill ſhall vanquiſh my too faithleſs lord;
Shall ſee at laſt my injur'd cauſe prevail,
When pitying Angels hear the mournful tale.
—And muſt thy wife, by Heav'n's ſevere command,
Before his throne thy ſad accuſer ſtand?
O Henry, chain my tongue, thy guilt atone,
Prevent my ſuff'rings—ah! prevent thy own!
Or hear me, Heav'n, ſince Henry's ſtill unkind,
With ſtrang repentance touch his guilty mind,
And oh! when anguiſh tears his lab'ring ſoul,
Thro' his rack'd breaſt when keeneſt horrors roll,
When, weeping, grov'ling in the duſt he lies,
An humbled wretch, a bleeding ſacrifice,

Then

Then let me bear ('tis all my griefs ſhall claim,
For life's loſt honours, and polluted fame)
Then let me bear thy mandate from on high,
With kind forgiveneſs let his Anna fly,
From every pang the much-lov'd ſuff'rer free,
And breathe that mercy he denies to me.

ON

ON RIDICULE. 1743.

Ασθεσος δ' αρ' ενωπλο γελως. HOMER.

'TWAS ſaid of old, deny it now who can,
The only laughing animal is man.
The bear may leap, its lumpiſh cubs in view,
Or ſportive cat her circling tail purſue;
The grin deep-lengthen Pug's half-human face,
Or prick'd-up ear confeſs the ſimp'ring aſs:
In aukward geſtures aukward mirth be ſhown,
Yet, ſpite of geſture, man ſtill laughs alone.

Th' all-powerful hand, which, taught yon ſun to ſhine,
Firſt dreſs'd in ſmiles the human face divine;
And early innocence, unſpoil'd by art,
Thro' the glad eye betray'd th' o'erflowing heart.
No weak diſguſts diſturb'd the ſocial plan,
A brother's frailties but proclaim'd him man.
Nought perfect here they found, nor ought requir'd,
Excus'd the weakneſs, and the worth admir'd.

Succeeding ages more ſagacious grew;
They mark'd our foibles, and would mend them too,
Each, ſtrangely wiſe, ſaw what was juſt and beſt,
And by his model would reform the reſt:

The reſt, impatient, or reject with ſcorn
The ſpecious inſult, or with pride return;
Till all meet all with controverſial eyes,
If wrong refute them, and if right deſpiſe.
Not with their lives, but pointed wits, contend,
Too weak to vanquiſh, and too vain to mend.

Our mirthful age, to all extremes a prey,
Ev'n courts the laſh, and laughs her pains away.
Declining worth imperial wit ſupplies,
And Momus triumphs, while Aſtræa flies.
No truth ſo ſacred, banter cannot hit,
No fool ſo ſtupid, but he aims at wit.
Ev'n thoſe, whoſe breaſts ne'er plann'd one virtuous deed,
Nor rais'd a thought beyond the earth they tread:
Ev'n thoſe can cenſure, thoſe can dare deride
A Bacon's av'rice, or a Tully's pride;
And ſneer at human checks by nature given,
To curb perfection ere it rival heaven:
Nay, chiefly ſuch in theſe low arts prevail,
Whoſe want of talents leaves them time to rail.
Born for no end, they worſe than uſeleſs grow
(As waters poiſon if they ceaſe to flow);
And peſts become, whom kinder fate deſign'd
But harmleſs expletives of human kind.
See with what zeal th' inſidious taſk they ply!
Where ſhall the prudent, where the virtuous fly?
Lurk as ye can, if they direct the ray,
The verieſt atoms in the ſun-beams play.

No

No venial ſlip their quick attention 'ſcapes;
They trace each Proteus thro' his hundred ſhapes;
To Mirth's tribunal drag the caitif train,
Where mercy ſleeps, and nature pleads in vain.

And whence this luſt to laugh? what fond pretence?
Why Shaftſb'ry tells us, Mirth's the teſt of Senſe;
Th' enchanted touch, which fraud and falſhood fear,
Like Una's mirror, or Ithuriel's ſpear.
Not ſo fair Truth—aloft her temple ſtands
The work and glory of immortal hands.
Huge rocks of adamant its baſe enfold,
Steel bends the arch, the columns ſwell in gold.
No ſtorms, no tumults, reach the ſacred fane;
Waves idly beat, and winds grow loud in vain.
The ſhaft ſinks pointleſs, ere it verges there,
And the dull hiſs but dies away in air.

Yet let me ſay, howe'er ſecure it riſe,
Sly fraud may reach it, and cloſe craft ſurpriſe.
Truth, drawn like truth, muſt blaze divinely bright;
But, drawn like error, truth may cheat the ſight.
Some aukward epithet, with ſkill apply'd,
Some ſpecious hints, which half their meanings hide,
Can right and wrong moſt courteouſly confound,
Banditti like, to ſtun us ere they wound.

Is there an art, thro' ſcience' various ſtore,
But, madly ſtrain'd, becomes an art no more?

Is there a virtue, falſhood can't diſguiſe?
Betwixt two vices every virtue lies:
To this, to that, the doubtful beam incline,
Or mirth's falſe balance take, the triumph's thine.

Let mighty Newton with an Augur's hand,
Thro' heaven's high concave ſtretch th' imperial wand,
The vagrant comet's dubious path aſſign,
And lead from ſtar to ſtar th' unerring line:
Who but with tranſport lifts his piercing eye,
Fond to be loſt in vaſt immenſity!
But ſhould your * taylor, with as much of thought,
Erect his quadrant, ere he cuts your coat;
The parchment ſlips with algebra o'erſpread,
And calculations ſcrawl on every ſhred;
Art miſapply'd muſt ſtare you in the face,
Nor could you, grave, the long deductions trace.

Fond of one art, moſt men the reſt forego;
And all's ridiculous, but what they know.
Freely they cenſure lands they ne'er explore,
With tales they learn'd from coaſters on the ſhore.
As Afric's petty kings, perhaps, who hear
Of diſtant ſtates from ſome weak traveller,
Imperfect hints with eager ears devour,
And ſneer at Europe's fate, and Britain's power.

All arts are uſeful, as all nature good,
Correctly known, and temp'rately purſued.

* "Your taylor," &c. ſee Gulliver's travels, voyage to Laputa.

Th

The active ſoul, that heav'n-born lamp, requires
Still new ſupports to feed, and raiſe its fires;
And ſcience' ample ſtores expanded ſtand,
As diff'rent aids the varying flames demand.
And, as the ſylvan chace bids bodies glow,
And purple health thro' vig'rous channels flow:
So fares the infant mind, by nature drawn,
By genius rous'd at reaſon's early dawn;
Which dares fair learning's arduous ſeats invade,
Climb the tall cliff, or pierce th' entangled ſhade;
New health, new ſtrength, new force its powers receive,
And 'tis from toil th' immortal learns to live.
Or, if too harſh each boiſt'rous labour proves,
The Muſe conducts us to more happy groves;
Where ſport her ſiſter arts, with myrtles crown'd,
Expreſſive picture, and perſuaſive ſound;
Where truth's rough rules the gentleſt lays impart,
And virtue ſteals harmonious on the heart.

We oft, 'tis true, miſtake the ſat'riſt's aim,
Not arts themſelves, but their abuſe they blame.
Yet, if, Cruſaders like, their zeal be rage,
They hurt the cauſe in which their arms engage:
On heav'nly anvils forge the temper'd ſteel,
Which fools can brandiſh, and the wiſe may feel.
Readers are few, who nice diſtinctions form,
Supinely cool, or credulouſly warm.
'Tis jeſt, 'tis earneſt, as the words convey
Some glimm'ring ſenſe to lead weak heads aſtray.

And when, too anxious for ſome art aſſail'd,
You point the latent flaw by which it fail'd;
Each to his bias leans, a ſteady fool,
And, for the part defective, damns the whole.

In elder James's ever-peaceful reign,
Who ſway'd alike the ſceptre and the pen,
Had ſome rough poet, with ſatyric rage,
Alarm'd the court, and laſh'd the pedant age;
What freights of genius on that rock had ſplit?
Where now were learning, and where now were wit?
Matur'd and full the riſing foreſt grows,
Ere its wiſe owner lops th' advancing boughs:
For oaks, like arts, a length of years demand,
And ſhade the ſhepherd, ere they grace the land.

Where then may cenſure fall? 'tis hard to ſay;
On all that's wrong it may not, and it may.
In life, as arts, it aſks our niceſt care,
But hurts us more, as more immediate there.

Reſign we freely to th' unthinking crowd
Their ſtanding jeſt, which ſwells the laugh ſo loud,
The mountain back, or head advanc'd too high,
A leg miſ-ſhapen, or diſtorted eye:
We pity faults by nature's hand impreſt;
Therſites' mind, but not his form's the jeſt.

Here then we fix, and laſh without controul
Theſe mental peſts, and hydras of the ſoul;

Acquir'd

Acquir'd ill-nature, ever prompt debate,
A zeal for ſlander, and delib'rate hate:
Theſe court contempt, proclaim the public foe,
And each * Ulyſſes like, ſhould aim the blow.

Yet ſure, ev'n here, our motives ſhould be known:
Rail we to check his ſpleen, or eaſe our own?
Does injur'd virtue ev'ry ſhaft ſupply,
Arm the keen tongue, and fluſh th' erected eye?
Or do we from ourſelves ourſelves diſguiſe;
And act, perhaps, the villain we chaſtiſe?
Hope we to mend him? hopes, alas, how vain!
He feels the laſh, not liſtens to the rein.

'Tis dangerous too, in theſe licentious times,
Howe'er ſevere the ſmile, to ſport with crimes.
Vices when ridicul'd, experience ſays,
Firſt loſe that horror which they ought to raiſe,
Grow by degrees approv'd, and almoſt aim at praiſe.
When Tully's tongue the Roman Clodius draws,
How laughing ſatire weakens Milo's cauſe!
Each pictur'd vice ſo impudently bad,
The crimes turn frolics, and the villain mad;
Rapes, murders, inceſt, treaſons, mirth create,
And Rome ſcarce hates the author of her fate.

'Tis true, the comic Muſe, confin'd to rules,
Supply'd the laws, and ſham'd the tardy ſchools;

* Iliad ii.

With living precepts urg'd the moral truth,
And by example form'd the yielding youth.
The titled knave with honeſt freedom ſhown,
His perſon mimick'd, nor his name unknown,
Taught the young breaſt its opening thoughts to raiſe
From dread of infamy to love of praiſe,
From thence to virtue; there perfection ends,
As gradual from the root the flower aſcends;
Strain'd thro' the varying ſtems the juices flow,
Bloom o'er the top, and leave their dregs below.

'Twas thus a while th' inſtructive ſtage ſurvey'd,
From breaſt to breaſt its glowing influence ſpread.
Till, from his nobler taſk by paſſions won,
The man unravel'd what the bard had done;
And he, whoſe warmth had fir'd a nation's heart,
Debas'd to private piques the gen'rous art.
Here ſunk the Muſe, and, uſeleſs by degrees,
She ceas'd to profit, as ſhe ceas'd to pleaſe.
No longer wit a judging audience charm'd,
Who, rous'd not fir'd, not raptur'd but alarm'd,
To well-tun'd ſcandal lent a jealous ear,
And thro' the faint applauſe betray'd the fear.

We, like Menander, more diſcreetly dare,
And well-bred Satire wears a milder air.
Still vice we brand, or titled fools diſgrace,
But dreſs in fable's guiſe the borrow'd face.
Or as the bee, thro' nature's wild retreats,
Drinks the moiſt fragrance from th' unconſcious ſweets,

To

To injure none, we lightly range the ball,
And glean from diff'rent knaves the copious gall;
Extract, compound, with all a chemiſt's ſkill,
And claim the motley characters who will.

Happy the Muſe, could thus her tuneful aid
To ſenſe, to virtue, wake the more than dead!
But few to fiction lend attentive ears,
They view the face, but ſoon forget 'tis theirs.
" 'Twas not from them the bard their likeneſs ſtole,
" The random pencil haply hit the mole;
" Ev'n from their prying foes ſuch ſpecks retreat;"
—They hide them from themſelves, and crown the cheat.

Or ſhould, perhaps, ſome ſofter clay admit
The fly impreſſions of inſtructive wit;
To virtue's ſide in conſcious ſilence ſteal,
And glow with goodneſs, ere we find they feel;
Yet more, 'tis fear'd, will cloſer methods take,
And keep with caution what they can't forſake;
For fear of man, in his moſt mirthful mood,
May make us hypocrites, but ſeldom good.
And what avails that ſeas confeſs their bounds,
If ſubtler inſects ſap the Belgian mounds?
Tho' no wing'd miſchief cleave the mid-day ſkies,
Still thro' the dark the baleful venom flies,
Still virtue feels a ſure tho' ling'ring fate,
And, ſtabb'd in ſecret, bleeds th' unguarded ſtate.

Beſides, in men have varying paſſions made
Such nice confuſions, blending light with ſhade,

That

That eager zeal to laugh the vice away
May hurt ſome virtue's intermingling ray.
Men's faults, like Martin's * broider'd coat, demand
The niceſt touches of the ſteadieſt hand.
Some yield with eaſe, while ſome their poſts maintain;
And parts defective will at laſt remain.
There, where they beſt ſucceed, your labours bend;
Nor render uſeleſs, what you ſtrive to mend.

The youthful Curio bluſh'd whene'er he ſpoke,
His ill-tim'd modeſty the general joke;
Sneer'd by his friends, nor could that ſneer endure—
Behold, ſad inſtance of their ſkill to cure!
The conſcious blood, which fir'd his cheek before,
Now leaves his boſom cool, and warns no more.

But affectation—there, we all confeſs,
Strong are the motives, and the danger leſs.
Sure we may ſmile where fools themſelves have made,
As balk'd ſpectators of a farce ill play'd,
And laugh, if ſatire's breath ſhould rudely raiſe
The painted plumes which vanity diſplays.

O fruitful ſource of everlaſting mirth!
For fools, like apes, are mimics from their birth.
By faſhion govern'd, nature each neglects,
And barters graces for admir'd defects.
The artful hypocrites, who virtue wear,
Confeſs, at leaſt, the ſacred form is fair;

* Tale of a Tub.

Then

And apes of ſcience equally allow
The ſcholar's title to the laurel'd brow;
But what have thoſe 'gainſt Satire's laſh to plead,
Who court with zeal what others fly with dread?
Affect ev'n vice! poor folly's laſt exceſs,
As Picts miſtook deformity for dreſs,
And ſmear'd with ſo much art their hideous charms,
That the grim beauty ſcar'd you from her arms.

Too oft theſe follies * baſk in virtue's ſhine,
The wild luxuriance of a ſoil too fine.
Yet oh, repreſs them, whereſoe'er they riſe—
But how perform it?—there the danger lies.
Short are the leſſons taught in Nature's ſchool,
Here each peculiar aſks a ſep'rate rule.
Nice is the taſk, be gen'ral if you can,
Or ſtrike with caution if you point the man:
And think, O think, the cauſe by all aſſign'd
To raiſe our laughter, makes it moſt unkind:
For tho' from nature theſe no ſtrength receive,
We give them nature when we bid them live.
Like Jove's Minerva ſprings the gentle train,
The genuine offſpring of each teeming brain;
On which, like tend'reſt ſires, we fondly doat,
Plan future fame in luxury of thought,
And ſcarce at laſt, o'erpower'd by foes or friends,
Torn from our breaſts the dear deluſion ends.

* Affectations.

Let

Then let good-nature every charm exert,
And, while it mends it, win th' unfolding heart.
Let moral mirth a face of triumph wear,
Yet ſmile unconſcious of th' extorted tear.
See, with what grace inſtructive ſatire flows,
Politely keen, in Clio's number'd proſe!
That great example ſhould our zeal excite,
And cenſors learn from Addiſon to write.
So, in our age, too prone to ſport with pain,
Might ſoft humanity reſume her reign;
Pride without rancour feel th' objected fault,
And folly bluſh, as willing to be taught;
Critics grow mild, life's witty warfare ceaſe,
And true good-nature breathe the balm of peace.

ON

ON NOBILITY:

AN EPISTLE.

TO THE EARL OF ——

POETS, my Lord, by ſome unlucky fate
Condemn'd to flatter the too eaſy great,
Have oft, regardleſs of their Heav'n-born flame,
Enſhrin'd a title, and ador'd a name;
For idol deities forſook the true,
And paid to greatneſs what was virtue's due.
Yet hear, at leaſt, one recreant bard maintain
Their incenſe fruitleſs, and your honours vain:
Teach you to ſcorn th' auxiliar props, that raiſe
The painted produce of theſe ſun-ſhine days;
Proud from yourſelf, like India's worm, to weave
Th' ennobling thread, which fortune cannot give.
In two ſhort precepts your whole leſſon lies;
Wou'd you be great?—be virtuous, and be wiſe.
In elder time, e'er heralds yet were known
To gild the vain with glories not their own;
Or infant language fav'ring ſuch terms prevail,
As Feſs and Chev'ron, Pale and Contrepale;
'Twas he alone the ſhaggy ſpoils might wear,
Whoſe ſtrength ſubdu'd the lion, or the bear;

For

For him the rosy spring with smiles beheld
Her honours stript from every grove and field;
For him the rustic quires with songs advance;
For him the virgins form the annual dance.
Born to protect, like Gods they hail the brave;
And sure 'twas godlike, to be born to save!

In Turkey still these simple manners reign,
Tho' Pharamond has liv'd, and Charlemagne:
The cottage hind may there admitted rise
A chief, or statesman, as his talent lies;
And all, but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their sires, and mingle with the crowd.

Polter courts, ingenious to extend
The father's virtues, bid his pomps descend;
Chiefs premature with suasive wreaths adorn,
And force to glory heroes yet unborn,
* Plac'd like Hamilcar's son, their path's confin'd,
Forward they must, for monsters press behind;
Monsters more dire than Spain's, or Barca's snakes,
If fame they grasp not, infamy o'ertakes.
'Tis the same virtue's vigorous, just effort
Must grace alike St. James's or the Porte;

* *Plac'd like Hamilcar's son*, &c.] Ibi fama est, in quiete visum ab eo Juvenem divinâ specie, qui se ab Jove diceret ducem in Italiam Annibali missum. Proinde sequeretur, neque usquam à se deflecteret oculos. Pavidum primo, nusquam respicientem, &c.—Tandem,—temperare oculis nequivisse: tum vidisse post se serpentem mirâ magnitudine cum ingenti arborum ac virgultorum strage ferri, &c. Liv. lib. xxi. c. 22.

Alike,

Alike, my Lord, muſt Turk, or Britiſh peer,
Be to his King, and to his country dear;
Alike muſt either honour's cauſe maintain,
You to preſerve a fame, and they to gain.
For birth——precarious were that boaſted gem,
Tho' worth flow'd copious in the vital ſtream:
(Of which a ſad reverſe hiſtorians preach,
And ſage Experience proves the truths they teach.)
For ſay, ye great, who boaſt another's ſcars,
And, like Buſiris, end among the ſtars,
What is this boon of Heav'n? dependent ſtill
On woman's weakneſs, and on woman's will.
Might not, in Pagan days, and open air,
Some wand'ring Jove ſurpriſe th' unguarded fair?
And did your gentle grandames always prove
Stern rebels to the charms of lawleſs love?
And never pity'd, at ſome tender time,
* A dying Damian, with'ring in his prime?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Lov'd, and elop'd, as modern ladies do?
But grant them virtuous, were they all of birth?
Did never nobles mix with vulgar earth,
And city maids to envy'd heights tranſlate,
Subdu'd by paſſion, and decay'd eſtate?
Or, ſigh, ſtill humbler, to the paſſing gales
By turf-built cots in daiſy-painted vales?
Who does not, Pamela, thy ſuff'rings feel?
Who has not wept at beauteous Griſel's wheel?

* *A dying Damian*, &c.] See January and May in Chaucer and Mr. Pope.

And

† And each fair Marchioneſs, that Gallia pours
(Exotic ſorrows) to Britannia's ſhores?
Then blame us not, if backward to comply
With your demands: we fear a forgery.
In ſpite of patents, and of kings decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment-trees,
Your proofs are gone, your very claims are loſt,
But by the manners of that race you boaſt.
O if true virtue fires their gen'rous blood,
The feel for fame, the pant for public good,
The kind concern for innocence diſtreſt,
The Titus' wiſh to make a people bleſt,
At every deed we ſee their father's tomb
Shoot forth new laurels in eternal bloom;
We hear the rattling car, the neighing ſteeds,
A Poictiers thunders, and a Creſſy bleeds!
Titles and birth, like di'monds from the mine,
Muſt by your worth be poliſh'd e'er they ſhine;
Thence drink new luſtre, there unite their rays,
And ſtream thro' ages one unſully'd blaze.
But what avails the creſt with how'rets crown'd,
The mother virtuous, or the ſires renown'd,
If, from the breathing wails, thoſe ſires behold
The midnight gameſter trembling for his gold:
And ſee thoſe hours, when ſleep their toils repair'd,
(Or, if they wak'd, they wak'd for Britain's guard,)
Now on lewd loves beſtow'd, or drench'd in wine,
Drown and embrute the particle divine?

† *And each fair Marchioneſs*, &c.] Marianne, the Fortunate Country Maid, &c.

How

How muſt they wiſh, with many a ſigh, unheard
The warmeſt pray'r they once to heav'n prefer'd!
When not content with fame for kingdoms won,
They ſought an added boon, and aſk'd a ſon;
That cloud eternal in their ſky ſerene,
That dull dead weight that drags them down to men,
And ſpeaks as plainly as the Muſe's tongue,
"Frail were the ſires from whom we mortals ſprung."
Incenſe to ſuch may breathe, but breathes in vain,
The duſky vapour but obſcures the fane:
* Loretto's lady like, ſuch patrons bear
The flatt'ring ſtains of many a live-long year;
While but to ſhame them beams fictitious day,
And their own filth th' eternal lamps betray.
Tell us, ye names, preſerv'd from Charles's times
In dedication proſe, heroic rhymes;
Would ye not now, with equal joy reſign
(Tho' taught to flow in Dryden's ſtrain divine)
The awkward virtues never meant to ſit,
The alien morals, and imputed wit,
Whoſe very praiſe but lends a fatal breath
To ſave expiring infamy from death?
And yet, in conqu'ring vice ſmall virtue lies;
The weak can ſhun it, and the vain deſpiſe.
'Tis yours my Lord, to form a nobler aim,
And build on active merit endleſs fame;
Unlike the loit'ring, ſtill forgotten croud,
Who, ev'n at beſt but negatively good,

* *Loretto's lady*, &c.] See Dr. Middleton's Letter from Rome, (4th edit. octavo) page 155.

Thro' Sloth's dull round drag out a length of days,
While Life's dim taper gradually decays;
And numbers fall, and numbers rise the same,
Their country's burden, and their nature's shame.

What tho' in youth, while flatt'ring hopes presume
On health's vain flourish for long years to come,
Thoughtless and gay, a mad good-nature draws
From followers flatt'ry, and from crouds applause;
Nay from the wife, by some capricious whim,
Should, mix'd with pity, force a faint esteem:
Yet will in age that syren charm prevail,
When cares grow peevish, and when spirits fail;
Or must, despis'd, each fool of fortune sigh
O'er years misspent with retrospective eye,
Till pomp's last honours load the pageant bier,
And much solemnity without a tear?

'Tis yours with judgment nobly to bestow,
And treasure joys the bounteous only know.
See, sav'd from sloth by you, with venial pride,
Laborious Health the stubborn glebe divide;
Instructed Want her folded arms unbend,
And smiling Industry the loom attend.
Yours too the task to spread indulgent ease,
Steal cares from wrinkled age, disarm disease;
Insulted worth from proud oppression screen,
And give neglected Science where to lean.
Titles, like standard-flags, exalted rise,
To tell the wretched where Protection lies;
And he who hears unmov'd Affliction's claim,
Deserts his duty, and denies his name.

Nor

Nor is't enough, tho' to no bounds confin'd,
Your cares inſtruct, or bounties bleſs mankind.
'Tis yours, my Lord, with various ſkill to trace,
By Hiſtory's clue, the ſtateſman's ſubtle maze;
Obſerve the ſprings that mov'd each nice machine,
Not laid too open, and not drawn too thin;
From Grecian mines bring ſterling treaſures home,
And grace your Britain with the ſpoils of Rome.
But chief that Britain's gradual riſe behold,
The changing world's reverſe, from lead to gold:
Happy at laſt, thro' ſtorms in freedom's cauſe,
Thro' fierce prerogative, and trampled laws,
To blend ſuch ſeeming inconſiſtent things,
As ſtrength with eaſe, and liberty with kings.
Know too, where Europe's wav'ring fates depend,
What ſtates can injure, and what ſtates defend,
Their ſtrength, their arts, their policies your own—
And then, like Pelham, make that wiſdom known.
Wake ev'ry latent faculty of ſoul,
Teach from your lips the glowing ſenſe to roll,
Till liſt'ning ſenates bleſs the kind alarm,
Convinc'd, not dazzled, and with judgment warm.
Superior talents, on the great beſtow'd,
Are heav'n's peculiar inſtruments of good:
Not for the few, who have them, are deſign'd:
What flows from heav'n muſt flow for all mankind.
Bluſh then, ye peers, who, niggards of your ſtore,
Brood o'er the ſhining heap, not make it more;
Or Wilmot like, at ſome poor fool's expence,
Squander in wit the ſacred funds of ſenſe.

Wiſdom alone is true Ambition's aim,
Wiſdom the ſource of virtue, and of fame,
Obtain'd with labour, for mankind employ'd,
And then, when moſt you ſhare it, beſt enjoy'd.
See! on yon ſea-girt iſle the goddeſs ſtands,
And calls her vot'rys with applauding hands!
They pant, they ſtrain, they glow thro' climes unknown,
With added ſtrength, and ſpirits not their own.
Hark! what loud ſhouts each glad arrival hail!
How full fame's fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale!
How tempting nod the groves for ever green!
—" But tempeſts roar, and oceans roll between."—
Yet ſee, my Lord, your friends around you brave
That roaring tempeſt, and contending wave.
See——lab'ring thro' the billowy tide!
See——impatient for the adverſe ſide!
O much-lov'd youths! to Britain juſtly dear,
Her ſpring, and promiſe of a fairer year.
Succeſs be theirs, whate'er their hopes engage,
Worth grace their youth, and honours crown their age,
And ev'ry warmeſt wiſh ſincere, and free,
My ſoul e'er breathes, O——, for thee!
Hard is your ſtated taſk by all allow'd,
And modern greatneſs rarely burſts the cloud.
Lull'd high in Fortune's ſilken lap, you feel
No ſhocks, nor turns of her uncertain wheel:
Amuſements dazzle, weak admirers gaze,
And flatt'ry ſooths, and indolence betrays.
Yet ſtill, my Lord, on happy peers attends
That nobleſt privilege, to chuſe their friends;

The

The wife, the good are theirs, their call obey;
If pride refuse not, fortune points the way.
Nor great your toils, on wisdom's seas, compar'd
With theirs who shift the sail, or watch the card.
For you, the sages every depth explore,
For you, the slaves of Science ply the oar;
And Nature's Genii fly with sails unfurl'd,
The Drake's and Raleigh's of the mental world.
But stay—too long meer English lays detain
Your light-wing'd thoughts, that rove beyond the main:
No fancy'd voyage there expects the gale,
No allegoric zephyr swells the sail.
—Yet, e'er you go, e'er Gallia's pomp invades
The milder truths of Granta's peaceful shades,
This verse at least be yours, and boldly tell,
That if you fall, not unadvis'd you fell;
But, blest with virtue and with sense adorn'd,
A willing victim of the fools you scorn'd.

AN HYMN

TO THE

NYMPH OF BRISTOL SPRING. 1751.

" Hinc atque hinc vaſtæ rupes, geminique minantur
" In cœlum ſcopuli; tum ſylvis ſcena coruſcis
" Deſuper, horrentique atrum Nemus imminet umbra.
" Intus *Aquæ dulces*, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo
" NYMPHARUM domus!"— VIRG.

NYMPH of the fount! from whoſe auſpicious urn
Flows Health, flows Strength, and Beauty's roſeate bloom,
Which warms the virgin's cheek, thy gifts I ſing!
Whether inclining from thy rocky couch
Thou hear'ſt attentive, or with ſiſter-nymphs
Faſt by Sabrina's hoarſe-reſounding ſtream,
Thou cull'ſt freſh flowers, regardleſs of my ſong.
Avonia, hear'ſt thou, from the neighb'ring ſtream
So call'd; or Briſtoduna; or the ſound
Well known, * Vincentia? Sithence from thy rock

* *Vincentia.*] The ſpring at Briſtol is uſually called St. Vincent's Well, and the rocks near it St. Vincent's Rocks, on a fabulous tradition that that ſaint reſided there.

The

The hermit pour'd his orisons of old,
And, dying, to thy fount bequeath'd his name.

Whate'er thy title, thee the azure god
Of ocean erst beheld, and to the shore
Fast flew his pearly car; th' obsequious winds
Drop'd their light pinions, and no sounds were heard
In earth, air, sea, but murmuring sighs of love.
He left thee then; yet not, penurious, left
Without a boon the violated maid;
But, grateful to thy worth, with bounteous hand
Gave thee to pour the salutary rill,
And pay this precious tribute to the main.
* And still he visits, faithful to his flame,
Thy moist abode, and each returning tide
Mingles his wave with thine; hence brackish oft
And foul, we fly th' adulterated draught
And scorn the proffer'd bev'rage; thoughtless we,
That then thy Naiads hymenæals chaunt,
And rocks re-echo to the Triton's shell.

Love warm'd thy breast; to love thy waters pay
A kind regard: and thence the pallid maid
Who pines in fancy for some fav'rite youth
Drinks in new lustre, and with surer aim
Darts more enliven'd glances. Thence the boy,
Who mourns in secret the polluted charms

* *And still he visits*, &c.] The high tides in the Avon generally foul the spring in such a manner as to make the waters improper to be drank till some hours afterward.

Of Lais or Corinna, grateful feels
Health's warm return, and pants for purer joys.
Nor youth alone thy power indulgent owns;
Age ſhares thy bleſſings, and the tott'ring frame
By thee ſupported: not, Tithonus-like,
To linger in decay, and daily feel
A death in every pain; ſuch cruel aids,
Unknown to Nature, Art alone can lend:
But, taught by thee, life's latter fruits enjoy
A warmer winter, and at laſt fall off,
Shook by no boiſt'rous, or untimely blaſts.

But why on ſingle objects dwells my ſong?
Wide as the neighb'ring ſons of Commerce waft
Their unexhauſted ſtores, to every clime
On every wind up-born thy triumphs ſpread!
Thee the glad merchant hails, whom choice or fate
Leads to ſome diſtant home, where Sirius reigns,
And the blood boils with many a fell diſeaſe
Which Albion knows not. Thee the ſable wretch,
To eaſe whoſe burning entrails ſwells in vain
The citron's dewy moiſture, thee he hails;
And oft from ſome ſteep cliff at early dawn
In ſeas, in winds, or the vaſt void of heaven
Thy power unknown adores; or ranks, perhaps,
Amid his fabled gods Avonia's name.

Scar'd at thy preſence ſtart the train of Death,
And hide their whips and ſcorpions. Thee confus'd
Slow Febris creeps from; thee the meagre fiend

Con-

Conſumption flies, and checks his rattling coughs.
But chief the dread diſeaſe, whoſe wat'ry power,
Curb'd by thy wave reſtringent, knows its bounds,
And feels a firmer barrier. Ocean thus
Once flow'd, they ſay, impetuous; 'till, reſtrain'd
By force almighty, ſtreams were taught to flow
In narrower channels, and once more relieve
The thirſty hind, and waſh the fruitful vale.

What ſhrieks, what groans, torment the lab'ring air,
And pierce th' aſtoniſh'd hearer? ah, behold
Yon agonizing wretch, that pants and writhes,
Rack'd with the ſtone, and calls on thee for eaſe!
Nor calls he long in vain; the balmy draught
Has done its office, and reſign'd and calm
The poor pale ſufferer ſinks to ſweet repoſe.
O could thy lenient wave thus charm to peace
That fiercer fiend Ill-nature; Argus-like,
Whoſe eyes ſtill open watch th' unwary ſteps
Which tread thy margin, and whoſe ſubtle brain
To real miſchief turns ideal ills!
But not thy ſtream nectareous, nor the ſmiles
Of roſy-dimpled Innocence, can charm
That monſter's rage: dark, dark as midnight damps,
And ten times deadlier, ſteals along unſeen
Her blaſting venom, and devours at once
Fair Virtue's growth, and Beauty's blooming ſpring.

But turn we from the ſight, and dive beneath
Thy darkſome caverns; or unwearied climb

Thy

Thy tow'ring mountains, ſtudious to explore
The latent ſeeds and magazines of health.
" Ye rocks that round me riſe, ye pendant woods
High waving to the breeze, ye gliding ſtreams
That ſteal in ſilence thro' the moſſy clefts
Unnumber'd, tell me in what ſecret vale
Hygeia ſhuns the day?—O, often ſeen
In dreams poetic, pour thy radiant form
Full on my ſight, and bleſs my waking ſenſe!—
But not to me ſuch viſions, not to me;
No ſon of Pæon I, like that ſweet bard
* Who ſung her charms profeſt; † or him, whoſe Muſe
Now builds the lofty rhyme, and nobly wild
Crops each unfading flower from Pindar's brow,
To form freſh garlands for the Naiad train.

Yet will I view her ſtill, however coy,
In dreams poetic; ſee her to the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies harmonious lead
Her ſportive ſiſter-Graces, Mirth ſerene,
And Peace, ſweet inmate of the ſylvan ſhade.

Theſe are thy handmaids, goddeſs of the fount,
And theſe thy offspring. Oft have I beheld
Their airy revels on the verdant ſteep

* *Who ſung her charms profeſt.*] Dr. Armſtrong, author of that elegant didactic poem, called " The Art of preſerving Health."

† *Or him whoſe Muſe.*] Alluding to a manuſcript poem of Dr. Akenſide's (ſince publiſhed) written in the ſpirit and manner of the ancients, called, " An Hymn to the Water Nymphs."

Of

Of Avon, clear as Fancy's eye could paint.
What time the dewy ſtar of eve invites
To lonely muſing, by the wave-worn beach,
Along the extended mead. Nor leſs intent
Their fairy forms I view, when from the height
Of Clifton, tow'ring mount, th' enraptur'd eye
Beholds the cultivated proſpect riſe
Hill above hill, with many a verdant bound
Of hedge-row chequer'd. Now on painted clouds
Sportive they roll, or down yon winding ſtream
Give their light mantles to the wafting wind,
And join the ſea-green ſiſters of the flood.

Happy the man whom theſe amuſive walks,
Theſe waking dreams delight! no cares moleſt
His vacant boſom: Solitude itſelf
But opens to his keener view new worlds,
Worlds of his own: from every genuine ſcene
Of Nature's varying hand his active mind
Takes fire at once, and his full ſoul o'erflows
With heaven's own bounteous joy; he too creates,
And with new beings peoples earth and air,
And ocean's deep domain. The bards of old,
The godlike Grecian bards, from ſuch fair founts
Drank inſpiration. Hence on airy clifts
Light ſatyrs danc'd, along the woodland ſhade
Pan's myſtic pipe reſounded, and each rill
Confeſs'd its tutelary power, like thine.

But not like thine, bright deity, their urns
Pour'd Health's rare treaſures; on their graſſy ſides

The

The panting ſwain reclin'd with his tir'd flock
At ſultry noon-tide, or at evening led
His unyok'd heifers to the common ſtream.

Yet ſome there have been, and there are, like thee
Profuſe of liquid balm; from the fair train
* Of eldeſt Tadmor, where the ſapient king
For the faint traveller, and diſeas'd, confin'd
To ſalutary baths the fugitive ſtream.
And ſtill, tho' now perhaps their power unknown,
Unſought, the ſolitary waters creep
Amid * Palmyra's ruins, and bewail
To rocks, and deſert caves, the mighty loſs
Of two imperial cities! ſo may ſink
Yon cloud-envelop'd towers; and times to come
Enquire where Avon flow'd, and the proud mart
Of Briſtol roſe. Nay, Severn's ſelf may fail,
With all that waſte of waters: and the ſwain
From the tall ſummit (whence we now ſurvey
The anchoring bark, and ſee with every tide
Paſs and re-paſs the wealth of either world)
May hail the ſofter ſcene where groves aſpire,
And boſom'd villages, and golden fields
Unite the Cambrian to the Engliſh ſhore.

* *Eldeſt Tadmor.*] Tadmor in the wilderneſs, built by king Solomon, celebrated for its baths.

† *Palmyra's ruins.*] Palmyra is generally allowed to have ſtood on the ſame ſpot of ground as Tadmor. See the Univerſal Hiſtory, vol. ii. oct. edit. where is a print repreſenting the ruins of that city.

Why

Why ſhould I mention many a fabled fount
By bards recorded, or hiſtorians old;
Whether they water'd Aſia's fertile plains
With ſoft * Callirrhoë; or to letter'd Greece
Or warlike Latium lent their kindly aid?
Nor ye of modern fame, whoſe rills deſcend
From Alps and Appennines, or grateful lave
Germania's haraſs'd realms, expect my verſe
Should chaunt your praiſe, and dwell on foreign themes;
When chief o'er Albion have the healing powers
Shed wide their influence: from a thouſand rocks
Health guſhes, thro' a thouſand vales it flows
Spontaneous. Scarce can luxury produce
More pale diſeaſes than her ſtreams relieve.

Witneſs, Avonia, the unnumber'd tongues
Which hail thy † ſiſter's name! on the ſame banks
Your fountains riſe, to the ſame ſtream they flow.
See in what myriads to her watry ſhrine
The various votaries preſs! they drink, they live!
Not more exulting crowds in the full height
Of Roman luxury proud Baiæ knew;
Ere ‡ Muſa's fatal ſkill, fatal to Rome,

* *With ſoft Callirrhoë.*] A fountain in Judea beyond Jordan, which empties itſelf into the lake Aſphaltes. Its waters were not only medicinal, but remarkably ſoft and agreeable to the taſte. Herod the Great made uſe of them in his laſt dreadful diſtemper. Joſephus, l. xvii. c. 8.

† Bath.

‡ *Muſa's fatal ſkill.*] Antonius Muſa, phyſician to Auguſtus Cæſar, was the firſt who brought cold bathing into great repute at

Defam'd

Defam'd the tepid wave. Nor * round thy ſhades,
Clitumnus, more recording trophies hang.

O for a Shakeſpear's pencil, while I trace
In Nature's breathing paint, the dreary waſte
Of Buxton, dropping with inceſſant rains
Cold and ungenial; or its ſweet reverſe
Enchanting Matlock, from whoſe rocks like thine
Romantic foliage hangs, and rills deſcend,
And echoes murmur. Derwent, as he pours
His oft obſtructed ſtream down rough caſcades
And broken precipices, views with awe,
With rapture, the fair ſcene his waters form,

Nor yet has Nature to one ſpot confin'd
Her frugal bleſſings. Many a different ſite

Rome. But the ſame preſcription which had ſaved Auguſtus, unhappily killed Marcellus. Horace deſcribes the inhabitants of Baiæ as very uneaſy at this new method of proceeding in phyſic:

—" Mihi Baias
" Muſa ſupervacuas Antonius, et tamen *illis*
" *Me fecit invisum* geli.dâ dum perluor undâ
" Per medium frigus. Sanè *myrteta relinqui*
" Dictaque ceſſantem nervis elidere morbum
" *Sulfura contemni Vicus gemit*; *invidus ægris*
" Qui caput aut ſtomachum ſupponere fontibus audent," &c.

* —*Round thy ſhades,*
Clitumnus, —]

See a beautiful deſcription of the ſource of this river in Pliny's Epiſtles, Ep. 8. Book viii. where he mentions it as a cuſtom for perſons to leave inſcriptions, &c. as teſtimonies of their being cured there; ſomething in the manner of the crutches at bath.

And

And different air, to suit man's varying frame
The same relief extends. Thus Cheltenham sinks
Rural and calm amid the flowery vale,
Pleas'd with its pastoral scenes; while Scarbro' lifts
Its towering summits to th' aspiring clouds,
And sees th' unbounded ocean roll beneath.

Avonia frowns! and justly may'st thou frown
O Goddess, on the bard, th' injurious bard,
Who leaves thy pictur'd scenes, and idly roves
For foreign beauty to adorn his song.
Thine is all beauty; every site is thine.
Thine the sweet vale, and verdure-crowned mead
Slow rising from the plain, which Cheltenham boasts.
Thine Scarbro's clifts; and thine the russet heaths
Of sandy Tunbridge; o'er thy spacious downs
Stray wide the nibbling flocks; the hunter train
May range thy forests; and the muse-led youth,
Who loves the devious walk, and simple scene,
May in thy Kingswood view the scatter'd cots
And the green wilds of Dulwich. Does the sun,
Does the free air delight? lo! Clifton stands
Courted by every breeze; and every sun
There sheds a kinder ray; whether he rides
In southern skies sublime, or mildly pours
O'er Bristol's red'ning towers his orient beam,
Or gilds at eve the shrub-clad rocks of Ley.
Beneath thy mountains open to the south
Pale Sickness sits, and drinks th' enlivening day;
Nor fears th' innumerable pangs which pierce

In

In keener anguiſh from the north, or load
The duſky pinions of the peeviſh eaſt.
Secure ſhe ſits, and from thy ſacred urn
Implores, and finds relief. The ſlacken'd nerves
Reſume their wonted tone, of every wind
And every ſeaſon patient. Jocund Health
Blooms on the cheek; and careleſs Youth returns
(As fortune wills) to pleaſure or to toil.

Yet think not, Goddeſs, that the Muſe aſcribes
To thee unfailing ſtrength, of force to wreſt
Th' uplifted bolts of fate; to Jove alone
Belongs that high pre-eminence. Full oft,
This feeling heart can witneſs, have I heard
Along thy ſhore the piercing cries reſound
Of widows and of orphans. Oft beheld
The ſolemn funeral pomp, and decent rites,
Which human vanity receives and pays
When duſt returns to duſt. Where Nature fails,
There too thy power muſt fail; or only lend
A momentary aid to ſoften pain,
And from the King of terrors ſteal his frown.

Nor yet for waters only art thou fam'd,
Avonia; deep within thy cavern'd rocks
Do diamonds lurk, which mimick thoſe of Ind.
Some to the curious ſearcher's eye betray
Their varying hues amid the moſſy clefts
Faint glimmering; others in the ſolid ſtone
Lie quite obſcur'd, and wait the patient hand

Of

Of art, or quick explosion's fiercer breath,
To wake their latent glories into day.
With these the British fair, ere traffic's power
Had made the wealth of other worlds our own,
Would deck their auburn tresses, or confine
The snowy roundness of their polish'd arm.
With these the little tyrants of the isle,
Monarchs of counties, or of clay-built towns
Sole potentates, would bind their haughty brows,
And awe the gazing croud. Say, Goddess, say,
Shall, studious of thy praise, the Muse declare
When first their lustre rose, and what kind power
Unveil'd their hidden charms? The Muse alone
Can call back time, and from oblivion save
The once-known tale, of which tradition's self
Has lost the faintest memory. 'Twas ere
The titles proud of Knight or Baron bold
Were known in Albion; long ere Cæsar's arms
Had tried its prowess, and been taught to yield.
Westward a mile from yon aspiring shrubs
Which front thy hallow'd fount, and shagg with thorns
The adverse side of Avon, dwelt a swain.
One only daughter bless'd his nuptial bed.
Fair was the maid; but wherefore said I fair?
For many a maid is fair, but Leya's form
Was Beauty's self, where each united charm
Ennobled each, and added grace to all.
Yet cold as mountain snows her tim'rous heart
Rejects the voice of love. In vain the fire
With prayers, with mingled tears, demanded oft

The name of grandſire, and a prattling race
To chear his drooping age. In vain the youths
To Leya's fav'rite name in every dale
Attun'd their ruſtic pipes, to Leya's ear
Muſic was diſcord when it talk'd of love.
And ſhall ſuch beauty, and ſuch power to bleſs,
Sink uſeleſs to the grave! forbid it, Love!
Forbid it, Vanity! ye mighty two
Who ſhare the female breaſt! the laſt prevails.
" Whatever youth ſhall bring the nobleſt prize
" May claim her conquer'd heart." The day was fix'
And forth from villages, and turf-built cots,
In crouds the ſuitors came: from Aſhton's vale,
From Pil, from Porſhut, and the town whoſe tower
Now ſtands a ſea-mark to the pilots ken.
Nor were there wanting Clifton's love-ſick ſons
To ſwell th' enamor'd train. But moſt in thought
Yielded to Cadwal's heir, proud lord of Stoke;
Whoſe wide dominions ſpread o'er velvet lawns
And gently-ſwelling hills, and tufted groves,
Full many a mile. For there, ev'n then, the ſcene
We now behold to ſuch perfection wrought,
Charm'd with untutor'd wildneſs, and but aſk'd
A maſter's hand to tame it into grace.

Againſt ſuch rivals, prodigal of wealth,
To venal beauty off'ring all their ſtores,
What arts ſhall Thenot uſe, who long has lov'd,
And long, too long deſpair'd? Amid thy rocks
Nightly he wanders, to the ſilent moon

A

And ſtarry hoſt of heaven he tells his pain.
But chief to thee, to thee his fond complaints
At morn, at eve, and in the midnight hour
Frequent he pours. No wealth paternal bleſs'd
His humbler birth; no fields of waving gold
Or flowering orchards, no wide-wandering herds
Or bleating firſtlings of the flock were his,
To tempt the wary maid. Yet could his pipe
Make echoes liſten, and his flowing tongue
Could chaunt ſoft ditties in ſo ſweet a ſtrain,
They charm'd with native muſic all but her.

Oft had'ſt thou hear'd him, goddeſs; oft reſolv'd
To ſuccour his diſtreſs. When now the day
The fatal day drew near, and love's laſt hope
Hung on a few ſhort moments. Ocean's god
Was with thee, and obſerv'd thy anxious thought.
"And what, he cry'd, can make Avonia's face
Wear aught but ſmiles? what jealous doubts perplex
My fair, my beſt belov'd?" "No jealous doubts,
Thou anſwered'ſt mild, and on his breaſt reclin'd
Thy bluſhing cheek, perplex Avonia's breaſt:
A cruel fair one flies the voice of love,
And gifts alone can win her. Mighty Power,
O bid thy Tritons ranſack Ocean's wealth,
The coral's living branch, the lucid pearl,
And every ſhell where mingling lights and ſhades
Play happieſt. O, if ever to thy breaſt
My artful coyneſs gave a moment's pain,
Learn from that pain to pity thoſe that love."

The God return'd: "Can his Avonia ask
What Neptune would refuse? beauty like thine
Might task his utmost labours. But behold
How needless now his treasures! what thou seek'st
Is near thee; in the bosom of thy rocks
Myriads of glittering gems, of power to charm
More wary eyes than Leya's, lurk unseen.
From these select thy store." He spake, and rais'd
The massy trident; at whose stroke the womb
Of Earth gave up its treasures. Ready nymphs
Receiv'd the bursting gems, and Tritons lent
A happier polish to th' encrusted stone.

Scarce had they finish'd, when the plaintive strains
Of Thenot reach'd thy ears. "Approach, approach,"
The trident-bearer cried; and at his voice
The rocks divided, and the awe-struck youth
(Like Aristæus thro' the parting wave)
Descended trembling. But what words can paint
His joy, his rapture, when, surprise at length
Yielding to love, he grasp'd the fated gems,
And knew their wond'rous import. "O! he cried,
Dismiss me, gracious Powers; ere this, perhaps,
Young Cadwal clasps her charms, ere this the wealth
Of Madoc has prevail'd!"—"Go, youth, and know
Success attends thy enterprize; and time
Shall make thee wealthier than the proudest swain
Whose rivalship thou fear'st; go, and be blest.
Yet let not gratitude be lost in joy;
But when thy wide possessions shall extend

Farm

Farm beyond farm, remember whence they roſe,
And grace thy village with Avonia's name."

How ſhall the bluſhing Muſe purſue the tale
Impartial, and record th' ungrateful crime
Of Thenot love-deluded? When ſucceſs
Had crown'd his fierce deſires, awhile he paid
Due honours at thy ſhrine, and ſtrew'd with flowers
Jaſmin and roſe, and iris many-hued,
The rocky margin. 'Till at length, intent
On Leya's charms alone, of aught beſide
Careleſs he grew; and ſcarcely now his hymns
Of praiſe were heard; if heard, they fondly mix'd
His Leya's praiſe with thine; or only ſeem'd
The dying echoes of his former ſtrains.
Nor did he (how wilt thou excuſe, O Love,
Thy traitor?) when his wide poſſeſſions ſpread,
Farm beyond farm, remember whence they roſe,
Or grace his village with Avonia's name.
But on a feſtal day, amid the ſhouts
Of echoing ſhepherds, to the riſing town
'Be Leya nam'd," he cried: and ſtill unchang'd
Indelible diſgrace!) * the name remains.

'Twas then, Avonia, negligent of all
His former injuries, thy heav'nly breaſt
Felt real rage; and thrice thy arm was rais'd
For ſpeedy vengeance; thrice the azure god

* *The name remains.*] Ley, or Leigh, a ſmall village on the oppoſite ſide of the Avon, mentioned before, p. 207.

Reſtrain'd its force, or ere th' uplifted rocks
Deſcending had o'erwhelm'd the fated town.
And thus he ſooth'd thee, "Let not rage tranſport
My injur'd fair-one; love was all his crime,
Reſiſtleſs love. Yet ſure revenge awaits
Thy utmoſt wiſhes; never ſhall his town,
Which, had thy title grac'd it, had aſpir'd
To the firſt naval honours, and look'd down
On Carthage and the ports which grace my own
Phœnicia, never ſhall it riſe beyond
That humble village thou behold'ſt it now.
And ſoon tranſported to the Britiſh coaſt
From fartheſt India veſſels ſhall arrive
Full fraught with gems, myſelf will ſpeed the ſails,
And all th' imaginary wealth he boaſts
Shall ſink neglected: ruſtics ſhall deride
His diamond's mimic blaze. Nor thou regret
Their periſh'd ſplendor; on a firmer baſe
Thy glory reſts; reject a ſpurious praiſe,
And to thy waters only truſt for fame."

And what of fame, O Goddeſs, canſt thou aſk
Beyond thy waters, ever-ſtreaming ſource
Of health to thouſands? Myriads yet unborn
Shall hail thy foſt'ring wave: perchance to thee
Shall owe their firſt exiſtence. For, if fame
Relate not fabling, the warm genial breath
Of nature, which calls forth the burſting forms
Through wide creation, and with various life
Fills every teeming element, amid

Thy

Thy ſtream delighted revels, with increaſe
Bleſſing the nuptial bed. Suppliant to thee
The penſive matron bends; without thy aid
Expiring families had aſk'd in vain
The long-expected heir; and ſtates perhaps,
Which now ſtand foremoſt in the liſts of fame,
Had ſunk unnerv'd, inglorious, the vile ſlaves
Of ſloth, and crouch'd beneath a maſter's frown,
Had not thy breath awak'd ſome choſen ſoul,
Some finer æther, ſcarce ally'd to clay,
Hero to act, or poet to record.

O if to Albion, to my native land,
Of all that glorious, that immortal train
Which ſwells her annals, thy prolific ſtream
Has given one bard, one hero; may nor ſtorms
Nor earthquakes ſhake thy manſion; may the ſweep,
The ſilent ſweep, of ſlow-devouring time
Steal o'er thy rocks unfelt, and only bear
To future worlds thy virtues, and thy praiſe.

Still, ſtill, Avonia, o'er thy Albion ſhed
Benigneſt influence; nor to her alone
Confine thy partial boon. The lamp of day,
God of the lower world, was meant to all
A common parent. Still to every realm
Send forth thy bleſſings; for to every realm,
Such its peculiar excellence, thy wave
May paſs untainted; ſeaſons, climates, ſpare

Its virtues, and the power which conquers all,
Innate corruption, never mixes there.

And might I aſk a boon, in whiſpers aſk
One partial favour; Goddeſs, from the power
Of verſe, and arts Pæonian, gracious thou
Intreat this one. Let other poets ſhare
His noiſy honours, rapid let them roll
As neighb'ring Severn, while the voice of fame
Re-echoes to their numbers: but let mine
My humbler weaker verſe, from ſcantier rills
Diffuſing wholeſome draughts, unheard, unſeen,
Glide gently on, and imitate thy ſpring.

ON

ON FRIENDSHIP.

" L'Amitié, qui dans le monde eſt à peine un ſentiment, eſt une paſſion dans les cloitres."

Contes Moraux, de MARMONTEL.

MUCH have we heard the peeviſh world complain
Of friends neglected, and of friends forgot:
Another's frailties blindly we arraign,
And blame, as partial ills, the common lot:
For what is Friendſhip?—'Tis the ſacred tie
Of ſouls unbodied, and of love refin'd;
Beyond, Benevolence, thy ſocial ſigh,
Beyond the duties graven on our kind.
And ah how ſeldom, in this vale of tears,
This frail exiſtence, by ourſelves debas'd,
In hopes bewilder'd, or ſubdued by fears,
The joys unmix'd of mutual good we taſte!
Proclaim, ye reverend Sires, whom Fate has ſpar'd
As life's example, and as virtue's teſt,
How few, how very few, your hearts have ſhar'd,
How much thoſe hearts have pardon'd in the beſt.
Vain is their claim whom heedleſs pleaſure joins
In bands of riot, or in leagues of vice;
They meet, they revel, as the day declines,
But, ſpectre like, they ſhudder at its riſe.

For

For 'tis not Friendſhip, tho' the raptures run,
Led by the mad'ning God, thro' every vein;
Like the warm flower, which drinks the noon-tide ſun,
Their boſoms open but to cloſe again.
Yet there are hours of mirth, which Friendſhip loves,
When Prudence ſleeps, and Wiſdom grows more kind,
Sallies of ſenſe, which Reaſon ſcarce approves,
When all unguarded glows the naked mind.
But far from thoſe be each profaner eye
With glance malignant withering fancy's bloom;
Far the vile ear, where whiſpers never die;
Far the rank heart, which teems with ills to come.
Full oft, by fortune near each other plac'd,
Ill-ſuited ſouls, nor ſtudious much to pleaſe,
Whole fruitleſs years in awkward union waſte,
'Till chance divides, whom chance had join'd, with eaſe.
And yet, ſhould either oddly ſoar on high,
And ſhine diſtinguiſh'd in ſome ſphere remov'd,
The friend obſerves him with a jealous eye,
And calls ungrateful whom he never lov'd.
But leave we ſuch for thoſe of happier clay
On whoſe emerging ſtars the Graces ſmile,
And ſearch for truth, where Virtue's ſacred ray
Wakes the glad ſeed in Friendſhip's genuine ſoil.
In youth's ſoft ſeaſon, when the vacant mind
To each kind impulſe of affection yields,
When Nature charms, and love of humankind
With its own brightneſs every object gilds,

Should

Should two congenial boſoms haply meet,
Or on the banks of Camus, hoary ſtream,
Or where ſmooth Iſis glides on ſilver feet,
Nurſe of the Muſes each, and each their theme,
How blith the mutual morning taſk they ply!
How ſweet the ſaunt'ring walk at cloſe of day!
How ſteal, ſecluded from the world's broad eye,
The midnight hours inſenſibly away!
While glows the ſocial boſom to impart
Each young idea dawning ſcience lends,
Or big with ſorrow beats th' unpractis'd heart
For ſuff'ring virtue, and diſaſtrous friends.
Deep in the volumes of the mighty dead
They feaſt on joys to vulgar minds unknown;
The hero's, ſage's, patriot's path they tread,
Adore *each* worth, and make it half their own.
Sublime and pure as Thebes or Sparta taught
Eternal union from their ſouls they ſwear,
Each added converſe ſwells the generous thought,
And each ſhort abſence makes it more ſincere—
—" And can—(I hear ſome eager voice exclaim,
Whoſe bliſs now bloſſoms, and whoſe hopes beat high)
Can Virtue's baſis fail th' incumbent frame?
And *may* ſuch friendſhips *ever ever* die?"
Ah, gentle youth, they may. Nor thou complain
If chance the ſad experience ſhould be thine.
What can not change where all is light and vain?
—Aſk of the Fates who twiſt life's varying line.

Ambi-

Ambition, vanity, ſuſpenſe, ſurmiſe,
On the wide world's tempeſtuous ocean roll;
New loves, new friendſhips, new deſires ariſe,
New joys elate, new griefs depreſs the ſoul.
Some, in the buſtling mart of buſineſs, loſe
The ſtill ſmall voice retirement loves to hear;
Some at the noiſy bar enlarge their views,
And ſome in ſenates court a people's ear.
While others, led by glory's meteors, run
To diſtant wars for laurels ſtain'd with blood.
Meanwhile the ſtream of time glides calmly on,
And ends its ſilent courſe in Lethe's flood.
Unhappy only he of Friendſhip's train
Who never knew what change or fortune meant,
With whom th' ideas of his youth remain
Too firmly fix'd, and rob him of content.
Condemn'd perhaps to ſome obſcure retreat,
Where pale reflection wears a ſickly bloom,
Still to the paſt he turns with pilgrim feet,
And ghoſts of pleaſure haunt him to his tomb.
O—but I will not name you—ye kind few,
With whom the morning of my life I paſs'd,
May every bliſs, your generous boſoms knew
In earlier days, attend you to the laſt.
I too, alas, am chang'd.—And yet there are
Who ſtill with partial love my friendſhip own,
Forgive the frailties which they could not ſhare,
Or find my heart unchang'd to them alone.
To them this votive tablet of the Muſe
Pleas'd I ſuſpend.—Nor let th' unfeeling mind

From

From theſe looſe hints its own vile ways excuſe,
Or ſtart a thought to injure human-kind.
Who knows not Friendſhip, knows not bliſs ſincere.
Court it, ye young; ye aged, bind it faſt;
Earn it, ye proud; nor think the purchaſe dear,
Whate'er the labour, if 'tis gain'd at laſt.
Compar'd with all th' admiring world calls great,
Fame's loudeſt blaſt, ambition's nobleſt ends,
Ev'n the laſt pang of ſocial life is ſweet:
The pang which parts us from our weeping friends.

THE

THE DOG:

A TALE.

A SQUIRE of parts, and ſome conceit,
Tho' not a glaring firſt-rate wit,
Had lately taken to his arms
A damſel of uncommon charms.
A mutual bliſs their boſoms knew,
The hours on downy pinions flew,
And ſcatter'd roſes as they paſs'd
Emblem of joys too ſweet to laſt!
For lo! th' unequal fates divide
Th' enamour'd ſwain, and beauteous bride.
The honey moon had ſcarcely wan'd,
And love its empire ſtill maintain'd,
When forth he muſt, for buſineſs calls.
—Adieu, ye fields, ye groves, ye walls,
That in your hallow'd bounds contain
My ſource of joy—my ſource of pain!
It muſt be ſo; adieu, my dear.
They kiſs, he ſighs, ſhe drops a tear,
For lovers of a certain caſt
Think every parting is the laſt,
And ſtill whine out, whene'er they ſever,
In tragic ſtrain, "Farewell for ever!"

Awhile,

Awhile, in melancholy mood,
He ſlowly pac'd the tireſome road;
For " every road muſt tireſome prove
That bears us far from her we love."
But ſun, and exerciſe, and air,
At length diſpel the glooms of care;
They vaniſh like a morning dream,
And happineſs is now the theme.
How bleſt his lot, to gain at laſt,
So many vain reſearches paſt,
A wife ſo ſuited to his taſte,
So fair, ſo gentle, and ſo chaſte,
A tender partner for his bed,
A pillow for his aching head,
The boſom good for which he panted,
In ſhort the very thing he wanted.
And then, to make my bliſs compleat,
And lay freſh laurels at my feet,
How many matches did ſhe ſlight;
An Iriſh lord, a city knight,
And ſquires by dozens, yet agree
To paſs her life with humble me.
And did not ſhe the other day
When Captain Wilkins paſs'd our way—
The Captain!—well, ſhe lik'd not him,
Tho' dreſt in all his Hyde-park trim.
—She lik'd his ſword-knot tho' 'twas yellow;
The Captain is a ſprightly fellow,
I ſhould not often chuſe to ſee
Such dangerous viſitors as he.

I won-

I wonder how he came to call—
Or why he paſs'd that way at all.
His road lay farther to the right,
And me he hardly knew by ſight.
Stay,—let me think—I freeze, I burn—
Where'er he went, he muſt return,
And, in my abſence, may again
Make bold to call.—Come hither, Ben;
Did you obſerve, I'll lay my life
You did, when firſt he met my wife,
What ſpeech it was the Captain made?
"What, Captain Wilkins, Sir?" The ſame.
Come, you can tell. "I can't indeed,
"For they were kiſſing when I came."
Kiſs, did they kiſs?—"Moſt ſurely, Sir;
A bride, and he a bachelor."
Peace, raſcal, 'tis beyond endurance,
I wonder at ſome folks aſſurance.
They think, like Ranger in the play,
That all they meet is lawful prey.
Theſe huff bluff Captains are of late
Grown quite a nuſance in the ſtate.—
Ben, turn your horſe—nay, never ſtare,
And tell my wife I cannot bear
Theſe frequent viſits: Hence, you dunce!
"The Captain, Sir, was there but once."
Once is too often; tell her, Ben,
That, if he dares to call again,
She ſhould avoid him like a toad,
A ſnake, a viper.—There's your road.

—And

—And hark'ee, tell her, under favour,
We ſtretch too far polite behaviour.
Tell her, I do not underſtand
This kiſſing; tell her I command—
"Heav'n bleſs us, Sir, ſuch whims as theſe"—
Tell her I beg it on my knees,
By all the love ſhe ever ſhow'd,
By all ſhe at the altar vow'd,
Howe'er abſurd a huſband's fears,
Howe'er injurious it appears,
She would not ſee him if he comes;
Nay, if ſhe chance to hear his drums,
Bid her ſtart back, and ſkulk for fear,
As if the thunder rent her ear.
O wond'rous power of love and beauty!
Obedience is a ſervant's duty,
And Ben obeys. But, as he goes,
He reaſons much on human woes.
How frail is man, how prone to ſtray
And all the long *et cætera*
Of ſayings, which, in former ages,
Immortaliz'd the Grecian ſages,
But now the very vulgar ſpeak,
And only critics quote in Greek.
With theſe, like Sancho, was he ſtor'd,
And Sancho-like drew forth his hoard.
Proper or not, he all applied,
And view'd the caſe on every ſide,
Till, on the whole, he thought it beſt
To turn the matter to a jeſt,

And, with a kind of clumsey wit,
At last on an expedient hit.
Suppose we then the journey o'er,
And Madam meets him at the door.
So soon return'd? and where's your master?
I hope you've met with no disaster.
Is my dear well? "Extremely so;
And only sent me here to know
How fares his softer, better part.
Ah, Madam, could you see his heart!
It was not even in his power
To brook the absence of an hour."—
And, was this all? was this the whole
He sent you for? The kind, good, soul!
Tell him, that he's my source of bliss;
Tell him my health depends on his;
Tell him, this breast no joy can find,
If cares disturb his dearer mind;
This faithful breast, if he be well,
No pang, but that of absence, feel.
Ben blush'd, and smil'd, and scratch'd his head,
Then, falt'ring in his accents, said,
"One message more, he bade me bear,
But that's a secret for your ear—
My master begs, on no account
Your Ladyship would dare to mount
The mastiff dog." What means the lad?
Are you, or is your master mad?
I ride a dog? a pretty story.
"Ah, dearest Madam, do not glory

In your own ſtrength; temptation's ſtrong,
And frail our nature." Hold your tongue.
Your Maſter, Sir, ſhall know of this.
" Dear Madam, do not take amiſs
Your ſervant's zeal; by all you vow'd,
By all the love you ever ſhow'd,
By all your hopes of bliſs to come,
Beware the maſtiff dog!" Be dumb,
Inſulting wretch, the Lady cries.
The ſervant takes his cue, and flies.
While conſternation marks her face,
He mounts his ſteed, and quits the place.
In vain ſhe calls, as ſwift as wind
He ſcowers the lawn, yet caſt behind
One parting look, which ſeem'd to ſay
" Beware the Dog;" then rode away.
Why ſhould I paint the hurrying ſcene
Of claſhing thoughts which paſs'd within,
Where doubt on doubt inceſſant roll'd.
Enough for me the ſecret's told,
And Madam in a ſtrange quandary.
What's to be done? John, Betty, Harry,
Go, call him back. He's out of ſight,
No ſpeed can overtake his flight.
Patience per force alone remains,
Precarious cure for real pains!
" I ride a dog? a ſtrange conceit,
And never ſure attempted yet.
What can it mean? Whate'er it was,
There is ſome myſtery in the caſe.—

And really, now I've thought a minute,
There may be no great matter in it.
Ladies of old, to try a change,
Have rode on animals as ſtrange.
Helle a ram, a bull Europa;
Nay Engliſh widows, for a *faux pas*,
Were doom'd to expiate their ſhame,
As Authors ſay, upon a ram.
And ſhan't my virtue take a pride in
Outdoing ſuch vile trulls in riding?
And ſure a ram's as weak a creature—
Here, Betty, reach me the Spectator.—
"Lord bleſs me, Ma'am, as one may ſay,
Your Ladyſhip's quite mop'd to day.
Reading will only, I'm afraid,
Put more ſtrange megrims in your head.
'Twere better ſure to take the air;
I'll order, Ma'am, the coach and pair,
And then too I may go beſide.
Or, if you rather chuſe to ride."—
Ride, Betty? that's my wiſh, my aim.
Pray, Betty, is our Cæſar tame?
"Tame, Madam? Yes. I never heard—
You mean the maſtiff in the yard?
He makes a noiſe, and barks at folks—
But ſurely, Ma'am, your La'ſhip jokes."
Jokes, Betty, no. By earth and heaven
This inſult ſhall not be forgiven.
Whate'er they mean, I'll ride the dog.
Go, prithee, free him from his clog,

And bring him hither; they shall find
There's courage in a female mind.
So said, so done. The dog appears
With Betty chirping on the stairs.
The floating sack is thrown aside,
The vestments, proper for a ride,
Such as we oft in Hyde-park view
Of fustian white lapell'd with blue,
By Betty's care were on the spot,
Nor is the feather'd hat forgot.
Pleas'd with herself th' accoutred lass
Took half a turn before her glass,
And simp'ring said, I swear and vow,
I look like Captain Wilkins now.
But serious cares our thoughts demand,
Poor Cæsar, stroke him with your hand;
How mild he seems, and wags his tail!
'Tis now the moment to prevail.
She spake, and strait with eye sedate
Began th' important work of fate.
A cushion on his back she plac'd,
And bound with ribands round his waist:
The knot, which whilom grac'd her head,
And down her winding lappets spread,
From all it's soft meanders freed,
Became a bridle for her steed.
And now she mounts. "Dear Dian, hear!
Bright Goddess of the lunar sphere!
Thou that hast oft preserv'd from fate
The nymph who leaps a five-barr'd gate,

O take me, Goddeſs, to thy care,
O hear a tender Lady's prayer!
Thy vot'reſs once, as pure a maid
As ever rov'd the Delian ſhade,
Tho' now, by man's ſeduction won,
She wears, alas, a looſer zone."
In vain ſhe pray'd. She mounts, ſhe falls!
And Cæſar barks, and Betty ſquawls.
The marble hearth receives below
The headlong dame, a direful blow!
And ſtarting veins with blood diſgrace
The ſofter marble of her face.
Here might I ſing of fading charms
Reclin'd on Betty's faithful neck,
Like Venus in Dione's arms,
And much from Homer might I ſpeak,
But we refer to Pope's tranſlation,
And haſten to our plain narration.
While broths and plaiſters are prepar'd,
And Doctors feed, and Madam ſcar'd,
At length returns th' impatient Squire
Eager and panting with deſire.
But finds his home a deſart place,
No ſpouſe to welcome his embrace,
No tender ſharer of his bliſs
To chide his abſence with a kiſs.
Sullen in bed the Lady lay,
And muffled from the eye of day,
Nor deign'd a look, averſe and ſad
As Dido in th' Elyſian ſhade.

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, alarm'd, the bed he preſs'd,
And claſp'd her ſtruggling to his breaſt.
My life, my ſoul, I cannot brook
This cruel, this averted look.
And is it thus at laſt we meet?
Then rais'd her gently from the ſheet.
What mean, he cries, theſe bleeding ſtains,
This muffled head, and burſting veins?
What ſacrilegious hand could dare
To fix its impious vengeance there?
The Dog, the Dog! was all ſhe ſaid
And ſobbing ſunk again in bed.
The Dog, the Dog! expreſs'd her grief,
Like poor Othello's handkerchief.
Meanwhile had Ben with prudent care
From Betty learnt the whole affair,
And drew th' impatient Squire aſide,
To own the cheat he could not hide.
See, raſcal, ſee, enrag'd he cries,
What tumors on her forehead riſe!
How ſwells with grief that face divine!
"I own it all, the fault was mine,
Replies the Lad, dear angry Lord;
But huſh! come hither, not a word!
Small are the ills we now endure,
Thoſe tumours, Sir, admit a cure.
But, had I done as you directed,
Whoſe forehead then had been affected?
Had Captain Wilkins been forbidden,
Ah maſter, who had then been ridden?"

An EPISTLE

From a Grove in Derbyshire to a Grove in Surry.

SINCE every naturalist agrees
That groves are nothing else but trees,
And root-bound trees, like distant creatures,
Can only correspond by letters,
Borne on the winds which thro' us whistle,
Accept, dear sister, this epistle.

And first, as to their town relations
The ladies send to know the fashions,
Would I, in something better spelling,
Inquire how things go on at Haling;
For here, for all my master's storming,
I'm sure we strangely want reforming.
Long have my lab'ring trees confin'd
Such griefs as almost burst their rind;
But you'll permit me to disclose 'em,
And lodge them in your leafy bosom.

When gods came down the woods among,
As sweetly chaunts poetic song,
And Fauns and Sylvans sporting there
Attun'd the reed, or chas'd the fair,

My

My quiv'ring branches lightly fann'd
The movements of the master's hand;
Or half conceal'd, and half betray'd,
The blushing, flying, yielding maid;
Did even the bliss of heav'n improve,
And solac'd gods with earthly love!

But now the world is grown so chaste,
Or else my master has no taste,
That, I'll be sworn, the live-long year
We scarely see a woman here.
And what, alas, are woodland quires
To those who want your fierce desires?
Can philosophic bosoms know
Why myrtles spring, or roses blow,
Why cowslips lift the velvet head,
Or woodbines form the fragrant shade?
Even violet couches only swell
To gratify his sight and smell;
And Milton's universal Pan
Scarce makes him feel himself a man.

And then he talks your dull morality
Like some old heathen man of quality,
(Plato, or what's his name who fled
So nobly at his army's head,)
For Christian lords have better breeding
Than by their talk to shew their reading;
And what their sentiment in fact is,
That you may gather from their practice.

Tho'

Tho' really, if it were no worſe,
We might excuſe his vain diſcourſe;
Toſs high our heads above his voice,
Or ſtop the babbling echo's noiſe;
But he, I tell you, has ſuch freaks,
He thinks and acts whate'er he ſpeaks.

Or, if he needs muſt preach and reaſon,
Why let him chuſe a proper ſeaſon;
Such muſty morals we might hear
When whiſtling winds have ſtript us bare,
As, after ſixty, pious folks
Will on wet Sundays read good books.
And I muſt own, dear ſiſter Haling,
'Tis mine, like many a lady's failing.
(Whom worried ſpouſe to town conveys
From eaſe, and exerciſe, and air,
To ſleepleſs nights, and raking days,
And joys—too exquiſite to bear)
To feel December's piercing harms,
And every winter loſe my charms.
* While you ſtill flouriſh freſh and fair
Like your young ladies all the year.

O happy groves, who never feel
The ſtroke of winter, or of ſteel;
Nor find, but in the † poet's lay,
The race of leaves like men decay.

* A great many of the trees at Haling are exotics and evergreens.
† Homer.

Nor

Nor hear th' imperious woodman's call,
Nor see your sylvan daughters fall,
With head declin'd attend their moan,
And echo to the dying groan.

While I, attack'd by foes to rest,
New vistas opening thro' my breast,
Am daily torn with wounds and flashes,
And see my oaks, my elms, my ashes,
With rhiming labels round them set,
As every tree were to be let.
And, when one pants for consolation,
Am put in mind of contemplation.

O friend, instruct me to endure
These mighty ills, or hint a cure.
Say, might not marriage, well apply'd,
Improve his taste, correct his pride,
Inform him books but make folks muddy,
Confine his morals to his study,
Teach him, like other mortals, here
To toy and prattle with his dear;
Avert that fate my fear foresees,
And, for his children, save his trees?

Right trusty wood, if you approve
The remedy express'd above,
Write by the next fair wind that blows,
And kindly recommend a spouse.

THE

THE ANSWER.

DEAR grove, I aſk ten thouſand pardons,
Sure I'm the moſt abſurd of gardens!
Such correſpondence to neglect—
Lord, how muſt all grove-kind reflect!

Your human loiterers, they ſay,
Can put ye off from day to day
With poſt gone out—the careleſs maid
Forgot—the letter was miſlaid—
And twenty phraſes wrought with art
To hide the coldneſs of the heart.
But vegetables from their youth
Were always taught to ſpeak the truth,
In Dodonn's vales, on Mona's mountains,
In Jotham's fables, or in Fontaine's,
They talk like any judge or biſhop,
Quite from the cedar down to hyſſop.
I therefore for my paſt offence
May own, with ſylvan innocence,
I've nought but negligence to plead;
Which you'll excuſe, and I'll proceed.

You groves who ſtand remote from towns
(Tho' we are apt to call ye clowns)

Have

Have really ſomething in your natures
Which makes ye moſt diverting creatures.
And then, I vow, I like to ſee
That primitive ſimplicity;
To think of marriage as a means
T' improve his taſte, and ſave your greens—
It looks ſo like that good old grove
Where Adam once to Eve made love,
That any ſoul alive would ſwear
Your trees were educated there.

Why, child, the only hope thou haſt
Lies in thy maſter's want of taſte;
For ſhou'd his ling'ring ſtay in London
Improve his taſte, you muſt be undone;
Your trees would preſently lie flat,
And the high mode of one green plat
Run thro' his worſhip's whole eſtate,

Beſides, you ruſtics fill your fancies
With Ovid, and his ſtrange romances.
Why now you think, in days like ours,
That love muſt ſtill inhabit bowers,
And goddeſſes, as juſt rewards
For hymns of praiſe, grow fond of bards,
And fly to over-arching woods
And flowery banks, and cryſtal floods,
Becauſe ſuch things, forſooth, were wanted
When your great grandmothers were planted.

The caſe, my dear, is alter'd quite,
Not that we're chaſte, but more polite;
Your ſhepherdeſſes ſought ſuch places,
Like ſimple girls, to hide their faces;
But our bright maids diſdain the thought,
They know hypocriſy's a fault,
And never bear by their conſent
The ſhame of ſeeming innocent.

But I forget, you've juſt got down
A miſtreſs, as you wiſh'd, from town.
I don't know what you'll ſay at Romely,
We really think the woman comely;
Has ſome good qualities beſide,
They ſay, but ſhe's as yet a bride;
One can't truſt every report—
Not we I mean who live near court;
A lie perhaps in Derbyſhire
May be as ſtrange as truth is here.
Our ladies, and all their relations,
Are vaſtly full of commendations;
As for miſs ——'s part, ſhe ſwears,
—I aſk her pardon—ſhe avers
That never in her life-time yet
She ſaw a woman more compleat;
And wiſhes trees could tramp the plain,
Like Birnham wood to Dunſinane,
So might or you or I remove,
And Romely join to Haling grove.

O could

O could her wiſh but alter fate
And kindly place us *tête à tête*,
How ſweetly might from every walk
My echoes to your echoes talk!
But ſince, as juſtly you obſerve,
By Nature's laws, which never ſwerve,
We're bound from gadding, tree by tree,
Both us and our poſterity,
Let each, content with her own county,
E'en make the beſt of Nature's bounty.
Calmly enjoy the preſent bliſs,
Nor in what *might be* loſe what *is*.

Believe me, dear, beyond expreſſing
We're happy, if we knew the bleſſing.
Our maſters, all the world allow,
Are honeſt men as times go now;
They neither wench, nor drink, nor game,
Nor burn with zeal or party flame,
From whence, excepting adverſe fates,
We may conclude that there eſtates
Will probably increaſe, and we
Shall ſtand another century.

Then never mind a tree or two
Cut down perhaps to ope a view,
Nor be of nail'd up verſe aſham'd,
You'll live to ſee the poet damn'd.
I envy not, I ſwear and vow,
The temples, or the ſhades of Stow;

Nor

Nor Java's groves, whose arms display
Their blossoms to the rising day;
Nor Chili's woods, whose fruitage gleams
Ruddy beneath his setting beams;
Nor Teneriffa's forests shaggy;
Nor China's varying Sharawaggi;
Nor all that has been sung or said
Of Pindus, or of Windsor shade.

Contentment is the chemic power
Which makes trees bloom in half an hour,
And faster plants substantial joy,
Than ax or hatchet can destroy.
O, gain but that, and you'll perceive
Your fears all fade, your hopes revive.
In winter calm Contentment's voice
Shall make, like mine, your trees rejoice;
Across dead boughs a verdure fling,
And bless you with eternal spring.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

ONCE, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
Had lost their freshest hues,
When every flower on every hill,
In every vale, had drank its fill
Of sun-shine, and of dews.

'Twas

'Twas that ſweet ſeaſon's loveliеſt prime
When Spring gives up the reins of time
To Summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whoſe command the breezes blow
Which fan the ſmiling land.

'Twas then beſide a green-wood ſhade
Which cloath'd a lawn's aſpiring head
I wove my devious way,
With loitering ſteps, regardleſs where,
So ſoft, ſo genial was the air,
So wond'rous bright the day.

And now my eyes with tranſport rove
O'er all the blue expanſe above,
Unbroken by a cloud!
And now beneath delighted paſs,
Where winding through the deep-green graſs
A full-brim'd river flow'd.

I ſtop, I gaze; in accents rude
To thee, ſereneſt Solitude,
Burſts forth th' unbidden lay;
Begone, vile world: the learn'd, the wiſe,
The great, the buſy, I deſpiſe;
And pity ev'n the gay.

Theſe, theſe, are joys alone, I cry;
'Tis here, divine Philoſophy,
Thou deign'ſt to fix thy throne!

Here Contemplation points the road
Thro' Nature's charms to Nature's God!
  Theſe, theſe, are joys alone!

Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes, and human fears,
  Ye pleaſures, and ye pains!—
While thus I ſpake, o'er all my ſoul
A philoſophic calmneſs ſtole,
  A Stoic ſtillneſs reigns.

The tyrant paſſions all ſubſide,
Fear, anger, pity, ſhame, and pride,
  No more my boſom move;
Yet ſtill I felt, or ſeem'd to feel
A kind of viſionary zeal
  Of univerſal love.

When lo! a voice! a voice I hear!
'Twas Reaſon whiſper'd in my ear
  Theſe monitory ſtrains:
What mean'ſt thou, man? would'ſt thou unbind
The ties which conſtitute thy kind,
  The pleaſures and the pains?

The ſame Almighty Power unſeen,
Who ſpreads the gay or ſolemn ſcene
  To Contemplation's eye,
Fix'd every movement of the ſoul,
Taught every wiſh its deſtin'd goal,
  And quicken'd every joy.

He bids the tyrant paſſions rage,
He bids them war eternal wage,
And combat each his foe:
Till from diſſentions concords riſe,
And beauties from deformities,
And happineſs from woe.

Art thou not man? and dar'ſt thou find
A bliſs which leans not to mankind?
Preſumptuous thought, and vain!
Each bliſs unſhar'd is unenjoy'd,
Each power is weak, unleſs employ'd
Some ſocial good to gain.

Shall light, and ſhade, and warmth, and air,
With thoſe exalted joys compare
Which active virtue feels,
When on ſhe drags, as lawful prize,
Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,
At her triumphant wheels.

As reſt to labour ſtill ſucceeds,
To man, while Virtue's glorious deeds
Employ his toilſome day,
This fair variety of things
Are merely life's refreſhing ſprings
To ſooth him on his way.

Enthuſiaſt, go, unſtring thy lyre;
In vain thou ſing'ſt, if none admire,
How ſweet ſoe'er the ſtrain.

And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
Unleſs thou mixeſt with thy kind,
Benevolent in vain?

Enthuſiaſt, go; try every ſenſe:
If not thy bliſs, thy excellence
Thou yet haſt learn'd to ſcan.
At leaſt thy wants, thy weakneſs know;
And ſee them all uniting ſhow
That man was made for man.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER

A FABLE.

A GRECIAN Youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philoſophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill,
To curb the ſteed, and guide the wheel,
And as he paſs'd the gazing throng,
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they expreſs'd
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt.

At length, quite vain, he needs would ſhew
His maſter what his art could do;

And bade his ſlaves the chariot lead
To Academus' ſacred ſhade.
The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs ſtartled at the ſight,
The Muſes drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt ſhades retire!

Howe'er, the youth with forward air
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car.
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gath'ring crouds, with eager eyes,
And ſhouts, purſue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain,
The ſelf-ſame track he marks again;
Purſues with care the nice deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement ſeiz'd the circling croud;
The youths with emulation glow'd,
Ev'n bearded ſages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging ſage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, fluſh'd with hope, had caught his eye:

Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praiſe from me (and ſigh'd);
With indignation I ſurvey
Such ſkill and judgment thrown away.
The time profuſely ſquander'd there
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at leſs expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the ſtate.

To a GENTLEMAN,

On his pitching a TENT in his GARDEN.

AH! friend, forbear, nor fright the fields
With hoſtile ſcenes of imag'd war;
Content ſtill roves the blooming wilds,
And fearleſs eaſe attends her there:
Ah! drive not the ſweet wand'rer from her ſeat,
Nor with rude arts profane her lateſt beſt retreat.

Are there not bowers, and ſylvan ſcenes,
By Nature's kind luxuriance wove?
Has Romely loſt the living greens
Which erſt adorn'd her artleſs grove?
Where thro' each hallow'd haunt the poet ſtray'd,
And met the willing Muſe, and peopled every ſhade.

But

But now no bards thy woods among
Shall wait th' inſpiring Muſe's call;
For tho' to mirth and feſtal ſong
Thy choice devotes the woven wall,
Yet what avails that all be peace within,
If horrors guard the gate, and ſcare us from the ſcene?

'Tis true, of old the patriarch ſpread
His happier tents which knew not war,
And chang'd at will the trampled mead
For freſher greens and purer air:
But long has man forgot ſuch ſimple ways;
Truth unſuſpecting harm!—the dream of ancient days.

Ev'n he, cut off from human kind,
(Thy neighb'ring wretch) the child of care,
Who, to his native mines confin'd,
Nor ſees the ſun, nor breathes the air,
But 'midſt the damps and darkneſs of Earth's womb
Drags out laborious life, and ſcarcely dreads the tomb;

Ev'n he, ſhould ſome indulgent chance
Tranſport him to thy ſylvan reign,
Would eye the floating veil aſkance,
And hide him in his caves again,
While dire preſage in every breeze that blows
Bears ſhrieks, and claſhing arms, and all Germania's woes.

And, doubt not, thy polluted taſte
A ſudden vengeance ſhall purſue;

Each fairy form we whilom trac'd
Along the morn or evening dew,
Nymph, Satyr, Faun, ſhall vindicate their grove,
Robb'd of its genuine charms, and hoſpitable Jove.

I ſee, all-arm'd with dews unbleſt,
Keen froſts, and noiſome vapours drear,
Already, from the bleak north-eaſt,
The Genius of the wood appear!
—Far other office once his prime delight,
To nurſe thy ſaplings tall, and heal the harms of night;

With ringlets quaint to curl thy ſhade,
To bid the inſect tribes retire,
To guard thy walks, and not invade—
O wherefore then provoke his ire?
Alas! with prayers, with tears, his rage repel,
While yet the red'ning ſhoots with embryo-bloſſoms ſwell.

Too late thou'lt weep, when blights deform
The faireſt produce of the year;
Too late thou'lt weep, when every ſtorm
Shall loudly thunder in thy ear,
"Thus, thus the green-hair'd deities maintain
"Their own eternal rights, and Nature's injur'd reign."

THE

THE LARK.

A SIMILE.

To the Reverend Mr. ——

SEE how the lark, the bird of day,
Springs from the earth, and wings her way!
To heav'n's high vault her courſe ſhe bends,
And ſweetly ſings as ſhe aſcends.
But when, contented with her height,
She ſhuts her wings, and checks her flight,
No more ſhe chaunts the melting ſtrain,
But ſinks in ſilence to the plain.

This you obſerv'd, and aſk'd from me,
My gentle friend, a ſimile.
So take in homely verſe, but true,
Inſtead of one the following two.

That larks are poet's birds, is known,
So make the caſe the poet's own.
And ſee him firſt from fields ariſe
And paſtoral ſcenes, to Cælia's eyes.
From thence the bold adventurer ſprings
To vaulted roofs, and courts, and kings.
'Till having crown'd his ſoaring lays
With ſomething more than empty praiſe;

And,

And, like his readers, learnt aright
To mingle profit with delight;
He reads the news, he takes the air,
Or ſlumbers in his elbow chair.

Or lay aſide for once grimace,
And make it, yours, the parſon's caſe;
Who, leaving curate's humble roof,
Looks down on crape, and ſits aloof.
Tho' no vain wiſh his breaſt enthrall
To ſwell in pomp pontifical,
But pure Contentment ſeated there,
Nor finds a want, nor feels a care,
Yet are there not to ſtain the cloth
(O may'ſt thou live ſecure from both!)
A city pride, or country ſloth?
And may not man, if touch'd with theſe,
Reſign his duty for his eaſe?

But I forbear; for well I ween
Such likenings ſuit with other men.
For never can my humble verſe
The cautious ear of patron pierce;
Nor ever can thy breaſt admit
Degrading ſloth, or ſelf-conceit.

Then let the birds or ſing or fly,
As Hector ſays, and what care I?
They hurt not me, nor eke my friend;
Since, whatſoe'er the fates intend,
Nor he can ſink, nor I aſcend.

TO

To the Honourable

CHARLES TOWNSEND.

O CHARLES, in abſence hear a friend complain,
Who knows thou lov'ſt him whereſoe'er he goes,
Yet feels uneaſy ſtarts of idle pain,
And often would be told the thing he knows.
Why then, thou loiterer, fleets the ſilent year,
How dar'ſt thou give a friend unneceſſary fear?

We are not now beſide that oſier'd ſtream,
Where erſt we wander'd, thoughtleſs of the way;
We do not now of diſtant ages dream,
And cheat in converſe half the ling'ring day;
No fancied heroes riſe at our command,
And no Timoleon weeps, and bleeds no Theban band.

Yet why complain? thou feel'ſt no want like theſe,
From me, 'tis true, but me alone debar'd,
Thou ſtill in Granta's ſhades enjoy'ſt at eaſe
The books we reverenc'd, and the friends we ſhar'd;
Nor ſee'ſt without ſuch aids the day decline,
Nor think how much their loſs has added weight to thine.

Truth's genuine voice, the freely-opening mind,
Are thine, are friendſhip's and retirement's lot;
To converſation is the world confin'd,
Friends of an hour, who pleaſe and are forgot;
And

And intereſt ſtains, and vanity controuls,
The pure unſullied thoughts, and ſallies of our ſouls.

O I remember, and with pride repeat,
The rapid progreſs which our friendſhip knew!
Even at the firſt with willing minds we met;
And ere the root was fix'd, the branches grew.
In vain had Fortune plac'd her weak barrier:
Clear was thy breaſt from pride, and mine from ſervile fear.

I ſaw thee gen'rous, and with joy can ſay
My education roſe above my birth,
Thanks to thoſe parent ſhades, on whoſe cold clay
Fall faſt my tears, and lightly lie the earth!
To them I owe whate'er I dare pretend
Thou ſaw'ſt with partial eyes, and bade me call thee friend.

Let others meanly heap the treaſur'd ſtore,
And awkward fondneſs cares on cares employ
To leave a race more exquiſitely poor,
Poſſeſs'd of riches which they ne'er enjoy;
He's only kind who takes the nobler way
T' unbind the ſprings of thought, and give them power to play.

His heirs ſhall bleſs him, and look down with ſcorn
On all that titles, birth, or wealth afford;
Lords of themſelves, thank heaven that they were born
Above the ſordid miſer's glitt'ring hoard,
Above the ſervile grandeur of a throne,
For they are Nature's heirs, and all her works their own.

TO

TO THE SAME.

On the DEATH of a RELATION.

O CHARLES, 'tis now the tender, trying time,
The hour of friendſhip, the ſad moment, when
You muſt a while indulge a virtuous crime,
And hide your own to eaſe another's pain,
The mournful tribute Nature claims forego,
To calm a ſofter breaſt, and win it from its woe.

Yet think not Conſolation, vainly dreſt
In Tully's language, and the learned pride
Of wordy eloquence, can ſooth the breaſt
Of real grief, or bid the tear ſubſide,
The heartfelt tear, which ſtreams from Virtue's eye;
For Virtue's nobleſt proof is ſoft humanity.

Let dull unfeeling pedants talk by rote
Of Cato's ſoul, which could itſelf ſubdue;
Or idle ſcraps of Stoic fuſtian quote,
And bravely bear the pangs they never knew:
Refin'd from men, to deſarts let them fly,
And, 'mid their kindred rocks, unpitied live, and die.

But He, whoſe mercy melts in vernal ſkies,
Whoſe attribute is univerſal love,
Knit man to man by Nature's tend'reſt ties,
And bade us ſocial joys and ſorrows prove;

Bade

Bade us bedew with tears the kindred urn,
And for a brother loſt like ſad Maria mourn.

He bids thee too, in whiſpers felt within,
For ſure he finely tun'd thy ſocial ſoul,
Haſte to the lovely mourner, and reſtrain
Grief's ſwelling tides which in her boſom roll,
Not by obſtructing the tumultuous courſe,
But ſtealing by degrees, and yielding to its force.

As the kind parent treats the wounded child
With open ſmiles, and only weeps by ſtealth;
Its wayward pain with condeſcenſion mild
She charms to reſt, and cheats it into health:
So muſt we lightly urge th' afflicted fair,
Probe the ſelf tortur'd breaſt, and teach it how to bear.

Improve each moment when th' elaſtic mind,
Tir'd with its plaints, reſumes the bent of mirth;
Lead it to joys, not boiſtrous, but refin'd,
Far from thoſe ſcenes which gave its ſorrows birth,
Thro' the ſmooth paths of Fancy's flowery vale,
And the long devious tracks of ſome well-woven tale.

Tho' oft I've known a ſorrow like to theirs,
In well-deviſed ſtory painted ſtrong,
Cheat the fond mourners of their real cares,
And draw perforce the liſt'ning ear along;
Till powerful fiction taught the tears to flow,
And more than half their grief bewail'd another's woe.

But

But she, alas, unfortunately wise,
Will see thro' every scheme thy art can frame,
Reject with honest scorn each mean disguise,
And her full share of genuine anguish claim;
Wild as the winds which Ocean's face deform,
Or silent as the deep ere rolls th' impetuous storm.

Why had she talents given beyond her sex,
Or why those talents did her care improve?
Free from the follies which weak minds perplex,
But most expos'd to all which most can move.
Great souls alone are curs'd with grief's excess,
That quicker finer sense of exquisite distress.

Yet shall that power beyond her sex, at last,
Not giv'n in vain, o'er grief itself prevail,
Stop those heart-bursting groans which heave so fast,
And reason triumph where thy counsels fail;
Save when some well-known object ever dear
Recalls th' untutor'd sigh, or sudden-starting tear.

Such tender tribute to departed friends
Thro' life alas must sad remembrance pay;
And such, O Charles, when kinder fate extends
Thy stronger thread beyond my fatal day,
Such shall I hope from thee, till thou resign
That last sure pledge of love to some poor friend of thine.

TO MR. GARRICK.

ON old Parnaſſus, t'other day,
The Muſes met to ſing and play;
Apart from all the reſt were ſeen
The tragic and the comic queen,
Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate
On Rich's, or on Fleetwood's fate.
When, on a ſudden, news was brought
That Garrick had the patent got,
And both their Ladyſhips again
Might now return to Drury-lane.
They bow'd, they ſimper'd, and agreed,
They wiſh'd the project might ſucceed,
'Twas very poſſible; the caſe
Was likely too, and had a face—
A face! Thalia titt'ring cry'd,
And could her joy no longer hide;
Why, ſiſter, all the world muſt ſee
How much this makes for you and me:
No longer now ſhall we expoſe
Our unbought goods to empty rows,
Or meanly be oblig'd to court
From foreign aid a weak ſupport;
No more the poor polluted ſcene
Shall teem with births of Harlequin?
Or vindicated ſtage ſhall feel
The inſults of the dancer's heel.
Such idle traſh we'll kindly ſpare
To operas now—they'll want them there;

For

For Sadler's-Wells, they ſay, this year
Has quite outdone their engineer.

Pugh, you're a wag, the buſkin'd prude
Reply'd, and ſmil'd; beſide 'tis rude
To laugh at foreigners, you know,
And triumph o'er a vanquiſh'd foe:
For my part, I ſhall be content
If things ſucceed as they are meant;
And ſhould not be diſpleas'd to find
Some changes of the tragic kind.
And ſay, Thalia, mayn't we hope
The ſtage will take a larger ſcope?
Shall he, whoſe all-expreſſive powers
Can reach the heights which Shakeſpear ſoars,
Deſcend to touch an humbler key,
And tickle ears with poetry;
Where every tear is taught to flow
Thro' many a line's melodious woe,
And heart-felt pangs of deep diſtreſs
Are fritter'd into ſimilies?
—O thou, whom Nature taught the art
To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
Whatever name delight thy ear,
Othello, Richard, Hamlet, Lear,
O undertake my juſt defence,
And baniſh all but Nature hence!
See, to thy aid with ſtreaming eyes
The fair afflicted * Conſtance flies;

* Mrs. Cibber in the character of Lady Conſtance in Shakeſpear's King John.

Now wild as winds in madneſs tears
Her heaving breaſts, and ſcatter'd hairs;
Or low on earth diſdains relief,
With all the conſcious pride of grief.
My Pritchard too in Hamlet's queen—
The goddeſs of the ſportive vein
Here ſtop'd her ſhort, and with a ſneer,
My Pritchard, if you pleaſe, my dear!
Her tragic merit I confeſs,
But ſurely mine's her proper dreſs;
Behold her there with native eaſe
And native ſpirit, born to pleaſe;
With all Maria's charms engage,
Or Milwood's arts, or Touchwood's rage,
Thro' every foible trace the fair,
Or leave the town, and toilet's care,
To chaunt in foreſts unconfin'd
The wilder notes of Roſalind.

O thou, where-e'er thou fix thy praiſe,
Brute, Drugger, Fribble, Ranger, Bays!
O join with her in my behalf,
And teach an audience when to laugh.
So ſhall buffoons with ſhame repair
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
And real humour charm the age,
Tho' † Falſtaff ſhould forſake the ſtage.

She ſpoke. Melpomene reply'd,
And much was ſaid on either ſide;

† Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was then leavin the ſtage.

An

And many a chief, and many a fair,
Were mention'd to their credit there.
But I'll not venture to diſplay
What goddeſſes think fit to ſay.
However, Garrick, this at leaſt
Appears by both a truth confeſt,
That their whole fate for many a year
But hangs on your paternal care.
A nation's taſte depends on you:
—Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
O think how glorious 'twere to raiſe
A theatre to Virtue's praiſe.
Where no indignant bluſh might riſe,
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice;
But every young attentive ear
Imbibe the precepts, living there.
And every unexperienc'd breaſt
There feel its own rude hints expreſt,
And, waken'd by the glowing ſcene,
Unfold the worth that lurks within.

If poſſible, be perfect quite;
A few ſhort rules will guide you right.
Conſult your own good ſenſe in all,
Be deaf to faſhion's fickle call,
Nor e'er deſcend from reaſon's laws
To court, what you command, applauſe.

NATURE to Dr. HOADLY,

On his Comedy of the SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

SLY hypocrite! was this your aim?
To borrow Pæon's ſacred name,
And lurk beneath his graver mien,
To trace the ſecrets of my reign?
Did I for this applaud your zeal,
And point out each minuter wheel,
Which finely taught the next to roll,
And made my works one perfect whole?
For who, but I, till you appear'd,
To model the dramatic herd,
E'er bade to won'dring ears and eyes,
Such pleaſing intricacies riſe?
Where every part is nicely true,
Yet touches ſtill the maſter clue;
Each riddle opening by degrees,
Till all unravels with ſuch eaſe,
That only thoſe who will be blind
Can feel one doubt perplex their mind.

Nor was't enough, you thought, to write;
But you muſt impiouſly unite
With Garrick too, who long before
Had ſtol'n my whole expreſſive pow'r.

That

That changeful Proteus of the ſtage,
Uſurps my mirth, my grief, my rage;
And as his different parts incline,
Gives joys or pains, ſincere as mine.

Yet you ſhall find (howe'er elate
You triumph in your former cheat)
'Tis not ſo eaſy to eſcape
In Nature's, as in Pæon's ſhape.
For every critic, great or ſmall,
Hates every thing that's natural.
The beaux, and ladies too, can ſay,
What does he mean? is this a play?
We ſee ſuch people every day.
Nay more, to chafe, and teize your ſpleen,
And teach you how to ſteal again,
My very fools ſhall prove you're bit,
And damn you for your want of wit.

To RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq.

DEAR Cambridge, teach your friend the art
You uſe to gain the Muſe's heart,
And make her ſo entirely yours,
That at all ſeaſons, and all hours,
The anxious goddeſs ready ſtands
To wait the motion of your hands.

It was of old a truth confeſt
That poets muſt have needful reſt,
And every imp of Phœbus' quire
To philoſophic ſhades retire,
Amid thoſe flowery ſcenes of eaſe
To pick up ſenſe and ſimilies.
Had Virgil been from coaſt to coaſt,
Like his Æneas, tempeſt-toſt,
Or paſs'd life's fluctuating dream
On Tyber's or on Mincio's ſtream,
He might have been expert in ſailing;
But Mævius ne'er had fear'd his railing,
Nor great Auguſtus ſav'd from fire
The relicks of a trav'ling ſquire.

Had Horace too, from day to day,
Run poſt upon the Appian way,
In reſtleſs journies to and from
Brundiſium, Capua, and Rome;
The bard had ſcarcely found a time
To put that very road in rhyme;
And ſav'd great cities much expence
In lab'ring to miſtake his ſenſe.

Nay he, whoſe Greek is out of date
Since Pope deſcended to tranſlate,
Tho' wand'ring ſtill from place to place,
At leaſt lay by in ſtormy weather
(Whate'er Perrault or Wotton ſays)
To tack his rhapſodies together.

But

But you, reverſing every rule
Of ancient or of modern ſchool,
Nor hurt by noiſe, nor cramp'd by rhymes,
Can all things do, and at all times.
Your own Scriblerus never knew
A more unſettled life than you,
Yet Pope in Twit'nam's peaceful grot
Scarce ever more correctly thought.
In whirligigs it is confeſt
The middle line's a line of reſt;
And, let the ſides fly how they will,
The central point muſt needs ſtand ſtill.
Perhaps your mind, like one of theſe,
Beholds the tumult round at eaſe,
And ſtands, as firm as rock in ocean,
The center of perpetual motion.

That Cæſar did three things at once,
Is known at ſchool to every dunce;
But your more comprehenſive mind
Leaves pidling Cæſar far behind.
You ſpread the lawn, direct the flood,
Cut viſtas thro', or plant a wood,
Build China's barks for Severn's ſtream,
Or form new plans for Epic fame,
And then, in ſpite of wind or weather,
You read, row, ride, and write together.

But 'tis not your undoubted claim
To naval or equeſtrian fame,

Your nicer taſte, or quicker parts,
In rural or mechanic arts,
(Tho' each alone in humbler ſtation
Might raiſe both wealth and reputation)
It is not theſe that I would have,
Bear them, o' God's name, to your grave.
But 'tis that unexhauſted vein,
That quick conception without pain.
That ſomething, for no words can ſhow it,
Which without leiſure makes a poet.

Sure Nature caſt, indulgent dame,
Some ſtrange peculiar in your frame,
From whoſe well-lodg'd prolific ſeeds
This inexpreſſive power proceeds.

Or does Thalia court your arms
Becauſe you ſeem to ſlight her charms,
And, like her ſiſter females, fly
From our dull aſſiduity.
If that's the caſe, I'll ſoon be free,
I'll put on airs as well as ſhe;
And ev'n in * this poetic ſhade,
Where erſt with Pope and Gay ſhe play'd,
Ev'n here I'll tell her to her face
I've learn'd to ſcorn a forc'd embrace.
In ſhort, here ends her former reign;
And if we e'er begin again
It muſt be on another ſcore—
I'll write like you, or write no more.

* Middleton park, Oxfordſhire.

TO

To Mr. MASON.

I.

BELIEVE me, Maſon, 'tis in vain
Thy fortitude the torrent braves;
Thou too muſt bear th' inglorious chain;
The world, the world will have its ſlaves.
The choſen friend, for converſe ſweet,
The ſmall, yet elegant retreat,
Are peaceful unambitious views
Which early fancy loves to form.
When aided by th' ingenuous Muſe,
She turns the philoſophic page,
And ſees the wiſe of every age
With Nature's dictates warm.

II.

But ah! to few has fortune given
The choice, to take or to refuſe;
To fewer ſtill indulgent heaven
Allots the very will to chuſe,
And why are varying ſchemes prefer'd?
Man mixes with the common herd:
By cuſtom guided to purſue,
Or wealth, or honours, fame, or eaſe,
What others wiſh he wiſhes too;
Nor from his own peculiar choice,
'Till ſtrengthen'd by the public voice,
His very pleaſures pleaſe.

III.

How oft, beneath ſome hoary ſhade
Where Cam glides indolently ſlow,
Haſt thou, as indolently laid,
Prefer'd to heaven thy fav'rite vow:
" Here, here forever let me ſtay,
" Here calmly loiter life away,
" Nor all thoſe vain connections know
" Which fetter down the free-born mind,
" The ſlave of intereſt, or of ſhow;
" While yon gay tenant of the grove,
" The happier heir of Nature's love,
" Can warble unconfin'd."

IV.

Yet ſure, my friend, th' eternal plan
By truth unerring was deſign'd;
Inferior parts were made for man,
But man himſelf for all mankind.
Then by th' apparent judge th' unſeen;
Behold how rolls this vaſt machine
To one great end, howe'er withſtood,
Directing its impartial courſe.
All labour for the general good.
Some ſtem the wave, ſome till the ſoil,
By choice the bold, th' ambitious toil,
The indolent by force.

V. That

V.

That bird, thy fancy frees from care,
With many a fear unknown to thee,
Muſt rove to glean his ſcanty fare
From field to field, from tree to tree,
His lot, united with his kind,
Has all his little joys confin'd;
The Lover's and the Parent's ties
Alarm by turns his anxious breaſt,
Yet, bound by fate, by inſtinct wiſe,
He hails with ſongs the riſing morn,
And, pleas'd at evening's cool return,
He ſings himſelf to reſt.

VI.

And tell me, has not Nature made
Some ſtated void for thee to fill,
Some ſpring, ſome wheel, which aſks thy aid
To move, regardleſs of thy will?
Go then, go feel with glad ſurpriſe
New bliſs from new attentions riſe;
Till, happier in thy wider ſphere,
Thou quit thy darling ſchemes of eaſe;
Nay, glowing in the full career,
Ev'n wiſh thy virtuous labours more;
Nor 'till the toilſome day is o'er
Expect the night of peace.

To the Rev. Dr. LOWTH*.

On his Life of William of Wykeham.

O LOWTH, while Wykeham's various worth you trace,
And bid to diſtant times his annals ſhine,
Indulge another bard of Wykeham's race
In the fond wiſh to add his name to thine.

From the ſame fount, with reverence let me boaſt,
The claſſic ſtreams with early thirſt I caught;
What time, they ſay, the Muſes revel'd moſt,
When Bigg preſided, and when Burton taught.

But the ſame fate, which led me to the ſpring,
Forbad me farther to purſue the ſtream:
Perhaps as kindly; for, as ſages ſing,
Of chance and fate full idly do we deem.

And ſure in Granta's philoſophic ſhade
Truth's genuine image beam'd upon my ſight;
And ſlow-ey'd Reaſon lent his ſober aid
To form, deduce, compare, and judge aright.

Yes, ye ſweet fields, beſide your oſier'd ſtream
Full many an Attic hour my youth enjoy'd;

* Afterward Biſhop of London.

Full

Full many a friendſhip form'd, life's happieſt dream,
And treaſur'd many a bliſs which never cloy'd.

Yet may the Pilgrim, o'er his temperate fare
At eve, with pleaſing recollection ſay
'Twas the freſh morn which ſtrung his nerves to bear
The piercing beam, and uſeful toils of day.

So let me ſtill with filial love purſue
The nurſe and parent of my infant thought,
From whence the colour of my life I drew,
When Bigg preſided, and when Burton taught.

O names by me rever'd!—'till memory die,
'Till my deaf ear forget th' enchanting flow
Of verſe harmonious, ſhall my mental eye
Trace back old time, and teach my breaſt to glow.

Peace to that honour'd ſhade, whoſe mortal frame
Sleeps in the boſom of its parent earth,
While his freed ſoul, which boaſts celeſtial flame,
Perhaps now triumphs in a nobler birth.

Perhaps with Wykeham, from ſome bliſsful bower,
Applauds thy labours, or prepares the wreath
For Burton's generous toil.—Th' inſatiate power
Extends his deathful ſway o'er all that breathe;

Nor aught avails it, that the virtuous ſage
Forms future bards, or Wykehams yet to come;
Nor ought avails it, that his green old age,
From youth well ſpent, may ſeem t'elude the tomb:

For

For Burton too muſt fall. And o'er his urn,
While ſcience hangs her ſculptur'd trophies round,
The letter'd tribes of half an age ſhall mourn,
Whoſe lyres he ſtrung, and added ſenſe to ſound.

Nor ſhall his candid ear, I truſt, diſdain
This artleſs tribute of a feeling mind;
And thou, O Lowth, ſhalt own the grateful ſtrain,
Mean tho' it flow, was virtuouſly deſign'd;

For 'twas thy work inſpir'd the melting mood
To feel, and pay the ſacred debt I ow'd:
And the next virtue to beſtowing good,
Thou know'ſt, is gratitude for good beſtow'd.

To the Rev. Mr. WRIGHT. 1751.

PRITHEE teaze me no longer, dear troubleſome friend,
On a ſubject which wants not advice:
You may make me unhappy, but never can mend
Thoſe ills I have learnt to deſpiſe.

You ſay I'm dependent; what then?—if I make
That dependence quite eaſy to me,
Say why ſhould you envy my lucky miſtake,
Or why ſhould I wiſh to be free?

Many men of leſs worth, you partially cry,
To ſplendor and opulence ſoar:
Suppoſe I allow it; yet, pray ſir, am I
Leſs happy becauſe they are more?

But

But why ſaid I happy? I aim not at that,
Mere eaſe is my humble requeſt;
I would neither repine at a niggardly fate,
Nor ſtretch my wings far from my neſt.

Nor e'er may my pride or my folly reflect
On the fav'rites whom Fortune has made,
Regardleſs of thouſands who pine with neglect
In penſive obſcurity's ſhade;

With whom when comparing the merit I boaſt,
Tho' rais'd by indulgence to fame,
I ſink in confuſion bewilder'd and loſt,
And wonder I am what I am!

And what are theſe wonders, theſe bleſſings refin'd
Which ſplendor and opulence ſhower?
The health of the body, and peace of the mind,
Are things which are out of their power.

To Contentment's calm ſunſhine, the lot of the few,
Can inſolent greatneſs pretend?
Or can it beſtow, what I boaſt of in you,
That bleſſing of bleſſings, a friend?

We may pay ſome regard to the rich and the great,
But how ſeldom we love them you know;
Or if we do love them, it is not their ſtate,
The tinſel and plume of the ſhow.

But ſome ſecret virtues we find in the heart
When the maſk is laid kindly aſide,

Which

Which birth can not give them, nor riches impart,
And which never once heard of their pride.

A flow of good ſpirits I've ſeen with a ſmile
To worth make a ſhallow pretence;
And the chat of good breeding with eaſe, for a while,
May paſs for good nature, and ſenſe;

But where is the boſom untainted by art,
The judgment ſo modeſt and ſtay'd,
That union ſo rare of the head and the heart,
Which fixes the friends it has made?

For thoſe whom the great and the wealthy employ
Their pleaſure or vanity's ſlaves,
Whate'er they can give I without them enjoy,
And am rid of juſt ſo many knaves.

For the many whom titles alone can allure,
And the blazon of ermine and gules,
I wrap myſelf round in my lowneſs ſecure,
And am rid of juſt ſo many fools.

Then why ſhould I covet what cannot increaſe
My delights, and may leſſen their ſtore;
My preſent condition is quiet and eaſe,
And what can my future be more?

Should Fortune capriciouſly ceaſe to be coy,
And in torrents of plenty deſcend,
I doubtleſs, like others, ſhould claſp her with joy,
And my wants and my wiſhes extend.

But

But ſince 'tis denied me, and heaven beſt knows
Whether kinder to grant it or not,
Say why ſhould I vainly diſturb my repoſe,
And peeviſhly carp at my lot?

No; ſtill let me follow ſage Horace's rule,
Who tried all things, and held faſt the beſt;
Learn daily to put all my paſſions to ſchool,
And keep the due poiſe of my breaſt.

Thus, firm at the helm, I glide calmly away
Like the merchant long us'd to the deep,
Nor truſt for my ſafety on Life's ſtormy ſea
To the gilding and paint of my ſhip.

Nor yet can the giants of honour and pelf
My want of ambition deride,
He who rules his own boſom is lord of himſelf,
And lord of all nature beſide.

ODE TO THE TIBER.

On entering the CAMPANIA of ROME, at OTRICOLI, 1755.

I.

HAIL ſacred ſtream, whoſe waters roll
Immortal thro' the claſſic page!
To Thee the Muſe-devoted ſoul,
Tho' deſtin'd to a later age

And lefs indulgent clime, to thee,
Nor thou difdain, in Runic lays
Weak mimic of true harmony,
His grateful homage pays.
Far other ftrains thine elder ear
With pleas'd attention wont to hear,
When he, who ftrung the Latian lyre,
And he, who led th' Aonian quire
From Mantua's reedy lakes with oiers crown'd,
Taught echo from thy banks with tranfport to refound.
Thy banks ?—alas, is this the boafted fcene,
This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
Where fick'ning Nature wears a fainter green,
And defolation fpreads her torpid reign ?
Is this the fcene where Freedom breath'd,
Her copious horn where Plenty wreath'd,
And health at opening day
Bade all her rofeate breezes fly,
To wake the fons of induftry,
And make their fields more gay ?

II.

Where is the villa's rural pride,
The fwelling dome's imperial gleam,
Which lov'd to grace thy verdant fide,
And tremble in thy golden ftream ?
Where are the bold, the bufy throngs,
That ruth'd impatient to the war,
Or tun'd to peace triumphal fongs,
And hail'd the paffing car ?

Along

Along the ſolitary * road,
Th' eternal flint by Conſuls trod,
We muſe, and mark the ſad decays
Of mighty works, and mighty days!
For theſe vile waſtes, we cry, had Fate decreed
That Veii's ſons ſhould ſtrive, for theſe Camillus bleed?
Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,
The muſing ſhepherd from Soracte's height
See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
And temples riſe, and peopled farms unite?
They did. For this deſerted plain
The hero ſtrove, nor ſtrove in vain;
And here the ſhepherd ſaw
Unnumber'd towns and temples ſpread,
While Rome majeſtic rear'd her head,
And gave the nations law.

III.

Yes, Thou and Latium once were great.
And ſtill, ye firſt of human things,
Beyond the graſp of time or fate
Her fame and thine triumphant ſprings.
What tho' the mould'ring columns fall,
And ſtrow the deſart earth beneath,
Tho' ivy round each nodding wall
Entwine it's fatal wreath,
Yet ſay, can Rhine or Danube boaſt
The numerous glories thou haſt loſt?

* The Flaminian way.

Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy ſhore,
Or Nile, with all his myſtic lore,
Produce from old records of genuine fame
Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?
Ev'n now the Muſe, the conſcious Muſe is here;
From every ruin's formidable ſhade
Eternal muſic breathes on fancy's ear,
And wakes to more than form th' illuſtrious dead.
Thy Cæſars, Scipios, Catos riſe,
The great, the virtuous, and the wiſe,
In ſolemn ſtate advance!
They fix the philoſophic eye,
Or trail the robe, or lift on high
The light'ning of the lance.

IV.

But chief that humbler happier train,
Who knew thoſe virtues to reward
Beyond the reach of chance or pain
Secure, th' hiſtorian and the bard.
By them the hero's generous rage
Still warm in youth immortal lives;
And in their adamantine page
Thy glory ſtill ſurvives.
Thro' deep ſavannahs wild and vaſt,
Unheard, unknown thro' ages paſt,
Beneath the ſun's directer beams,
What copious torrents pour their ſtreams!
No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,
No annals ſwell their pride, or grace their ſtoried urn

Whi

While thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,
Her ſpear yet lifted, and her corſlet brac'd,
Canſt tell the waves, canſt tell the paſſing wind,
Thy wond'rous tale, and chear the liſt'ning waſte.
Tho' from his caves th' unfeeling North
Pour'd all his legion'd tempeſts forth,
Yet ſtill thy laurels bloom:
One deathleſs glory ſtill remains,
Thy ſtream *has* roll'd thro' Latian plains,
Has waſh'd the walls of Rome.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

Written at the Convent of HAUT VILLERS in CHAMPAGNE, 1754.

SILENT and clear, thro' yonder peaceful vale,
While Marne's ſlow waters weave their mazy way,
See, to th' exulting ſun, and foſt'ring gale,
What boundleſs treaſures his rich banks diſplay!

Faſt by the ſtream, and at the mountain's baſe,
The lowing herds thro' living paſtures rove;
Wide waving harveſts crown the riſing ſpace;
And ſtill ſuperior nods the viny grove.

High on the top, as guardian of the ſcene,
Imperial Sylvan ſpreads his umbrage wide;
Nor wants there many a cot, and ſpire between,
Or in the vale, or on the mountain's ſide,

To mark that man, as tenant of the whole,
Claims the juſt tribute of his culturing care,
Yet pays to Heaven, in gratitude of ſoul,
The boon which Heaven accepts, of praiſe and prayer.

O dire

O dire effects of war! the time has been
When desolation vaunted here her reign;
One ravag'd desart was yon beauteous scene,
And Marne ran purple to the frighted Seine.

Oft at his work, the toilsome day to cheat,
The swain still talks of those disastrous times
When Guise's pride, and Conde's ill-star'd heat,
Taught Christian zeal to authorize their crimes;

Oft to his children sportive on the grass
Does dreadful tales of worn Tradition tell,
Oft points to Epernay's ill-fated pass
Where force thrice triumph'd, and where Biron fell.

O dire effects of war!—may ever more
Thro' this sweet vale the voice of discord cease!
A British bard to Gallia's fertile shore
Can wish the blessings of eternal peace.

Yet say, ye monks, (beneath whose moss-grown seat,
Within whose cloister'd cells th' indebted Muse
Awhile sojourns, for meditation meet,
And these loose thoughts in pensive strain pursues,)

Avails it aught, that war's rude tumults spare
Yon cluster'd vineyard, or yon golden field,
If, niggards to yourselves, and fond of care,
You slight the joys their copious treasures yield?

Avails it aught, that Nature's liberal hand
With every blessing grateful man can know,

Clothes the rich boſom of yon ſmiling land,
The mountain's ſloping ſide, or pendant brow,

If meagre famine paint your pallid cheek,
If breaks the midnight bell your hours of reſt,
If, 'midſt heart-chilling damps, and winter bleak,
You ſhun the chearful bowl, and moderate feaſt!

Look forth, and be convinc'd! 'tis Nature pleads,
Her ample volume opens on your view:
The ſimple-minded ſwain, who running reads,
Feels the glad truth, and is it hid from you?

Look forth, and be convinc'd. Yon proſpects wide
To reaſon's ear how forcibly they ſpeak:
Compar'd with thoſe how dull is letter'd pride,
And Auſtin's babbling eloquence how weak!

Temp'rance, not abſtinence, in every bliſs
Is man's true joy, and therefore Heaven's command.
The wretch who riots thanks his God amiſs:
Who ſtarves, rejects the bounties of his hand.

Mark, while the Marne in yon full channel glides,
How ſmooth his courſe, how Nature ſmiles around!
But ſhould impetuous torrents ſwell his tides,
The fairy landſhip ſinks in oceans drown'd.

Nor leſs diſaſtrous, ſhould his thrifty urn
Neglected leave the once well-water'd land,
To dreary waſtes yon paradiſe would turn,
Polluted ooze, or heaps of barren ſand.

ELE-

ELEGY II.

On * the Mausoleum of AUGUSTUS.

To the Right Honourable

George Bussy Villiers, Viſcount Villiers.

Written at Rome, 1756.

AMID theſe mould'ring walls, this marble round,
Where ſlept the heroes of the Julian name,
Say, ſhall we linger ſtill in thought profound,
And meditate the mournful paths to fame?

What tho' no cypreſs ſhades, in funeral rows,
No ſculptur'd urns, the laſt records of fate,
O'er the ſhrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,
Or breathe in ſtoried emblems of the great;

Yet not with heedleſs eye will we ſurvey
The ſcene tho' chang'd, nor negligently tread;
Theſe variegated walks, however gay,
Were once the ſilent manſions of the dead.

In every ſhrub, in every flow'ret's bloom
That paints with different hues yon ſmiling plain,
Some hero's aſhes iſſue from the tomb,
And live a vegetative life again.

* It is now a garden belonging to Marcheſe di Corre.

For

For matter dies not, as the Sages ſay,
But ſhifts to other forms the pliant maſs,
When the free ſpirit quits its cumb'rous clay,
And ſees, beneath, the rolling planets paſs.

Perhaps, my Villiers, for I ſing to thee,
Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,
In yon fair ſcyon of Apollo's tree
The ſacred duſt of young Marcellus lives.

Pluck not the leaf—'twere ſacrilege to wound
Th' ideal memory of ſo ſweet a ſhade;
In theſe ſad feats an early grave he found,
And * the firſt rites to gloomy Dis convey'd.

Witneſs † thou field of Mars, that oft hadſt known
His youthful triumphs in the mimic war,
Thou heard'ſt the heart-felt univerſal groan,
When o'er thy boſom roll'd the funeral car.

Witneſs ‡ thou Tuſcan ſtream, where oft he glow'd
In ſportive ſtrugglings with th' oppoſing wave,
Faſt by the recent tomb thy waters flow'd
While wept the wife, the virtuous, and the brave.

* He is ſaid to be the firſt perſon buried in this monument.

† Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus!

‡ ——————Vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem. VIRG.

O loſt

O loſt too ſoon!—yet why lament a fate
By thouſands envied, and by Heav'n approv'd?
Rare is the boon to thoſe of longer date
To live, to die, admir'd, eſteem'd, belov'd.

Weak are our judgments, and our paſſions warm,
And ſlowly dawns the radiant morn of truth,
Our expectations haſtily we form,
And much we pardon to ingenuous youth.

Too oft we ſatiate on the applauſe we pay
To riſing merit, and reſume the crown;
Full many a blooming genius ſnatch'd away,
Has fall'n lamented who had liv'd unknown.

For hard the taſk, O Villiers, to ſuſtain
Th' important burthen of an early fame;
Each added day ſome added worth to gain,
Prevent each wiſh, and anſwer every claim.

Be thou Marcellus, with a length of days!
But O remember, whatſoe'er thou art,
The moſt exalted breath of human praiſe
To pleaſe indeed muſt echo from the heart.

Tho' thou be brave, be virtuous, and be wiſe,
By all, like him, admir'd, eſteem'd, belov'd;
'Tis from within alone true Fame can riſe,
The only happy is the ſelf-approv'd.

ELE-

ELEGY III.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE SIMON HARCOURT, Viſcount NUNEHAM.

Written at ROME, 1756.

YES, noble youth, 'tis true; the ſofter arts,
The ſweetly-ſounding ſtring, and pencil's power,
Have warm'd to rapture even heroic hearts,
And taught the rude to wonder, and adore.

For beauty charms us, whether ſhe appears
In blended colours; or to ſoothing ſound
Attunes her voice; or fair proportion wears
In yonder ſwelling dome's harmonious round.

All, all ſhe charms; but not alike to all
'Tis given to revel in her bliſsful bower;
Coercive ties, and Reaſon's powerful call,
Bid ſome but taſte the ſweets, which ſome devour.

When Nature govern'd, and when man was young,
Perhaps at will th' untutor'd ſavage rov'd,
Where waters murmur'd, and where cluſters hung,
He fed, and ſlept beneath the ſhade he lov'd.

But

But ſince the Sage's more ſagacious mind,
By Heaven's permiſſion, or by Heaven's command,
To poliſh'd ſtates has ſocial laws aſſign'd,
And general good on partial duties plann'd,

Not for ourſelves our vagrant ſteps we bend
As heedleſs chance, or wanton choice ordain;
On various ſtations various taſks attend,
And men are *born* to trifle or to reign.

As chaunts the woodman, while the Dryads weep,
And falling foreſts fear the uplifted blow;
As chaunts the ſhepherd, while he tends his ſheep,
Or weaves to pliant forms the oſier bough:

To me 'tis given, whom fortune loves to lead
Thro' humbler toils to life's ſequeſter'd bowers,
To me 'tis given to wake th' amuſive reed,
And ſooth with ſong the ſolitary hours.

But thee ſuperior, ſoberer toils demand,
Severer paths are thine of patriot fame;
Thy birth, thy friends, thy king, thy native land,
Have given thee honours, and have each their claim.

Then nerve with fortitude thy feeling breaſt
Each wiſh to combat, and each pain to bear;
Spurn with diſdain th' inglorious love of reſt,
Nor let the Syren Eaſe approach thine ear.

Beneath

Beneath yon cypreſs ſhade's eternal green
See proſtrate Rome her wondrous ſtory tell,
Mark how ſhe roſe the world's imperial queen,
And tremble at the proſpect how ſhe fell!

Not that my rigid precepts would require
A painful ſtruggling with each adverſe gale,
Forbid thee liſten to th' enchanting lyre,
Or turn thy ſteps from fancy's flowery vale.

Whate'er of Greece in ſculptur'd braſs ſurvives,
Whate'er of Rome in mould'ring arcs remains,
Whate'er of genius on the canvaſs lives,
Or flows in poliſh'd verſe, or airy ſtrains,

Be theſe thy leiſure; to the choſen few,
Who dare excel, thy foſt'ring aid afford;
Their arts, their magic powers, with honours due
Exalt; but *be* thyſelf what they record.

ELEGY IV.

To an OFFICER.

Written at Rome, 1756.

FROM Latian fields, the manſions of renown,
Where fix'd the Warrior God his fated ſeat;
Where infant heroes learn'd the martial frown,
And little hearts for genuine glory beat;

What

What for my friend, my ſoldier, ſhall I frame?
What nobly-glowing verſe that breathes of arms,
To point his radiant path to deathleſs fame,
By great examples, and terrific charms?

Quirinus firſt, with bold, collected bands,
The ſinewy ſons of ſtrength, for empire ſtrove;
Beneath his proweſs bow'd th' aſtoniſh'd lands,
And temples roſe to Mars, and to Feretrian Jove.

War taught contempt of death, contempt of pain,
And hence the Fabii, hence the Decii come:
War urg'd the ſlaughter, tho' ſhe wept the ſlain,
Stern War, the rugged nurſe of virtuous Rome.

But not from antique fables will I draw,
To fire thy active ſoul, a dubious aid,
Tho' now, ev'n now, they ſtrike with rev'rent awe,
By poets or hiſtorians ſacred made.

Nor yet to thee the babbling Muſe ſhall tell
What mighty kings with all their legions wrought,
What cities ſunk, and ſtoried nations fell,
When Cæſar, Titus, or when Trajan fought.

While o'er yon hill th' exalted * Trophy ſhows
To what vaſt heights of incorrupted praiſe
The great, the ſelf-ennobled Marius roſe
From private worth, and fortune's private ways.

From ſteep Arpinum's rock-inveſted ſhade,
From hardy Virtue's emulative ſchool

His

His daring flight th' expanding genius made,
And by obeying nobly learn'd to rule.

Abaſh'd, confounded, ſtern Iberia groan'd,
And Afric trembled to her utmoſt coaſts;
When the proud land its deſtin'd Conqueror own'd
In the new conſul, and his veteran hoſts.

Yet Chiefs are madmen, and ambition weak,
And mean the joys the laurel'd harveſts yield,
If Virtue fail. Let Fame, let Envy ſpeak
Of Capſa's walls, and Sextia's watry field.

But ſink for ever, in oblivion caſt,
Diſhoneſt triumphs, and ignoble ſpoils.
Minturnæ's Marſh ſeverely paid at laſt
The guilty glories gain'd in civil broils.

Nor yet his vain contempt the Muſe ſhall praiſe
For ſcenes of poliſh'd life, and letter'd worth;
The ſteel-rib'd Warrior wants not Envy's ways
To darken theirs, or call his merits forth:

Witneſs yon Cimbrian Trophies!—Marius, there
Thy ample pinion found a ſpace to fly,
As the plum'd Eagle ſoaring fails in air,
In upper air, and ſcorns a middle ſky.

Thence too thy country claim'd thee for her own,
And bade the Sculptor's toil thy acts adorn,
To teach in characters of living ſtone
Eternal leſſons to the youth unborn.

* The trophies of Marius, now erected before the Capitol.

Fo

For wiſely Rome her warlike ſons rewards
With the ſweet labours of her Artiſts' hands;
He wakes her Graces, who her empire guards,
And both Minervas join in willing bands.

O why, Britannia, why untrophied paſs
The patriot deeds thy godlike Sons diſplay,
Why breathes on high no monumental braſs,
Why ſwells no arc to grace Culloden's day?

Wait we 'till faithleſs France ſubmiſſive bow
Beneath that hero's delegated ſpear,
Whoſe light'ning ſmote Rebellion's haughty brow,
And ſcatter'd her vile rout with horror in the rear?

Land of Freedom, Land of Arts, aſſume
That graceful dignity thy merits claim;
Exalt thy heroes like imperial Rome,
And build their virtues on their love of fame.

ELEGY V.

To a FRIEND Sick.

Written at Rome, 1756.

'TWAS in this *isle, O Wright indulge my lay,
Whose naval form divides the Tuscan flood,
In the bright dawn of her illustrious day
Rome fix'd her Temple to the Healing God.

Here stood his altars, here his arm he bared,
And round his mystic staff the serpent twin'd,
Through crowded portals hymns of praise were heard,
And victims bled, and sacred seers divin'd.

On every breathing wall, on every round
Of column, swelling with proportion'd grace,
Its stated seat some votive tablet found,
And storied wonders dignified the place.

Oft from the balmy blessings of repose,
And the cool stillness of the night's deep shade,
To light and health th' exulting Votarist rose,
While fancy work'd with med'cine's powerful aid.

* The Insula Tiberina, where there are still some small remains of the famous temple of Æsculapius.

O!

Oft in his dreams (no longer clogg'd with fears
Of ſome broad torrent, or ſome headlong ſteep,
With each dire form Imagination wears
When haraſs'd Nature ſinks in turbid ſleep)

Oft in his dreams he ſaw diffuſive day
Through burſting glooms its chearful beams extend,
On billowy clouds ſaw ſportive Genii play,
And bright Hygeia from her heaven deſcend.

What marvel then, that man's o'erflowing mind
Should wreath-bound columns raiſe, and altars fair,
And grateful offerings pay, to Powers ſo kind,
Tho' fancy-form'd, and creatures of the air?

Who that has writh'd beneath the ſcourge of pain,
Or felt the burthen'd languor of diſeaſe,
But would with joy the ſlighteſt reſpite gain,
And idolize the hand which lent him eaſe?

To thee, my friend, unwillingly to thee,
For truths like theſe the anxious Muſe appeals.
Can memory anſwer from affliction free,
Or ſpeaks the ſufferer what, I fear, he feels?

No, let me hope ere this in Romely grove
Hygeia revels with the blooming Spring,
Ere this the vocal ſeats the Muſes love
With hymns of praiſe, like Pæon's temple, ring.

It was not written in the book of Fate
That, wand'ring far from Albion's ſea-girt plain,

Thy distant friend should mourn thy shorter date,
And tell to alien woods and streams his pain.

It was not written. Many a year shall roll,
If aught th' inspiring Muse aright presage,
Of blameless intercourse from soul to soul,
And friendship well matur'd from Youth to Age.

ELEGY VI.

To the Rev. Mr. SANDERSON.

Written at Rome, 1756.

BEHOLD, my friend, to this small * orb confin'd,
The genuine features of Aurelius' face;
The father, friend, and lover of his kind,
Shrunk to a narrow coin's contracted space.

Not so his fame; for erst did heaven ordain
While seas should waft us, and while suns should warm,
On tongues of men, the friend of man should reign,
And in the arts he lov'd the patron charm.

Oft as amidst the mould'ring spoils of age,
His moss-grown monuments my steps pursue;
Oft as my eye revolves th' historic page,
Where pass his generous acts in fair review,

* The medal of Marcus Aurelius.

Ima-

Imagination graſps at mighty things,
Which men, which angels, might with rapture ſee;
Then turns to humbler ſcenes its ſafer wings,
And, bluſh not while I ſpeak it, thinks on thee.

With all that firm benevolence of mind
Which pities while it blames th' unfeeling vain,
With all that active zeal to ſerve mankind,
That tender ſuffering for another's pain,

Why wert not thou to thrones imperial rais'd?
Did heedleſs Fortune ſlumber at thy birth,
Or on thy virtues with indulgence gaz'd,
And gave her grandeurs to her ſons of earth?

Happy for thee, whoſe leſs diſtinguiſh'd ſphere
Now chears in private the delighted eye,
For calm Content, and ſmiling Eaſe are there,
And, Heaven's divineſt gift, ſweet Liberty.

Happy for me, on life's ſerener flood
Who ſail, by talents as by choice reſtrain'd,
Elſe had I only ſhar'd the general good,
And loſt the friend the Univerſe had gain'd.

VERSES TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, 1758.

———Mures animos in martia bella
Verſibus exacuit.——— HOR.

BRITONS, rouſe to deeds of death!—
Waſte no zeal in idle breath,
Nor loſe the harveſt of your ſwords
In a civil war of words!
Wherefore teems the ſhameleſs preſs
With labour'd births of emptineſs?
Reas'nings, which no facts produce,
Eloquence, that murders uſe;
Ill-tim'd Humour, that beguiles
Weeping idiots of their ſmiles;
Wit, that knows but to defame,
And Satire, that profanes the name.
Let th' undaunted Grecian teach
The uſe and dignity of ſpeech,
At whoſe thunders nobly thrown
Shrunk the Man of Macedon.
If the ſtorm of words muſt riſe,
Let it blaſt our enemies.
Sure and nervous be it hurl'd
On the Philips of the world.
Learn not vainly to deſpiſe
(Proud of Edward's victories!)

War-

Warriors wedg'd in firm array,
And navies powerful to display
Their woven wings to every wind,
And leave the panting foe behind.
Give to France the honours due,
France has chiefs and ſtateſmen too.
Breaſts which patriot-paſſions feel,
Lovers of the common-weal.
And when ſuch the foes we brave,
Whether on the land or wave,
Greater is the pride of war,
And the conqueſt nobler far.
Agincourt and Creſſy long
Have flouriſh'd in immortal ſong;
And liſping babes aſpire to praiſe
The wonders of Eliza's days.
And what elſe of late renown
Has added wreaths to Britain's crown;
Whether on th' impetuous Rhine
She bade her harneſs'd warriors ſhine,
Or ſnatch'd the dangerous palm of praiſe
Where the Sambre meets the Maeſe;
Or Danube rolls his watry train;
Or the yellow-treſſed Mayne
Thro' Dettingen's immortal vale.—
Ev'n Fontenoy could tell a tale,
Might modeſt Worth ingenuous ſpeak,
To raiſe a bluſh on Victory's cheek;
And bid the vanquiſh'd wreaths diſplay
Great as on Culloden's day.

But glory which aſpires to laſt
Leans not meanly on the paſt.
'Tis the preſent Now demands
Britiſh hearts, and Britiſh hands.
Curſt be he, the willing ſlave,
Who doubts, who lingers to be brave.
Curſt be the coward tongue that dare
Breathe one accent of deſpair,
Cold as Winter's icy hand
To chill the Genius of the land.
Chiefly you, who ride the deep
And bid our thunders wake or ſleep
As Pity pleads, or Glory calls—
Monarchs of our wooden walls!
Midſt your mingling ſeas and ſkies
Riſe ye Blakes, ye Raleighs riſe!
Let the ſordid luſt of gain
Be baniſh'd from the liberal main.
He who ſtrikes the generous blow
Aims it at the public foe.
Let Glory be the guiding ſtar,
Wealth and honours follow her.
See! ſhe ſpreads her luſtre wide
O'er the vaſt Atlantic tide!
Conſtant as the ſolar ray
Points the path, and leads the way!
Other worlds demand your care,
Other worlds to Britain dear;
Where the foe inſidious roves
O'er headlong ſtreams, and pathleſs groves;

And

And Juſtice' ſimpler laws confounds
With imaginary bounds.
If protected Commerce keep
Her tenor o'er yon heaving deep,
What have we from War to fear?
Commerce ſteels the nerves of War;
Heals the havock rapine makes,
And new ſtrength from conqueſt takes.
Nor leſs at home O deign to ſmile,
Goddeſs of Britannia's iſle!
Thou, that from her rocks ſurvey'ſt
Her boundleſs realms the watry waſte;
Thou, that rov'ſt the hill and mead
Where her flocks, and heifers feed;
Thou, that chear'ſt th' induſtrious ſwain,
While he ſtrows the pregnant grain;
Thou, that hear'ſt his caroll'd vows
When th' expanded barn o'erflows;
Thou, the bulwark of our cauſe,
Thou, the guardian of our laws,
Sweet Liberty!—O deign to ſmile,
Goddeſs of Britannia's iſle!
If to us indulgent Heaven
Nobler ſeeds of ſtrength has given,
Nobler ſhould the produce be;
Brave, yet gen'rous, are the free.
Come then, all thy powers diffuſe,
Goddeſs of extended views!
Every breaſt which feels thy flame
Shall kindle into martial fame,

'Till

'Till ſhame ſhall make the coward bold,
And Indolence her arms unfold:
Ev'n Avarice ſhall protect his hoard,
And the plough-ſhare gleam a ſword.
Goddeſs, all thy powers diffuſe!—
And thou, genuine Britiſh Muſe,
Nurs'd amidſt the Druids old
Where Deva's wizard waters roll'd,
Thou, that bear'ſt the golden key
To unlock Eternity,
Summon thy poetic guard——
Britain ſtill has many a bard,
Whom, when Time and Death ſhall join
T' expand the ore, and ſtamp the coin,
Late Poſterity ſhall own
Lineal to the Muſe's throne—
Bid them leave th' inglorious theme
Of fabled ſhade, or haunted ſtream.
In the daiſy painted mead
'Tis to Peace we tune the reed;
But when War's tremendous roar
Shakes the iſle from ſhore to ſhore,
Every bard of purer fire
Trytæus-like ſhould graſp the lyre;
Wake with verſe the hardy deed,
Or in the generous ſtrife like * Sydney bleed.

* Sir Philip Sydney, mortally wounded in an action near Zutphen, in Gelderland.

A CHARGE

A CHARGE TO THE POETS.

First printed, 1762.

"Quasi ex Cathedrâ loquitur."—

FULL twenty years have roll'd, ye rhiming band,
Since first I dipp'd in ink my trembling hand,
For much it trembled, tho' th' obliging few,
Who judge with candour, prais'd the * sketch I drew;
And Echo, answering from the public voice,
Indulg'd as genius, what I fear'd was choice.
At length, arriv'd at those maturer years
So rarely rais'd by hope, or sunk by fears,
I rest in peace; or scribble if I please:
In point of wealth not affluent, but at ease;
(For ease is truly theirs who dare confine
Their wishes to such moderate views as mine)
In point of what the world and you call fame,
(I judge but by conjecture) much the same.
But whether right or wrong I judge, to you
It matters not: the following fact is true.
From nobler names, and great in each degree,
The pension'd laurel has devolv'd to me.

* "The danger of writing Verse." First printed in the year 1741; to which this Poem may be considered as a sequel.

To

To me, ye bards; and, what you'll ſcarce conceive,
Or, at the beſt, unwillingly believe,
Howe'er unworthily I wear the crown,
Unaſk'd it came, and from a hand unknown.
Then, ſince my King and Patron have thought fit
To place me on the throne of modern wit,
My grave advice, my brethren, hear at large;
As Biſhops to their Clergy give their charge,
Tho' many a Prieſt, who liſtens, might afford
Perhaps more ſolid counſel to my Lord.

To you, ye guardians of the ſacred fount,
Deans and Archdeacons of the double mount,
That thro' our realms inteſtine broils may ceaſe,
My firſt, and laſt advice is, "Keep the peace!"
What is't to you, that half the town admire
Falſe ſenſe, falſe ſtrength, falſe ſoftneſs, or falſe fire?
Thro' heav'n's void concave let the meteors blaze,
He hurts his own, who wounds another's bays.
What is't to you that numbers place your name
Firſt, fifth, or twentieth, in the liſts of fame?
Old time will ſettle all your claims at once,
Record the genius, and forget the dunce.
It boots us much to know, obſervers ſay,
Of what materials nature form'd our clay;
From what ſtrange beaſt Prometheus' plaſtic art
Purloin'd the particle which rules the heart.
If milky ſoftneſs, gliding thro' the veins,
Incline the Muſe to panegyric ſtrains,
Inſipid lays our kindeſt friends may lull,
Be very moral, yet be very dull.

If bile prevails, and temper dictates satire,
Out wit is spleen, our virtue is ill-nature;
With it's own malice arm'd we combat evil,
As zeal for God's sake sometimes plays the devil.
O mark it well! does Pride affect to reign
The solitary tyrant of the brain?
Or Vanity exert her quick'ning flame,
Stuck round with ears that listen after fame?
O to these points let strict regard be given,
Nor * "Know thyself" in vain descend from heaven.
Do Critics teize you?—with a smile I speak,
Nor would suppose my brethren were so weak.
'Tis on ourselves, and not our foes, or friends,
Our future fame, or infamy, depends.
Let envy point, or malice wing the darts,
They only wound us in our mortal parts.
Besides, 'tis much too late to go to school,
Grown men will judge by Nature's noblest rule,
Admire true beauties, and slight faults excuse,
Not learn to dance from † Journals and Reviews.
If fools traduce you, and your works decry,
As many fools will rate your worth too high;
Then balance the account, and fairly take
The cool report which men of judgement make.

* E cœlo descendit, γνωθι σεαυτον. Juv.

† This is not intended as a reflection on either the Journals or the Reviews. They are not the masters, but the scholars, the grown gentlemen, at whom the author smiles; and who, he thinks, had much better not pretend to judge at all, than borrow opinions which never fit easy upon them.

In

In writing, as in life, he foils the foe,
Who, conſcious of his ſtrength, forgives the blow.
They court the inſult who but ſeem afraid:
And then, by anſwering, you promote the trade,
And give them, what their own weak claims deny,
A chance for future laughter, or a ſigh.

You, who as yet, unſullied by the preſs,
Hang o'er your labours in their virgin dreſs;
And you, who late the public taſte have hit,
And ſtill enjoy the honey-moon of wit,
Attentive hear me: grace may ſtill abound,
Whoever preaches, if the doctrine's ſound.
If Nature prompts you, or if friends perſuade,
Why write; but ne'er purſue it as a trade.
And ſeldom publiſh: manuſcripts diſarm
The cenſor's frown, and boaſt an added charm,
Enhance their worth by ſeeming to retire,
For what but few can prate of, all admire.
Who trade in verſe, alas, as rarely find,
The Public grateful, as the Muſes kind.
From conſtant feaſts like fated gueſts we ſteal,
And tir'd of tickling loſe all power to feel.
'Tis novelty we want; with that in view,
We praiſe ſtale matter, ſo the Bard be new;
Or from known Bards with exſtacy receive
Each pert new whim they almoſt bluſh to give.
A life of writing, unleſs wondrous ſhort,
No wit can brave, no genius can ſupport.

Some

Some soberer province for your business chuse,
Be that your helmet, and your plume the Muse.
Thro' Fame's long rubric, down from Chaucer's time,
Few fortunes have been rais'd by lofty rhime.
And, when our toils success no longer crowns,
What shelter find we from a world in frowns?
O'er each distress, which vice or folly brings,
Tho' Charity extend her healing wings,
No maudlin hospitals are yet assign'd
For slip-shod Muses of the vagrant kind;
Where anthems might succeed to satires keen,
And hymns of penitence to songs obscene.
What refuge then remains?—with gracious grin
Some practis'd Bookseller invites you in.
Where luckless Bards, condemn'd to court the town,
(Not for their parents' vices, but their own!)
Write gay conundrums with an aching head,
Or earn by defamation daily bread,
Or, friendless, shirtless, pennyless, complain,
Not of the world's, but "Cælia's cold disdain."
Lords of their workhouse see the tyrants sit,
Brokers in books, and stock-jobbers in wit,
Beneath whose lash, oblig'd to write or fast,
Our confessors and martyrs breathe their last!
And can ye bear such insolence?—away,
For shame; plough, dig, turn pedlars, drive the dray;
With minds indignant each employment suits,
Our fleets want sailors, and our troops recruits;
And many a dirty street, on Thames's side,
Is yet by stool and brush unoccupied.

Time

Time was when poets play'd the thorough game,
Swore, drank, and bluſter'd, and blaſphem'd for fame.
The firſt in brothels with their punk and Muſe;
Your toaſt, ye bards? "Parnaſſus and the ſtews!"
Thank heaven the times are chang'd; no poet now
Need roar for Bacchus, or to Venus bow.
'Tis our own fault if Fielding's laſh *we* feel,
Or, like French wits, begin with the Baſtile.

Ev'n in thoſe days ſome few eſcap'd their fate,
By better judgment, or a longer date,
And rode, like buoys, triumphant o'er the tide.
Poor Otway in an ale-houſe dos'd, and died!
While happier Southern, tho' with ſpots of yore,
Like Plato's hovering ſpirits, cruſted o'er,
Liv'd every mortal vapour to remove,
And to our admiration join'd our love.

Light lie his funeral turf!—for you, who join
His decent manners to his art divine,
Would ye (while, round you, toſs the proud and vain
Convuls'd with feeling, or with giving pain)
Indulge the Muſe in innocence and eaſe,
And tread the flowery path of life in peace?
Avoid all authors.—What! th' illuſtrious few,
Who, ſhunning Fame, have taught her to purſue,
Fair Virtue's heralds?—yes, I ſay again,
Avoid all authors, 'till you've read the men.
Full many a peeviſh, envious, ſlandering elf,
Is, in his works, benevolence itſelf.
For all mankind unknown, his boſom heaves,
He only injures thoſe with whom he lives.

Read

Read then the man: does truth his actions guide,
Exempt from petulance, exempt from pride?
To ſocial duties does his heart attend,
As ſon, as father, huſband, brother, friend?
Do thoſe who know him love him? if they do,
You've *my* permiſſion, you may love him too.
But chief avoid the boiſt'rous roaring ſparks,
The ſons of fire!—you'll know them by their marks.
Fond to be heard, they always court a croud,
And, tho' 'tis borrow'd nonſenſe, talk it loud.
One epithet ſupplies their conſtant chime,
Damn'd bad, *damn'd* good, *damn'd* low, and *damn'd* ſublime!
But moſt in quick ſhort repartee they ſhine
Of local humour; or from plays purloin
Each quaint ſtale ſcrap which every ſubject hits,
Till fools almoſt imagine, they are wits.
Hear them on Shakeſpear! there they foam, they rage!
Yet taſte not half the beauties of his page,
Nor ſee that art, as well as Nature, ſtrove
To place him foremoſt in th' Aonian grove.
For there, there only, where the ſiſters join,
His genius triumphs, and the work's divine.
Or would ye ſift more near theſe ſons of fire,
'Tis Garrick, and not Shakeſpear, they admire.
Without his breath, inſpiring every thought,
They ne'er perhaps had known what Shakeſpear wrote;
Without his eager, his becoming zeal,
To teach them, tho' they ſcarce know why, to feel,

A crude unmeaning mafs had Jonfon been,
And a dead letter Shakefpear's nobleft fcene.
O come the time, when diffidence again
Shall bind our youth in Nature's modeft chain!
Born in a happier age, and happier clime,
Old Sophocles *had* merit, in his time;
And fo, no doubt, howe'er *we* flout his plays,
Had poor Euripides, in former days.
Not like the moderns we confefs; but yet
Some feeming faults we furely might forget,
Becaufe 'twould puzzle even the wife to fhow
Whether thofe faults were real faults, or no.
To all true merit give its juft applaufe,
The worft have beauties, and the beft have flaws.
Greek, French, Italian, Engliih, great or fmall,
I own *my* frailty, I admire them all.
There are, miftaking prejudice for taite,
Who on one fpecies all their rapture waite.
Tho', various as the flowers which paint the year,
In rainbow charms the changeful Nine appear,
The different beauties coyly they admit,
And to one ftandard would confine our wit.
Some Manner'd Verfe delights; while fome can raife
To fairy Fiction their exftatic gaze,
Admire Pure Poetry, and revel there
On fightlefs forms, and pictures of the air!
Some hate all Rhime; fome *fcricufly* deplore
That Milton wants that one enchantment more.
Tir'd with th' ambiguous tale, or antique phrafe,
O'er Spenfer's happieft paintings, loveliefl lays,

Son

Some heedleſs paſs: while ſome with tranſport view
Each quaint old word, which ſcarce Eliza knew;
And, eager as the fancied knights, prepare
The lance, and combat in ideal war
Dragons of luſt, and giants of deſpair.
Why be it ſo; and what each thinks the teſt
Let each enjoy: but not condemn the reſt.
Readers there are of every claſs prepar'd:
Each village teems; each hamlet has its Bard,
Who gives the tone; and all th' inferior fry,
Like the great vulgar here, will join the cry.
But be it mine with every Bard to glow,
And taſte his raptures genuine as they flow,
Through all the Muſes wilds to rove along
From plaintive Elegy to Epic ſong:
And, if the ſenſe be juſt, the numbers clear,
And the true colouring of the work be there,
Again, ſubdued by Truth's ingenuous call,
I own *my* frailty, I admire them all.
Nor think I, with the mob, that Nature now
No longer warms the ſoil where laurels grow.
'Tis true, Our Poets in repoſe delight,
And, wiſer than their fathers, ſeldom write.
Yet I, but I forbear for prudent ends,
Could name a liſt, and half of them *my* friends,
For whom poſterity its wreaths ſhall twine,
And it's own Bards neglect, to honour mine.
Their Poets in their turn will grieve, and ſwear,
Perhaps with truth, no Patron lends an ear.

Complaints of times when merit wants reward
Deſcend like ſimilies from Bard to Bard;
We copy our diſtreſs frome Greece and Rome;
As in our Northern lays their flowrets bloom.
We feel their breezes, with their heats we burn,
And plead preſcription to rejoice or mourn.

All preſent times are bad: then caſt your eyes
Where fairy ſcenes of bliſs in proſpect riſe.
As fond enthuſiaſts o'er the weſtern main
With eager ken prophetical in vain,
See the mixt multitudes from every land
Grow pure by blending, virtuous by command;
'Till phœnix-like, a new bright world of gold
Springs from the dregs and refuſe of the old.

I'm no enthuſiaſt, yet with joy can trace
Some gleams of ſunſhine for the tuneful race.
If Monarchs liſten when the Muſes woo,
Attention wakes, and nations liſten too.
The Bard grows rapturous, who was dumb before,
And every freſh-plum'd eagle learns to ſoar!

Friend of the finer arts, when Ægypt ſaw
Her ſecond Ptolemy give Science law,
Each Genius waken'd from his dead repoſe,
The column ſwell'd, the pile majeſtic roſe,
Exact proportion borrow'd ſtrength from eaſe,
And uſe was taught by elegance to pleaſe.
Along the breathing walls, as fancy flow'd,
The ſculpture ſoften'd, and the picture glow'd,

Heroe

Heroes reviv'd in animated ſtone,
The groves grew vocal, and the * Pleïads ſhone!
Old Nilus rais'd his head, and wond'ring cried,
Long live the King! my Patron, and my Pride!
Secure of endleſs praiſe, behold, I bear
My grateful ſuffrage to my Sovereign's ear.
Tho' war ſhall rage, tho' Time ſhall level all,
Yon colours ſicken, and yon columns fall,
Tho' art's dear treaſures feed the waſting flame,
And the proud volume ſinks, an empty name,
Tho' Plenty may deſert this copious vale,
My ſtreams be ſcatter'd, or my fountain fail,
Yet Ptolemy has liv'd: the world has known
A King of arts, a Patron on a throne.
Ev'n utmoſt Britain ſhall his name adore,
" And Nile be ſung, when Nile ſhall flow no more †."

One rule remains. Nor ſhun nor court the great,
Your trueſt center is that middle ſtate
From whence with eaſe th' obſerving eye may go
To all which ſoars above, or ſinks below.
'Tis yours all manners to have tried, or known,
T' adopt all virtues, yet retain your own:
To ſtem the tide, where thoughtleſs crowds are hurl'd,
The firm ſpectators of a buſtling world!
Thus arm'd, proceed; the breezes court your wing.
Go range all Helicon, taſte every ſpring;

* The Seven Poets patroniſed by Ptolemy Philadelphus are uſually called by the name of that conſtellation.

† " And Boyne be ſung, when it has ceas'd to flow."

ADDISON.

From varying nature cull th' innoxious ſpoil,
And, while amuſement ſooths the generous toil,
Let puzzled critics with judicious ſpite
Deſcant on what you can, or cannot write.
True to yourſelves, not anxious for renown,
Nor court the world's applauſe, nor dread it's frown.
Guard your own breaſts, and be the bulwark there
To know no envy, and no malice fear.
At leaſt you'll find, thus ſtoic-like prepar'd,
That Verſe and Virtue are their own reward.

VARIETY.

VARIETY.

A TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te. MAR.
I can't live with you, or without you.

A GENTLE Maid, of rural breeding,
By Nature firſt, and then by reading,
Was fill'd with all thoſe ſoft ſenſations
Which we reſtrain in near relations,
Leſt future huſbands ſhould be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.
The morning ſun beheld her rove
A Nymph, or Goddeſs of the grove!
At eve ſhe pac'd the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown ſhe ſaw, a faun!
Then, ſcudding homeward, lock'd her door,
And turn'd ſome copious volume o'er.
For much ſhe read; and chiefly thoſe
Great Authors, who in verſe, or proſe,
Or ſomething betwixt both, unwind
The ſecret ſprings which move the mind.
Theſe much ſhe read; and thought ſhe knew
The human heart's minuteſt clue;

Yet ſhrewd obſervers ſtill declare,
(To ſhow how ſhrewd obſervers are)
Tho' Plays, which breath'd heroic flame,
And Novels, in profuſion, came,
Imported freſh and freſh from France,
She only read the heart's Romance.
The World, no doubt, was well enough
To ſmooth the manners of the rough;
Might pleaſe the giddy and the vain,
Thoſe tinſell'd ſlaves of Folly's train:
But, for her part, the trueſt taſte
She found was in retirement plac'd,
Where, as in verſe it ſweetly flows,
" On every thorn inſtruction grows."
Not that ſhe wiſh'd to " be alone,"
As ſome affected Prudes have done;
She knew it was decreed on high
We ſhould " increaſe and multiply;"
And therefore, if kind Fate would grant
Her fondeſt wiſh, her only want,
A cottage with the man ſhe lov'd
Was what her gentle heart approv'd;
In ſome delightful ſolitude
Where ſtep profane might ne'er intrude;
But Hymen guard the ſacred ground,
And *virtuous* Cupids hover round.
Not ſuch as flutter on a fan
Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's ſwan,
(Who ſcatter myrtles, ſcatter roſes,
And hold their fingers to their noſes.)

But ſimp'ring, mild, and innocent
As Angels on a monument.
Fate heard her pray'r: a Lover came,
Who felt, like her, th' innoxious flame;
One who had trod, as well as ſhe,
The flow'ry paths of poeſy;
Had warm'd himſelf with Milton's heat,
Could ev'ry line of Pope repeat,
Or chaunt in Shenſtone's tender ſtrains,
"The lover's hopes," "the lover's pains."
Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
With him ſhe thought no ev'ning long;
With him ſhe ſaunter'd half the day;
And ſometimes, in a laughing way,
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not.
Conſider, Sir, we're near relations—
"I hope ſo in our inclinations."—
In ſhort, ſhe look'd, ſhe bluſh'd conſent;
He graſp'd her hand, to church they went;
And ev'ry matron that was there,
With tongue ſo voluble and ſupple,
Said, for her part, ſhe muſt declare,
She never ſaw a finer couple.
O Halcyon days! 'Twas Nature's reign,
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Enna's plain,
The fields aſſum'd unuſual bloom,
And ev'ry zephyr breath'd perfume.
The laughing ſun with genial beams
Danc'd lightly on th' exulting ſtreams;

And the pale regent of the night,
In dewy ſoftneſs ſhed delight.
'Twas tranſport not to be expreſt;
'Twas Paradiſe!——But mark the reſt.

Two ſmiling Springs had wak'd the flow'rs
That paint the meads, or fringe the bowr's,
(Ye lovers, lend your wond'ring ears,
Who count by months, and not by years)
Two ſmiling ſprings had chaplets wove
To crown their ſolitude, and love:
When lo, they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not ſo pleaſant now.
The ſeaſons ſure were chang'd; the place
Had, ſome how, got a diff'rent face.
Some blaſt had ſtruck the chearful ſcene;
The lawns, the woods were not ſo green.
The purling rill, which murmur'd by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a ſluggiſh, reedy pool:
The days grew hot, the ev'nings cool.
The moon with all the ſtarry reign
Were melancholy's ſilent train.
And then the tedious winter night—
They could not read by candle-light.
Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They call'd in adventitious aid.
A faithful fav'rite dog ('twas thus
With Tobit, and Telemachus)

Amus'd

Amus'd their ſteps; and for a while
They view'd his gambols with a ſmile.
The kitten too was comical,
She play'd ſo oddly with her tail,
Or in the glaſs was pleas'd to find
Another cat, and peep'd behind.
A courteous neighbour at the door
Was deem'd intruſive noiſe no more.
For rural viſits, now and then,
Are right, as men muſt live with men.
Then couſin Jenny, freſh from town,
A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was ſo ſprightly, and ſo clever!
Yet neighbours were not quite the thing;
What joy, alas! could converſe bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troubleſome.
The cat had ſpoil'd the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had loſt her ſpirit.
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhauſted Jenny's ſtore.
—"And then, my dear, I can't abide
"This always ſaunt'ring ſide by ſide."—
Enough, he cries! the reaſon's plain:
For cauſes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks,
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes

Are

Are ſtill delightful, ſtill would pleaſe
Were we, my dear, ourſelves at eaſe.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder ſky;
The azure cope, the flow'rs below,
With all their wonted colours glow.
The rill ſtill murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as ſhe did, a ſofter ſun.
No change has made the ſeaſons fail,
No comet bruſh'd us with his tail.
The ſcene's the ſame, the ſame the weather—
We live, my dear, too much together.

Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means ſupplies.
With eager haſte to town they flew,
Where all muſt pleaſe, for all was new.
But here, by ſtrict poetic laws
Deſcription claims it's proper pauſe.
The roſy morn had rais'd her head
From old Tithonus' ſaffron bed;
And embryo ſunbeams from the eaſt,
Half chok'd, were ſtruggling thro' the miſt,
When forth advanc'd the gilded chaiſe,
The village crowded round to gaze.
The pert poſtillion, now promoted
From driving plough, and neatly booted,
His jacket, cap, and baldric on,
(As greater folks than he have done)

Look'd

Look'd round; and, with a coxcomb air,
Smack'd loud his laſh. The happy pair
Bow'd graceful, from a ſep'rate door,
And Jenny, from the ſtool before.
Roll ſwift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
New objects ev'ry moment riſe.
Each carriage paſſing on the road,
From the broad waggon's pond'rous load
To the light car, where mounted high
The giddy driver ſeems to fly,
Were themes for harmleſs ſatire fit,
And gave freſh force to Jenny's wit.
Whate'er occurr'd, 'twas all delightful,
No noiſe was harſh, no danger frightful.
The daſh and ſplaſh thro' thick and thin,
The hair-breadth ſcapes, the buſtling inn,
(Where well-bred landlords were ſo ready
To welcome in the ſquire and lady.)
Dirt, duſt, and ſun, they bore with eaſe,
Determin'd to be pleas'd, and pleaſe.
Now nearer town and all agog
They know dear London by its fog.
Bridges they croſs, thro' lanes they wind,
Leave Hounſlow's dang'rous heath behind,
Thro' Brentford win a paſſage free
By roaring, Wilkes and Liberty!
At Knightſbridge bleſs the ſhort'ning way,
(Where Bays's troops in ambuſh lay)
O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide,
(With palaces to grace it's ſide)

'Till

'Till Bond-ſtreet with its lamps a-blaze
Concludes the journey of three days.

Why ſhould we paint, in tedious ſong,
How ev'ry day, and all day long,
They drove at firſt with curious haſte
Thro' Lud's vaſt town; or, as they paſs'd
Midſt riſings, fallings, and repairs
Of ſtreets on ſtreets, and ſquares on ſquares,
Deſcribe how ſtrong their wonder grew
At buildings—and at builders too.
Scarce leſs aſtoniſhment aroſe
At architects more fair than thoſe—
Who built as high, as widely ſpread
Th' enormous loads that cloath'd their head.
For Britiſh dames new follies love,
And, if they can't invent, improve.
Some with erect pagodas vie,
Some nod, like Piſa's tow'r, awry,
Meduſa's ſnakes, with Pallas' creſt,
Convolv'd, contorted, and compreſs'd;
With intermingling trees, and flow'rs,
And corn, and graſs, and ſhepherds' bow'rs,
Stage above ſtage the turrets run,
Like pendant groves of Babylon,
'Till nodding from the topmoſt wall
Otranto's plumes envelope all!
While the black ewes, who own'd the hair,
Feed harmleſs on, in paſtures fair,

Uncon-

Unconſcious that *their* tails perfume,
In ſcented curls, the Drawing-room.
When night her murky pinions ſpread,
And ſober folks retire to bed,
To ev'ry public place they flew,
Where Jenny told them who was who.
Money was always at command,
And tripp'd with pleaſure hand in hand.
Money was equipage, was ſhow,
Gallini's, Almack's, and Soho;
The *paſſe par tout* thro' ev'ry vein
Of Diſſipation's hydra reign.
O London, thou prolific ſource,
Parent of Vice, and Folly's nurſe!
Fruitful as Nile thy copious ſprings
Spawn hourly births,—and all with ſtings:
But happieſt far the He, or She,
I know not which, that livelier dunce
Who firſt contriv'd the Coterie,
To cruſh domeſtic bliſs at once.
Then grinn'd, no doubt, amidſt the dames,
As Nero fiddled to the flames.
Of thee, Pantheon, let me ſpeak
With rev'rence, tho' in numbers weak;
Thy beauties Satire's frown beguile,
We ſpare the follies for the pile.
Flounc'd, furbelow'd, and trick'd for ſhow,
With lamps above, and lamps below,
Thy charms even modern taſte defy'd,
They could not ſpoil thee, tho' they try'd.

Ah,

Ah, pity that Time's hafty wings
Muft fweep thee off with vulgar things!
Let architects of humbler name
On *frail* materials build their fame,
Their nobleft works the world might want;
Wyatt fhould build in Adamant.
But what are thefe to fcenes which lie
Secreted from the vulgar eye,
And baffle all the pow'rs of fong?—
A brazen throat, an iron tongue,
(Which poets wifh for, when at length
Their fubject foars above their ftrength)
Would fhun the taft. Our humbler Muſe,
(Who only reads the public news,
And idly utters what fhe gleans
From chronicles and magazines)
Recoiling feels her feeble fires,
And bluſhing to her fhades retires.
Alas! fhe knows not how to treat
The finer follies of the Great,
Where ev'n, Democritus, thy fneer
Were vain as Heraclitus' tear.
Suffice it that by juft degrees
They reach'd all heights, and rofe with eafe;
(For beauty wins it's way, uncall'd,
And ready dupes are ne'er black-ball'd.)
Each gambling dame fhe knew, and he
Knew ev'ry fhark of quality;
From the grave, cautious few, who live
On thoughtleſs youth, and living thrive,

To

To the light train who mimic France,
And the ſoft ſons of Nonchalance.
While Jenny, now no more of uſe,
Excuſe ſucceeding to excuſe,
Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
To ſhilling whiſt, and chicken lu.
Advanc'd to Faſhion's wav'ring head,
They now, where once they follow'd, led.
Devis'd new ſyſtems of delight,
A-bed all day, and up all night,
In diff'rent circles reign'd ſupreme.
Wives copied her, and huſbands him;
Till ſo *divinely* life ran on,
So ſeparate, ſo quite *bon-ton*,
That meeting in a public place,
They ſcarcely knew each other's face.
At laſt they met, by *his* deſire,
A-tête-à-tête acroſs the fire;
Look'd in each other's face a-while,
With half a tear, and half a ſmile.
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now ſcarce retain'd its fainteſt ſtreak;
So ſallow was his leathern cheek.
She lank, and pale, and hollow-ey'd,
With *rouge* had ſtriven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.
Silence is eloquence, 'tis ſaid.
Both wiſh'd to ſpeak, both hung the head.

At length it burſt.——" Tis time," he cries,
" When tir'd of folly, to be wiſe.
" Are you too tir'd ?"—then check'd a groan.
She wept conſent, and he went on.
" How delicate the married life !
" You love your huſband, I my wife.
" Not ev'n ſatiety could tame,
" Nor diſſipation quench the flame.
" True to the bias of our kind
" 'Tis happineſs we wiſh to find.
" In rural ſcenes retir'd we ſought
" In vain the dear, delicious draught.
" Tho' bleſt with love's indulgent ſtore,
" We found we wanted ſomething more.
" 'Twas company, 'twas friends to ſhare
" The bliſs we languiſh'd to declare.
" 'Twas ſocial converſe, change of ſcene,
" To ſoothe the ſullen hour of ſpleen ?
" Short abſences to wake deſire,
" And ſweet regrets to fan the fire.
" We left the loneſome place; and found,
" In Diſſipation's giddy round,
" A thouſand novelties to wake
" The ſprings of life and not to break.
" As, from the neſt not wand'ring far,
" In light excurſions thro' the air,
" The feather'd tenants of the grove
" Around in mazy circles move,
" (Sip the cool ſprings that murm'ring flow,
" Or taſte the bloſſom on the bough.)

" We

" We ſported freely with the reſt;
" And, ſtill returning to the neſt,
" In eaſy mirth we chatted o'er
" The trifles of the day before.
" Behold us now, diſſolving quite
" In the full ocean of delight;
" In pleaſures ev'ry hour employ,
" Immers'd in all the world calls joy.
" Our affluence eaſing the expence
" Of ſplendour, and magnificence.
" Our company, th' exalted ſet
" Of all that's gay, and all that's great:
" Nor happy yet!—and where's the wonder!—
" *We live, my dear, too much aſunder.*"

The moral of my tale is this,
Variety's the ſoul of bliſs.
But ſuch Variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling pow'r
The life-blood pours it's genial ſtore;
Tho', taking each a various way,
The active ſtreams meandring play
Thro' ev'ry artery, ev'ry vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence reſume their new career,
But ſtill return, and center there:
So real happineſs below
Muſt from the heart ſincerely flow;

Nor, liſt'ning to the Syren's ſong,
Muſt ſtray too far, or reſt too long.
All human pleaſures thither tend;
Muſt there begin, and there muſt end;
Muſt there recruit their languid force,
And gain freſh vigour from their ſource.

THE

THE GOAT's BEARD.

A FABLE.

" Propria quæ maribus—
" Fœmineo generi tribuuntur. LILLY's GRAM.

LIB. IV. FAB. 14.

CAPELLÆ ET HIRCI.

BARBAM Capellæ quum impetrâſſent ab Jove,
Hirci mœrentes indignari cœperant,
Quod dignitatem fœminæ æquâſſent ſuam;
" Sinite, inquit, illis gloriâ vanâ frui,
" Et uſurpare veſtri ornatum muneris:
" Pares dum non ſint veſtræ fortitudini."

Hoc argumentum monet ut ſuſtineas tibi
Habitu eſſe ſimiles, qui ſint virtute impares.

The purport of the above Fable is this. When the She-Goats had, by their intreaties, obtained of Jupiter the privilege of having Beards as well as the Males, the He-Goats grew angry; and complained, that he had degraded their dignity by admitting the females to equal honours with themſelves.

To which the God replied, That if they would take care to preſerve the real and eſſential advantages which their ſex gave them over the other, they would have no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with letting them participate in what was merely ornamental.

THE GOAT's BEARD.

IN eight terſe lines has Phædrus told
(So frugal were the bards of old)
A tale of goats; and clos'd with grace
Plan, moral, all, in that ſhort ſpace.
Alas, that ancient moraliſt
Knew nothing of the ſlender twiſt
Which Italy, and France, have taught
To later times to ſpin the thought.
They are our maſters now, and we
Obſequious to their high decree,
Whate'er the claſſic critics ſay,
Will tell it in a modern way.
'Twas ſomewhere on the hills, which lie
'Twixt Rome and Naples' ſofter clime,
(They can't eſcape the traveller's eye,
Nor need their names be told in rhyme)
A herd of goats, each ſhining morn,
Midſt ſcraggy myrtle, pointed thorn,
Quick glancing to the ſun diſplay'd
Their ſpotted ſides, and pierc'd the ſhade.
Their goat-herds ſtill, like thoſe of old,
Pipe to the ſtragglers of the fold.
'Twas there—and there (no matter when)
With Virgil's leave, we place the ſcene.

For

For ſcarcely can we think his ſwains
Dealt much in goats on Mantua's plains;
Much leſs could e'er his ſhepherds dream
Of pendant rocks on Mincio's ſtream.
From Naples his enliven'd thought
Its fondeſt, beſt ideas caught.
Theocritus perhaps beſide
Some kind embelliſhments ſupply'd,
And poets are not common men—
Who talks of goats in Ely fen!

'Twas there, on one important day,
It chanc'd the he-goats were away,
The ladies of the colony
Had form'd a female coterie;
And, as they browz'd the cliffs among,
Exerted all their power of tongue.
Of eaſe and freedom much they ſpoke,
Enfranchis'd from the huſband's yoke;
How bright the ſun, how ſoft the air,
The Trefoil flowers were ſweeter far,
While thus *alone* they might debate
The hardſhips of the married ſtate.

Encourag'd by the quick'ning flame
Which ſpread, and caught from dame to dame,
A matron, ſager than the reſt,
The fair enthuſiaſts thus addreſs'd:
" Ladies, I joy to ſee, what I
" Have felt, and ſmother'd with a ſigh,
" Should touch at length the general breaſt,
" And honeſt nature ſtand confeſt.

" Queens as we are, we ſee our power
" Uſurp'd, and daily ſinking lower.
" Why do our lords and maſters reign
" Sole monarchs o'er their ſubject train?
" What ſtamp has nature given their line,
" What mark to prove their *right divine*
" To lead at will the paſſive herd?
" —It can be nothing but their beard.
" Obſerve our ſhapes, our winning airs,
" Our ſpots more elegant than theirs;
" With equal eaſe, with equal ſpeed
" We ſwim the brook, or ſkim the mead;
" Climb the tall cliff, where wild thyme grows,
" On pinnacles undaunted browze,
" Hang fearleſs o'er th' impetuous ſtream,
" And ſkip from crag to crag like them.
" Why are they then to *us* preferr'd?
" —It can be nothing but their beard.
" Then let us to great Jove prepare
" A ſacrifice and ſolemn prayer,
" That he would graciouſly relieve
" Our deep diſtreſs, and kindly give
" The all we want to make us ſhine
" Joint Empreſſes by *right divine*."
A general murmur of applauſe
Attends the ſpeech. The common cauſe
Glows in each breaſt, and all defy
The bonds of Salique tyranny.
The mild, the timorous grow bold;
And, as they ſaunter to the fold,

Ev'n

Ev'n kids, with voices ſcarcely heard,
Liſp out,—" 'Tis nothing but the beard."
Agreed. And now with ſecret care
The due luſtrations they prepare:
And having mark'd a ſacred field,
Of horns a ſpacious altar build;
Then from the fragrant herbs that grow
On craggy cliff, or mountain's brow,
They cull the ſweets: and ſtuff the pile
With * Tragopogon's downy ſpoil,
And gums of † Tragacanth to raiſe
The bickering flame, and ſpeed the blaze.
But chief the flower beyond compare,
The flaunting ‡ Woodbine revell'd there,
Sacred to goats; and bore their name
'Till botaniſts of modern fame
New-fangled titles choſe to give
To almoſt all the plants that live.
Of theſe a hallow'd heap they place
With all the ſkill of female grace;
Then ſpread the ſprigs to catch the air,
And light them with the bruſhy hair
Pluck'd ſlily from their huſbands' chins,
In ſeeming ſport, when love begins.

* *Tragopogon*] A plant called in Engliſh, the Goat's Beard.

† *Tragacanth*] The Goat's Thorn. The gums of this plant are uſed in medicine.

‡ *Woodbine*] The Caprifolium, or Goat's Leaf of the ancients and of Tournefort. Linnæus ranks it under the genus of Lonicera, as he does the Tragacanth under that of Aſtragalus.

" Hear,

" Hear, father Jove! if ſtill thy mind
" With partial fondneſs views our kind;
" If, nurs'd by goats, as ſtory ſays,
" Thou ſtill retain'ſt their gameſome ways;
" If on * thy ſhield *her* ſkin appears
" Who fed with milk thy infant years;
" If Capricorn advanc'd by thee
" Shines in the ſphere a Deity, *&c. &c.*
" Hear, father Jove, our juſt requeſt;
" O grant us beards, and make us bleſt?"
Swift mounts the blaze, the ſcented ſky
Seems pleas'd, the zephyrs gently ſigh,
And Jove himſelf, in frolic mood,
Reclining on an amber cloud,
Snuff'd in the gale; and, tho' he hides
A laugh which almoſt burſts his ſides,
Smil'd gracious on the ſuppliant crew;
And from the left his thunder flew:
Bleſt omen of ſucceſs! Ye fair,
Who know what tyrant ſpouſes are,
If e'er you ſlipt the tighten'd rein,
Or gave a ſurly huſband pain,
Gueſs at *their* joy.—Devoutly low
They bent, and with prophetic glow
They wreath'd their necks, they cock'd their tails,
With ſkittiſh coyneſs met the males,
And ſcarce admitted the embrace
But *merely* to preſerve the race.

* *Thy Shield*] The Ægis, called ſo from the goat's ſkin which covers it.

Bu

But chief the river banks they throng;
Narciſſus-like o'er fountains hung,
And not a puddle could they paſs
Without a ſquint to view their face,
Happy to ſee the ſprouts ariſe
Which promis'd future dignities.
When lo! their utmoſt wiſh prevails.
A beard, as graceful as the male's,
Flows from their chins; and forth they mov'd
At once to be rever'd and lov'd;
Looking (to borrow a quaint phraſe
From Young, to deck our humbler lays)
"Delightfully with all their might."
The he-goats ſtarted at the ſight.
"Angels and miniſters of grace!"
Appear'd on theirs, like * Garrick's face.
Glance after glance oblique they ſent,
Then fix'd in dumb aſtoniſhment.
Scarce more amaz'd did † Atlas ſtand,
Sole monarch of th' Heſperian ſtrand,
When Perſeus on his ſhield diſplay'd
Terrific charms, the Gorgon's head.
At laſt recovering their ſurpriſe,
For goats, like men, are ſometimes wiſe,
On this abſurd, new-modell'd plan,
Like human couples, they began,
Unwilling, for decorum's ſake,
Quite to unite, or quite to break.

* *Garrick's face*] in the character of Hamlet.

† *Atlas*] Ovid's Metamorphoſes. Book 4th. Fab. 15th.

With

With ſhort half words, and looks that leer'd,
They frown'd, they pouted, and they ſneer'd.
In *general terms* expreſs'd their thoughts
On *private* and *peculiar* faults;
Dropp'd hints they ſcarcely wiſh'd to ſmother,
And talk'd not *to* but *at* each other.
'Till ſtrife engend'ring more and more,
They downright wrangled, if not ſwore;
And ev'n the fair could ſcarce refrain
From broad expreſſions, when they ſaw
Th' accompliſhments they wiſh'd to gain,
Created not reſpect but awe;
And ſofter kids uſurp'd the flames
Due only to experienc'd dames.
'Twas then the general diſcord roſe;
And Jove (induſtrious to compoſe
The caſual feuds his haſty nod
Had caus'd); well worthy ſuch a God,
Conven'd the ſtates. And tho' he knew
What mortals ſay is really true,
"Advice is ſometimes thrown away,"
He bade them meet, and fix'd the day.
Each conſcious of their claim divide
In ſeparate bands on either ſide.
Like clients in a party cauſe,
Determin'd to ſucceed or die,
(Whate'er their judge may talk of laws)
Staunch martyrs to integrity.
The God appear'd, in proper ſtate,
Not as the arbiter of fate,

With all thoſe enſigns of command
Which ſway the air, the ſea, the land,
Bnt yet with dignity, to draw
Attention, and becoming awe.
" Approach :" he cry'd, " your idle ſtrife
" Has rais'd a thought: I'll give it life.
" For know, ye goats, my high beheſts
" Shall not be thrown away on beaſts.
" When ſexes plead, the cauſe is common;
" Be goats no more, but man and woman."
The change enſues. He ſmil'd again,
And thus addreſs'd the motley train.—
(Here might we tell, in Ovid's lay,
How forms to other forms gave way,
How pert-cock'd tails, and ſhaggy hides,
And horns, and twenty things, beſides,
Grew ſpruce bag-wigs, or well-queu'd hair,
The floating ſack, the *Pet-en-l'air*,
Fur gown, gold chain, or regal robe,
Which rules, in ermin'd ſtate, the globe.
We wave all this, and ſay again,
He thus addreſs'd the motley train.)
" When firſt I different ſexes form'd,
Happy myſelf, with goodneſs warm'd,
I meant you help-mates for each other;
The ties of father, ſon, and brother,
And all the charities below
I kindly meant ſhould ſpring from you.
Were more exalted ſcenes your lot,
I kindly meant, as who would not,

The

The fair ſhould ſooth the hero's care,
The hero ſhould protect the fair;
The ſtateſman's toils a reſpite find
In pleaſures of domeſtic kind;
And kings themſelves in ſocial down
Forget the thorns which line a crown.
In humbler life, that man ſhould roam
Buſy abroad, while ſhe at home
Impatient for his dear return
Should bid the crackling incenſe burn,
And ſpread, as fortune might afford,
The genial feaſt, or frugal board.
The joys of honeſt competence,
The ſolace even of indigence.
But things are chang'd, no matter how;
Theſe bleſſings are not frequent now.
Let time account, as he glides on,
For all his wings and ſcythe have done:
We take you in his preſent page,
The refuſe of an iron age.
Then hear our ſober thoughts.
Ye dames,
Affection and good-breeding claims
That firſt, in preference to the males,
We place *your* merits in the ſcales.
For, whether 'twas deſign'd or not,
You ſome aſcendancy have got.
Ladies, we own, have had their ſhare
In learning, politics, and war.

To paſs at once the doubtful tale
Of amazons in coats of mail,
(Fables which ancient Greece has taught,
And, if I knew them, I've forgot.)
Authentic records ſtill contain,
To make the females juſtly vain,
Examples of heroic worth—
Semiramis of * Eaſt and † North.
‡ Marg'ret the Anjouvine; of Spain
‖ Fair Blanche; and § Ellen of Guienne.

* *Semiramis of Eaſt*] The wife of Ninus.

† —*and North*] Margaret de Waldemar, commonly called the Semiramis of the North. She united in her own perſon the three kingdoms of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. The firſt by deſcent, the ſecond by marriage, and the third by conqueſt. See the union of Calmar, 1393.

‡ *Marg'ret the Anjouvine*] Wife of Henry the Sixth of England, who (notwithſtanding her ſuppoſed intrigue with the Duke of Suffolk) ſupported the intereſt of her huſband and his family with the moſt heroic ſpirit.

‖ *Fair Blanche*] Blanche of Caſtile, wife to Louis the Eighth of France. She governed that kingdom during the minority of her ſon, St. Louis, and during his abſence at the holy wars, with great fortitude and ſucceſs. The wicked chronicles of the times have been very free with her character.

§ *Ellen of Guienne*] An adventurer in the cruſades. She was firſt married to Louis the Seventh of France, by whom ſhe was divorced, under a pretence of conſanguinity; and was afterwards wife to Henry the Second of England. Her behaviour here is well known.

* Catha-

* Catherine of France immortal grew
A rubric saint with Barthol'mew:
In Russia Catherines more than one
Have done *great things:* and many a Joan
Has bustled in the active scene;
† The Pope, the Warrior, and the Queen!
But these are stars which blaze and fall;
O'er Albion did Eliza rise
A constellation of them all,
And shines the Virgo of the skies!
‡ Some dames of less athletic mould,
By mere misfortune render'd bold,
Have drawn the dagger in defence
Of their own spotless innocence.
O'er these the pensive Muse shall mourn;
And Pity's tear shall grace their urn.
‡ Others, a more heroic part,
By just revenge to fury led,
Have plung'd it in a husband's heart,
And triumph'd o'er the mighty dead.

* *Catharine of France*] The famous Catherine of Medicis, wife to Henry the Second of France, and mother to the three succeeding monarchs. The massacre of Paris on St. Bartholomew's day was conducted under her auspices.

† *The Pope*, &c.] Pope Joan, Joan of Arc, and Joan of Naples.

‡ *Some*] ‡ *Others*] Of these two assertions the author does not choose to give examples, as *Some* might be thought fabulous, and *Others* invidious.

Tho'

Tho' laurels are *their* meed, 'tis true,
Let milder females have their due,
And be with humbler myrtles crown'd,
Who * ſuck'd the poiſon from the wound.
For folks there are who don't admire
In angel forms that ſoul of fire,
Nor are quite pleas'd with wounds and ſcars
On limbs beſt fram'd for ſofter wars.
Nay now, ſo ſqueamiſh men are grown,
Their manners are ſo like your own,
That, tho' no Spartan dames we view
Thump'd, cuff'd, and wreſtled black and blue,
Ev'n ſlighter blemiſhes offend
Sometimes the fair one's fondeſt friend.
Glorious, no doubt, it is, to dare
The dangers of the Sylvan war,
When foremoſt in the chaſe you ride
Some headlong ſteed, you cannot guide,
And owe, by Providence, or chance,
Your ſafety to your ignorance.
But ah! the conſequential ill
Might *there* reſtrain ev'n woman's will.
The furrow plough'd by † Tyburn hat
On the fair forehead's Parian flat;

* *Suck'd the poiſon*] Whether the ſtory of Eleanor of Caſtile, wife to Edward the Firſt of England, is fictitious or not, the Eleanor croſſes exiſting at preſent are a ſufficient teſtimony of her huſband's affections, and his gratitude to her memory.

† *Tyburn hat*] The ſmall round hat, which acquired its name from its being the diſtinguiſhing mark of a pick-pocket: it is now adopted by gentlemen and ladies.

The freckles, blotches, and parch'd ſkins,
The worms, which like black-headed pins
Peep through the damaſk cheek, or riſe
On noſes bloated out of ſize,
Are things which females ought to dread.—
But you know beſt, and I proceed.
Some ſages, a peculiar thought,
Think politics become you not.
Nay one, well vers'd in Nature's rules,
Calls * "cunning women knaviſh fools."
—Your pardon—I but barely hint
What impious mortals dare to print.
In learning, doubtleſs, you have ſhin'd
The paragons of human kind.
Each abſtract ſcience have explor'd;
Have pierc'd thro' Nature's coyeſt hoard;
And cropp'd the loveliest flowers that blow
On ſteep Parnaſſus' double brow.
And yet what ſmall remains we find!
† Aſpaſia left no tracts behind;
Content her doctrines to impart,
As oral truths, warm from the heart.
And ill-bred time has ſwept away
Full many a grave and ſprightly lay,

* *Cunning woman*] "A cunning woman is a knaviſh fool."
Lord Lyttelton's Advice to a Lady.

† *Aſpaſia*] The pupils of this learned lady (if we except Socrates) were moſt of them her lovers too, and conſequently received inſtruction in the moſt agreeable manner it could be conveyed.

Full

Full many a tome of juſt renown
Fram'd by the numerous fair, who ſhone
Poetic or hiſtoric Queens,
From Sappho down to * Anne Comnenes.
In modern days, the female pen
Is paramount, and copes with men.
Ladies have led th' inſtructive crew,
And kindly told us all they knew.
In France, in Britain, many a ſcore.—
I mention none—to praiſe the more.
And yet in that ſame little iſle
I view, with a peculiar ſmile,
And wiſh to name a choſen few:
A — —, or a —— — —,
Or—But I won't. It envy raiſes.
Few men can bear each other's praiſes,
And in the fair one would not ſee
A *Genus irritabile*.
Swift ſays, a clever ſchool-boy's fame
Is all at which the ſex ſhould aim.
It may be ſo, and *he* be wiſe—
But *I* authorities deſpiſe.
Men cannot judge in ſuch affairs.
I grant *your* talents great as theirs.
Your wit of a more *piercing* kind,
Your ſenſe more *moral* and *refin'd*;

* *Anne Comnenes*] A Princeſs of great learning, daughter of Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of Conſtantinople, during the time of the firſt cruſades. She wrote the hiſtory of her father's long reign, and is ranked among the Byzantine hiſtorians.

And ſhould ye from ſtrict reaſoning ſwerve,
You ſtill have conqueſt in reſerve.
If arguments are ſometimes ſlight,
* " Your eyes are always in the right."
In love your empire is ſupreme,
The hero's palm, the poet's theme.
Nor will we dare to fix a date
When that ſoft empire yields to fate.
At ſeventy great Eliza lov'd,
Tho' coy perhaps † her heroes prov'd,
And ‡ Ninon had a longer reign,
She lov'd, and was belov'd again,
Let Gedoyne the juſt æra fix,
At eighty, or at eighty-ſix.
One little hint, before we cloſe
This tedious ſoporific doſe,

* *Your eyes*, &c.] A line of Prior.

† *Her heroes*] Eſſex and Courtney.

‡ *Ninon*] It is recorded of the celebrated Ninon l'Enclos, that a young French Abbè, of the name of Gedoyne, had long ſolicited her favours, and was rather aſtoniſhed at her coyneſs. When ſhe yielded at laſt, ſhe begged his pardon for ſo dilatory a compliance, and pleaded as her excuſe, that her female vanity was piqued upon having a lover after ſhe was fourſcore; that ſhe had only compleated her eightieth year the day before, and therefore hoped her *empreſſment* to oblige him would be a proper acknowledgement of her gratitude for his attentions.

How long the attachment laſted, the author of this poem has modeſtly left undetermined.

One

One little hint we chooſe to give,
That nuptial harmony may live.
As huſbands, tho' on ſmall pretence,
Are wond'rous jealous of their ſenſe,
Perhaps 'twere prudent to conceal
The great accompliſhments you feel.
Then ſcreen what pains the naked eye
With that thin gauze call'd modeſty;
At leaſt with diffidence maintain
The triumphs you are ſure to gain.
Arm'd with this caution, juſtly claim
Your genuine ſhare of power and fame;
Be every thing your conſcious merit
Inſpires, and with becoming ſpirit
Expand each paſſion of the heart,
Each talent nature gives exert;
Be wiſe, be learn'd, be brave, nay fear'd—
But *keep your ſex*, and * HIDE THE BEARD.

Ladies, your ſlave.—The dames withdrew.
Now, gentlemen, I turn to you.
You heard the leſſons which I gave,
At once both ludicrous and grave,

* *Hide the Beard*] A certain Grecian painter, who had uſually exerted his talents on laſcivious ſubjects, was commanded by the ſtate under which he lived, to atone for his errors, by forming a piece which ſhould damp the moſt licentious appetite. He accordingly drew a naked Venus with all the charms his imagination could ſuggeſt, and then, to make her totally diſguſting, clapped her on a beard.

And ſneer'd perhaps; but have a care,
I only banter'd with the fair.
When your important cauſe comes on,
We take it in a higher tone.
Is there a fault in womankind
You did not make, or ſtrive to find?
To riſe on *your* defects you teach them,
And loſe *your* virtues ere they reach them.
Would e'er ambition touch their brain,
Did *you* your lawful rule maintain,
With tenderneſs exert your ſway,
And mildly win them to OBEY?
Had Cæſar, Antony, been men,
We ſcarce had heard of * Egypt's Queen.
Follies and vices of his own
Sunk to a ſlave great Philip's ſon;
Nor did † Alcides learn to ſpin
'Till he put off the lion's ſkin.
Henry the fourth of France (a name
We love, we pity, and we blame)
Had frailties, which the meaneſt clown,
Of native ſenſe would bluſh to own.
D'Etrée, Vernueil, and twenty more,
Will prove him vaſſal to a ——.
Nothing could tame the headſtrong lad,
Whoſe pure good-nature was run mad.

* *Egypt's Queen*] Cleopatra.

† *Alcides*] His condeſcenſions to Omphale are well known.

Ev'r

Ev'n toil, and penury, and pain,
And * Sully, teaz'd and preach'd in vain.
Nothing could ſtop th' inſatiate rage,
Not even the haſty † ſnow of age;
Not even his laſt provoking ‡ wife,
That fire-brand of perpetual ſtrife,
Who ſet half Europe in a flame,
And died, poor wretch, an empty name.
In what the world calls politics
You teach the fair a thouſand tricks.
Full many a miſtreſs of a King,
At firſt a plain unheeded thing,
But ſwells in fancied dignity,
And glories in her infamy;
'Till, to diſtreſs a weaker brother,
You play her off againſt each other;
Improve the ſex's natives wiles,
Th' artillery of tears and ſmiles;
Flatter her pride, or peeviſhneſs,
'Till ſhe, elated by ſucceſs,
Feels her own force, and bolder grown
By your inſtructions, acts alone;

* *Sully*] See his Memoirs.

† *Snow of age*] He was very early grey.

‡ *Provoking wife*] Mary of Medicis. This lady was of an ambitious intriguing ſpirit, with a very mean underſtanding. That ſhe was a "provoking wife," Sully's memoirs ſufficiently teſtify. The diſturbances ſhe raiſed at home, and the cabals ſhe entered into abroad during her exile, are a proof of the ſecond poſition. The laſt ſhe muſt have ſeverely felt, for ſhe died at Cologne in 1642, in extreme miſery.

Procures now this, now that man's fall,
And fairly triumphs o'er you all.
The second Charles on England's throne
(Sav'd from oblivion by his crown)
Call him whatever you think fit,
A knave, an idiot, or a wit,
Had from his travels learnt no more
Than modern youths from Europe's tour.
To all that should improve his mind,
The voluntary dupe was blind.
Whate'er calamities fell on him,
Distress was thrown away upon him;
The same unfeeling thoughtless thing,
Whether an exile, or a king.
Cleaveland and Portsmouth had fine features,
And yet they were but silly creatures,
Play'd off like shuttles in a loom
(To weave the web of England's doom!
By knaves abroad, and knaves at home.
Of all who sooth'd his * idle hours
(To wave his *en passant* amours)
Of all who gloried in the flame,
And in broad day-light blaz'd their shame,

* *Idle hours*] There was as much of laziness as of love in all those hours which he passed among his mistresses; who served only to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure, called saunteringing, was the Sultana Queen he delighted in.

Duke of Buckinghamshire's Character of Charles the Second.

Spite

Spite of her † frolics and expence,
Nell Guyn alone had common ſenſe.
Of gaming little ſhall be ſaid,
You're ſurfeited upon that head.
What arguments can move the mind
Where folly is with madneſs join'd?
What ſober reaſoning can prevail,
Where even contempt and ruin fail?
Yet let me mention, betwixt friends,
"Burn not the taper at both ends."
Why muſt your wives be taught by you
That needleſs art to ſquander too?
Whene'er they ſhew their bracelet ſtrings,
Their dear white hands, and brilliant rings,
It ſhould be in a quiet way;
Ladies ſhould piddle, and not play.
You know too well *your* glorious power,
Greatly to loſe in half an hour
What coſt your anceſtors with pain
At leaſt full half an age to gain.
Then let your ſpouſes (to be grave)
For coals and candles ſomething ſave,
And keep their pin-money and jointures,
To free from jail the kind appointers.

† *Frolics and expence*] Biſhop Burnet, in his Hiſtory of his Own Times, ſays of Mrs. Guyn, that ſhe was the indiſcreeteſt and wildeſt creature that ever was in a court, yet continued to the end of the King's life in great favour, and was maintained at a vaſt expence.

He might have added, to her credit, that ſhe never meddled at all with the wretched politics of thoſe times.

Learn.

Learning—you ſcarce know what it is.
Then put the queſtion, and 'tis this:
True learning is the mind's good breeding,
Tis Common Senſe improv'd by reading.
If Common Senſe, that corner-ſtone,
Is wanting, let the reſt alone.
Better be fools without pretence,
Than coxcombs even of eminence.

* Eve from her huſband's lips preferr'd
What ſhe from angels might have heard,
And wiſely choſe to underſtand
Exalted truths at ſecond hand.
Should your ſoft mates adopt her notions,
And for inſtrnction wait *your* motions,
To what improvements would they reach?
—Lord bleſs you, what have *you* to teach?

* *Eve*] In the eighth book of Paradiſe Loſt, while Adam was converſing with Raphael,

—and by his countenance ſeem'd
Ent'ring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe—

Eve retired.

Yet went ſhe not as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high—

But becauſe,

Her huſband the relater ſhe preferr'd
Before the Angel—

The Poet aſſigns a reaſon for it,

—From *his* lip
Not *words* alone pleas'd *her*.

Yes,

Yes, one thing, I confeſs, you deal in,
And read in fairly without ſpelling.
In that, I own, your zeal is ſuch,
You even communicate too much.
In matter, ſpirit, and in fate
Your knowledge is extremely great,
Nobly deſerting common ſenſe
For metaphyſic excellence.
And yet whate'er you ſay, or ſing,
Religion is a ſerious thing.
At leaſt to *me*, you will allow,
A Deity, it muſt be ſo.
Then let me whiſper—" Don't perplex
" With ſpecious doubts the weaker ſex.
" Let them enjoy their Tates and Bradys,
" Free-thinking is not ſport for ladies."
Is't not enough *you* read Voltaire,
While ſneering valets friżz your hair,
And half aſleep, with half an eye
Steal in dear infidelity?
Is't not enough Helvetius' ſchemes
Elucidate *your* waking dreams,
(Tho' each who on the doctrine doats
Skips o'er the text, to ſkim the notes)
Why muſt the fair be made the wife
Partakers of your myſteries?
You'll ſay they liſten to your chat.
I grant them fools, but what of that?
Your prudence ſure might be ſo civil
To let your females fear the *devil*.

Even

Even for the comfort of your lives
Some muſt be mothers, daughters, wives;
Howe'er it with *your* genius ſuits,
They ſhould not *all* be proſtitutes.
Firm as the ſage Lucretius draws
Above Religion, Morals, Laws,
Secure (tho' at a proper diſtance)
Of that *great bleſſing* NON-EXISTENCE,
You triumph; each a Deity
In all, *but* immortality.
Why therefore will ye condeſcend
To teaze a weak believing friend,
Whoſe honeſt ignorance might gain
From error a relief in pain,
And bear with fortitude and honour
The miſeries *you* brought upon her?
Momus perhaps would ſlily ſay,
For Momus has a *merry* way,
Why will your *wiſdom* and your *wit*
To ſuch degrading tricks ſubmit?
Why in ſoft boſoms raiſe a riot?
Can't ye be d—mn'd yourſelves in quiet?
But that's an after-thought; at preſent
We merely wiſh you to be decent.
And juſt will add ſome trifling things,
From whence, *We* think, confuſion ſprings.

You'll eaſily conceive in Gods,
Who fix in air their thin abodes,

And

And feaſt on incenſe, and ambroſia,
Foul feeding muſt create a nauſea.
Yet we ourſelves to fleſh and blood
Have granted more ſubſtantial food,
Nor wonder that, in times like yours,
All but the poor are Epicures,
And reaſon from effects to cauſes,
On Roti's, Entremets, and Sauces.
But here be wiſe, the reaſon's clear,
Be niggards of your knowledge here,
And to yourſelves alone confine
That firſt of bleſſings, how to dine.
For ſhould the fair *your* taſte purſue,
And eating be *their* ſcience too,
Should they too catch this naſty trick,
(The bare idea makes me ſick)
What would become of Nature's boaſt?
Their beauty, and their ſex were loſt.
—I turn diſguſted from the ſcene,—
She-Gluttons are *She*-Aldermen.
Another precept lingers yet,
To make the tireſome group compleat.
In all your commerce with the ſex,
Whether you mean to pleaſe, or vex.
If not well-bred, at leaſt be civil;
Ill manners are a catching evil.
I ſpeak to the ſuperior few.
—Ye Britiſh youths, I ſpeak to you.
The ancient heroes of Romance,
Idolaters in complaiſance,

So

So hit the ſex's deareſt whim,
So rais'd them in their own eſteem,
That ev'ry conſcious worth increas'd,
And every foible ſunk to reſt.
Nay, e'en when chivalry was o'er,
And adoration reign'd no more,
Within due bounds the following ſect
Reſtrain'd them by profound reſpect;
Politely graſp'd the ſilken reins,
And held them in ideal chains.

But now, when *you* appear before 'em,
You want all deference and decorum;
And, conſcious of good Heav'n knows what,
Noddle your heads, and ſlouch your hat;
Or, careleſs of the circling throng,
Thro' full aſſemblies lounge along,
And on a couch politely throw
Your liſtleſs limbs without a bow,
While all the fair, like Sheba's Queen,
Croud eager to the inviting ſcene,
And o'er that couch in raptures hang
To hear their Solomon's harangue.
No doubt 'tis edifying ſtuff,
(For gentle ears are cannon-proof)
And wiſe the doctrines which you teach.
But your examples more than preach:
For 'tis from hence your high-bred laſſes
Loſe, or deſpiſe, their native graces.
Hence comes it that at every rout
They hoyden in, and hoyden out.

The modeſt dignity of yore,
The ſtep chaſtis'd, is ſeen no more.
They hop, they gallop, and they trot,
A curt'ſy is a thing forgot.
Th' affected ſtare, the thruſt-out chin,
The leer, the titter, and the grin,
Supply what "hung on Hebe's cheek,
"And lov'd to live in dimple ſleek."
Nay, ſome who boaſt their ſixteen quarters
One might miſtake for chandlers daughters.
Ah, could theſe triflers of a day
Know what their maſters think and ſay,
When o'er their claret they debate
Each pretty victim's future fate;
With what contempt and malice fraught
They ſneer the follies they have taught;
How deep a bluſh their cheek would fire!
Their little breaſts would burſt with ire;
And the moſt heedleſs mawkin there,
The loveliest idiot, drop a tear.

Virtues have ſexes, paſt a doubt,
Mythologiſts have mark'd them out;
Nor yet in excellence alone
Have this peculiar difference ſhown:
Your vices—that's too hard a name—
Your follies—ſhould not be the ſame.
In every plant, in every grain
Of Nature's genuine works we find
Some innate eſſences remain
Which mark the ſpecies and the kind.

Tho'

Tho' forms may vary, round or ſquare,
Be ſmooth, be rough, be regular;
Tho' colours ſeparate or unite,
The ſport of ſuperficial light?
Yet is there *Something*, that, or this,
By Nature's kind indulgence ſown,
Which makes each thing be what it is,
A tree a tree, a ſtone a ſtone.
So in each ſex diſtinct and clear
A genuine *Something* ſhould appear,
A *Je-ne ſai quoi*, however ſlight,
To vindicate the natural right.

Then, Sirs, for I perceive you yawn,
Be this concluſion fairly drawn:
Sexes are *proper*, and not *common*;
Man *muſt* be man, and woman woman.
In ſhort, be coxcombs if you pleaſe,
Be arrant ladies in your dreſs;
Be every name the vulgar give
To what their groſſneſs can't conceive:
Yet one ſmall favour let me aſk,
Not to impoſe too hard a taſk—
Whether you fix your fancied reign
In brothels, or in drawing-rooms,
The little *Something* ſtill retain.
Be gameſters, gluttons, jockies, grooms,
Be all which Nature never meant,
Free-thinkers in the full extent,
But ah! for *Something* be rever'd,
And *keep your ſex*, and SHOW THE BEARD.

END OF VOLUME SEVENTY-TWO.

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